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20

TOPICS ▼ OF ▼ THE ▼ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE LEGION'S "SECOND A. E. F."

A LITTLE OLDER, with a slight tendency to thicken about the middle and to thin out on top, but with their enthusiasm undimmed by the nine years that have passed since the World War, American Legion veterans composing the first peace-time army in history to parade through Paris moved on September 19 along the French capital's most famous thoroughfares. It was returning to the country for which the United States gave the flower of its manhood and expended billions of dollars. Never before has such an army of men made a peaceful invasion of another country for the purpose of renewing old associations. In the opinion of one member of this "second A. E. F.," by the name of Pershing, it is the "greatest good-will pilgrimage in history." For a second time, these young men have come from every State in the Union, from Alaska and Hawaii. Some of them took their wives and youngsters. Others took their sweethearts and mothers. Still others are bringing French brides home with them. The majority of them set out at the earliest possible moment for the battle-fields and cemeteries to visit the graves of comrades-in-arms; to look upon thousands of neat stone or wooden crosses in the former war-torn area. "No one with red blood in his veins, or with a clean heart in his breast, could read the accounts of this pilgrimage, and remain quite unmoved," thinks the Philadelphia *Record*. "It was a great day for the United States, for France, and for the world."

Wide World photograph

THE LEGION'S NEW COMMANDER

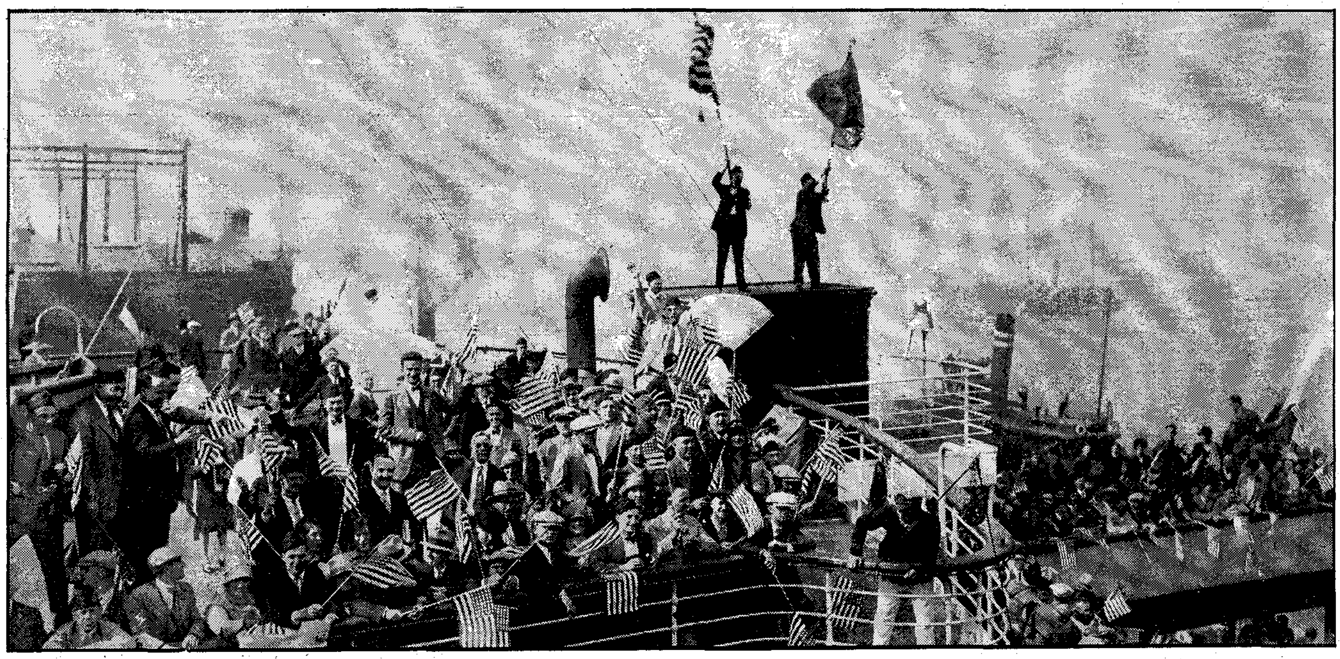
One of the objects of the American Legion's pilgrimage to France was to hold the annual convention, heretofore held in some American city. On September 22 Edward E. Spafford, of New York City, former State Commander of the Legion, was elected national commander to succeed Howard P. Savage.

Nor were the Legionaires alone in their pilgrimage; they were accompanied, as they were nine and ten years ago, by some of the world's most distinguished war correspondents. They found Paris a place of vibrant memories. They also discovered that Paris prices were higher than those in their home town, and that it would be necessrry for some of them to cable home for more "jack." The cold, penetrating rain that closed in on them one late September day chilled them just as thoroughly as it did nine years ago in the trenches. Time may have changed their physical contours, but their appetite for Salvation Army doughnuts, they found, was just as keen as ever. Their French may have grown a little rusty through disuse, but after their peaceful invasion the Philadelphia *Inquirer* is convinced that "the bond of sympathy and friendship between the French and American peoples is more secure than ever." Says the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* of the "second A. E. F.":

> "A little more serious minded, a little more impress with their importance, these veterans, in their visit to Paris, recall the bitter and the sweet. Many of them were there on leave during and after the war. Others came there to a hospital. The memories of each group will stretch back to a great adventure, a privilege given to the chosen few. These memories are pleasant, whether they carry the veteran back to gay evenings in some famous Bohemian place or to a cot of suffering bordering the Bois.
>
> "The thrill of service and of adventure came alike to these men when they were in Paris back there in the great days of 1918. They were chronic critics of the war and everything around them, as all soldiers are, but for all that, they would not have exchanged places with the President of the United States.
>
> "There are those who have said the visit of these young men to Paris would not tend further to cement friendly relations between this country and France. *The Times-Dispatch* can not hold to this view. Once men are brothers in arms, they are likely to remain brothers in peace. This visit of the American Legion to Paris should strengthen rather than diminish the friendliness that has existed between the United States and France since Revolutionary days."

Never in history was the French capital more brilliantly decorated, says Edwin L. James, Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*. There was a parade—and speeches, of course. "Happily," notes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "the note most often struck in the speeches at Paris was a ringing denunciation of war." Of the 20,000 marchers—men and women—John Gunther cables to the Chicago *Daily News:*

> "The parade assembled in the Champs de Mars thousands of Legionaires tumbling from the first session of the Convention to their posts. As they marched under the Arc de Triomphe, each detachment placed a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown



Acme

IT WAS NOT LIKE THIS TEN YEARS AGO!

Here are a few of the 1,700 war veterans and their families who gaily sailed from New York on the *Leviathan* on their 1927 pilgrimage to Paris. During the war this ship, convoyed and camouflaged, herself a prize of war, ferried many thousands of American troops to France.

Soldier, until the bier was a great, glowing mound of flowers. It was a gray day, sprinkled with little gusts of rain, and with a wind flurrying the thousands of carefully poised flags which were visible for miles. At the Place de la Concorde two pavilions had been erected, decorated in amber and deep red, with big gold and red chairs facing the Square. There sat Marshal Foch and General Pershing, side by side—Foch in the horizon-blue uniform of a marshal of France, and Pershing in khaki, with the gold stars of a General. With them were civilians and officials, including Sheldon Whitehouse, American Chargé d'Affaires, and most of the French Cabinet.

"As the first Americans climbed up the slope, and appeared through the great oval of the Arc de Triomphe, it seemed that the war itself had returned to Paris—the war in all its somber glory. Closely packed, rank on rank, the Americans came—Regular Army officers from the First Division, Kansas farmers from the Thirty-fifth, tough buddies from a dozen States who fought at Château-Thierry or through the Argonne.

"They are bankers now, or business men, or clerks, doctors, farmers—but all of them were soldiers once. They looked soldiers again to-day. They marched through the Arc, down toward the reviewing stand, and then on along the Boulevard des Capucines, through the Place de L'Opéra, to the Rue Rivoli, the Hôtel de Ville, and on to the towering bulk of Notre Dame."

Only twice before, we are told, have the chains across the Arc de Triomphe been drawn aside—once when the Germans took Paris in 1871, and once for the great peace parade of 1919. Fully a million people saw the procession this year, say Paris correspondents. In the words of Sir Philip Gibbs, one of the most distinguished of them all, "it was a carnival of comradeship, rather than a military parade." Moreover, the Boston *Herald* is certain that—

"Memory was busy behind the smiling faces of many marchers. They were recalling the comrades who gave their lives in that war. That unseen host must have marched with them. Their footsteps made no sound, but they were there. Their banners were unseen, but they were there. In comradeship of the spirit, the living and the dead marched through Paris.

"What message would they give the world were the voices of that unseen host audible? Can we doubt an instant what the message would be? It would be—abolish war! Make sure that such a calamity as the World War never shall again overwhelm the world."

Naturally, the survivors of famous battles were anxious to visit Belleau Wood, Cantigny, Montfaucon, Château-Thierry, and Verdun. But first they had a duty to perform—a visit to the nearest resting-place of more than a thousand of their fallen comrades. Says another famous correspondent, Junius B. Wood, of the Chicago *Daily News*, of this pilgrimage to Suresnes:

"High on a green hillside, behind serried lines of white marble crosses, the sweetly solemn notes of 'taps' echoed from an army bugle this morning. The sun broke through the clouds, and France and America paid honor to the 1,507 American soldier and sailor dead in Suresnes Cemetery, three miles outside the western wall of Paris.

"A color-guard lowered four American flags and five Legion standards representing various departments, while wounded French veterans with flags of America and France on a single staff joined in a line in front of the speaker's stand.

"'The first task of the American Legion upon arriving in France is to pay homage to the American and French dead,' said Sheldon Whitehouse, Ambassador Herrick's representative, speaking from a little flag-draped stand.

"A ripple of applause greeted General Pershing, who ten years ago commanded those boys now sleeping in the beautiful park, where the Stars and Stripes float against a background of towering elms.

"'We have come,' he said, 'to pay a loving tribute of remembrance to the Americans who lie in the cemeteries of France.'

"Howard Savage, retiring national commander of the American Legion, talked not to the living, standing with uncovered heads and moist eyes, but to the spirits of the buddies whose sacred trust their living comrades still are carrying on.

"'The men now sleeping in France fell before they saw the dawn of liberty for all the world,' said Marshal Foch. 'We will ever be faithful to their memories.'

"Again the standard-bearers raised their colors. A chaplain intoned a benediction. Taps sounded from beyond the trees, and the officials walked slowly away—while here and there, alone among the white crosses, remained the bowed forms of those stopping for a time at the resting-places of their dear ones."

We next find Mr. Wood on still more familiar ground—Château-Thierry:

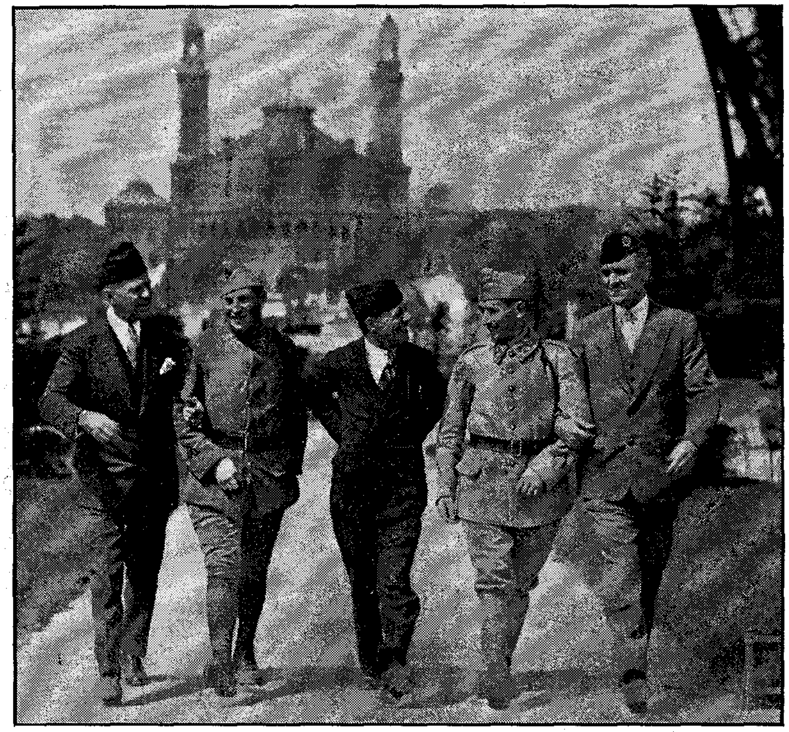
"Charles Martell's medieval castle still towers above the city, but the machine-gun nests are gone from the grounds of the park, where strolling lovers gaze for miles over the peaceful valley. Automobiles glide over a smooth asphalt road between Meaux and Laferte Sous Jouarre. When the Second Division bumped over it in French trucks driven by drowsy slant-eyed Annamites before dawn on June 1, nine years ago, its worn macadam was filled with teeth-cracking holes.

"Montreuil aux Lions seems small, like any other village to-day. The room where General Bundy had his headquarters and directed the Second Division through the subsequent weeks is now used as a schoolroom, and is filled with battered benches. Water still drips from the old pump where the soldiers moistened their dust-parched throats, but on the other side of the *mairie*, or town hall, stands a new monument recording the names of thirty sons of that tiny village who were lost.

"From the windows of a modest village home flags wave, for the people have not forgotten the days when the *mairie* hummed with activity, when piles of ammunition were stored on its stony lawn, and strings of carts were frantically taken forward, surgeons hastily applying emergency dressings in its old wagon-shed, while a few miles beyond there was the steady drum-fire of artillery.

"Back of Laloge farm three regiments of an American artillery brigade were in position in waving wheat-fields. Cows now tramp the muddy farmyard, and chickens are scattered along the lane down which a Milwaukee marine marched one morning with an entire German company as prisoners. In Torcy stands a church tower, and children are playing in the streets where silent forms and torn uniforms were lying thickly when the Americans finally fought their way through the woods.

"The Bois Belleau, the tangled underbrush of which hid hundreds of machine-guns spitting death, is now a park maintained by an organization of American women. Down below rows of wooden crosses register the names of those who made the woods hallowed ground. Two hundred unidentified Americans who fell at Belleau Wood lie in this cemetery. The number of their opponents who sold their lives so dearly will never be known, as most of them never were found."


International Newsreel photograph (Paris)

RENEWING OLD TIES

Legionaires and French veterans exchanging war reminiscences in Paris.

It is the same story all along the "front." On the Somme, in the Argonne, and on the Meuse the Legionaires find that ten years have effected a great change. "Grass covers the trench-seared, shell-tortured battle-fields, and thriving French villages have replaced the wreckage of war," observes the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*. "Nine years ago," recalls the New York *World*—

"The Argonne was abustle with preparations for the drive which everybody knew was coming. By day there was not much going on, but by night there was a fever of activity. Every road was jammed with trucks carrying supplies, soldiers, and the guns which were to lay down the terrific barrage of September 26. From dusk until the small hours of the morning you could hear the motors as they dug their way forward. But just before dawn the noise ceased, and the front became silent. And there is nothing so silent as a battle-front just before dawn. It is like the last echo of 'taps' in all the graveyards of the world.

"So for a few Indian summer days, and then hell broke loose. And the gay celebrators now in France were the poor devils that went through that hell for six weeks until it was over. They deserve their holiday."

"The coming of the American Legion to France," says Leland Stowe in a Paris dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "has gript France as few things have gript her these last ten years. In the coming of Pershing and his men, the French people find an emotional appeal to their imaginations. And the soul of France is peculiarly emotional." As the Washington *Star* explains:

"The Frenchman remembers the Americans in the gloomy days of 1917. He remembers watching a dreary winter of suspense turn to a summer of hope as thousands of lean, bronzed young men from across the sea marched to the north to take their places alongside the soldiers of France. He remembers the victory they helped to make. Is there wonder that France cheers them as they pass?

"France has suffered, and it is human to blame some one when there is suffering. This country has shared her blame. But all that is on the surface. Under the surface there is a sentiment and love founded on stronger stuff. The debt, the tariff, trade reprisals—who can remember them when the bands play the 'Marseillaise' and 'The Star Spangled Banner'?"

"These days in Paris," observes the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "are days of gaiety." But—

"Other days will come. Dynasties and governments will change. But the cemeteries in which the American soldiers lie will always remain to remind the world of a people who sent multitudes to die for an ideal of human conduct. That ideal has not been realized. It may never be realized. But the American dead in France will keep it alive and aloft in men's minds as a thing to strive for. This thought, or some thought much like it, is what made the first appearance of American troops in Europe a thing to marvel at. There never had been anything like it. There may never be anything like it again."

International Newsreel photograph

THOSE SALVATION ARMY DOUGHNUTS AGAIN!

And Helen Purviance, the Army lassie who fried the first doughnuts for our doughboys in France, back on the job. The Legionaires seem to approve.

MR. McADOO ALSO CHOOSES NOT TO RUN

JUST AS PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S unexpected withdrawal from the Presidential race started a veritable flood of speculation concerning his probable successor as Republican standard-bearer, so the gesture of William Gibbs McAdoo in taking his own hat out of the ring revives interest in the Democratic political situation. It is the beginning of action inside the Democratic party, as one political writer puts it; it is looked upon, avers another, "as the first gun from the Democratic war front." The McAdoo statement, thinks that expert political writer, David Lawrence, is likely in the end to have as much effect on Democratic fortunes as Mr. Coolidge's renunciation had on the Republican race. The McAdoo letter, made public a few days ago, is viewed in political circles, according to a writer for *The Evening Post*, of New York "first as an admission that the struggle for the nomination was regarded as almost hopeless by Mr. McAdoo; and, second, as a signal for a get-together movement of religious and dry enthusiasts against Mr. Smith." In Washington, declares Paul R. Mallon, of the United Press, "McAdoo's letter was generally interpreted as a rallying cry for anti-Smith elements and as a notice that McAdoo, even tho out, seeks to play a heavy rôle in determining the nomination of his party next year." Other Washington dispatches are full of conjecture about the possible inheritor of the McAdoo strength. The names most conspicuously mentioned are those of Edwin T. Meredith, of Iowa, who is out with his own statement to "dry Democrats"; Senator Walsh of Montana, who has the advantage of being a Catholic like Smith and a dry like McAdoo; Newton D. Baker, after McAdoo the most conspicuous remaining Wilsonian; Senator Carter Glass of Virginia; Governor Donahey of Ohio; Senator "Joe" Robinson of Arkansas; and a host of "favorite sons." Some Democratic leaders and editors call upon Governor Smith to follow the McAdoo example and withdraw, and there creeps into the discussion the names of wet leaders who might be more to the liking of the McAdoo following than the New York executive, notably Senator "Jim" Reed of Missouri, and Governor Ritchie of Maryland. Democratic opinion on the effect of the elimination of McAdoo ranges from the exultant to the regretful, while Republicans are unable to see any prospect of the healing of the Democratic discords that made the Madison Square Garden convention famous.

International Newsreel photograph

WILL HE LEAD THE DEMOCRATIC DRYS?

Edwin T. Meredith, who looms large as a Democratic leader on the withdrawal of William Gibbs McAdoo from the race for the 1928 Presidential nomination.

Ex-Secretary McAdoo's letter was written in reply to an inquiry from his friend and supporter, George F. Milton, of the Chattanooga *News*. After briefly outlining his political career and expressing the hope that there will be no repetition of the 1924 convention fight, Mr. McAdoo went on to say:

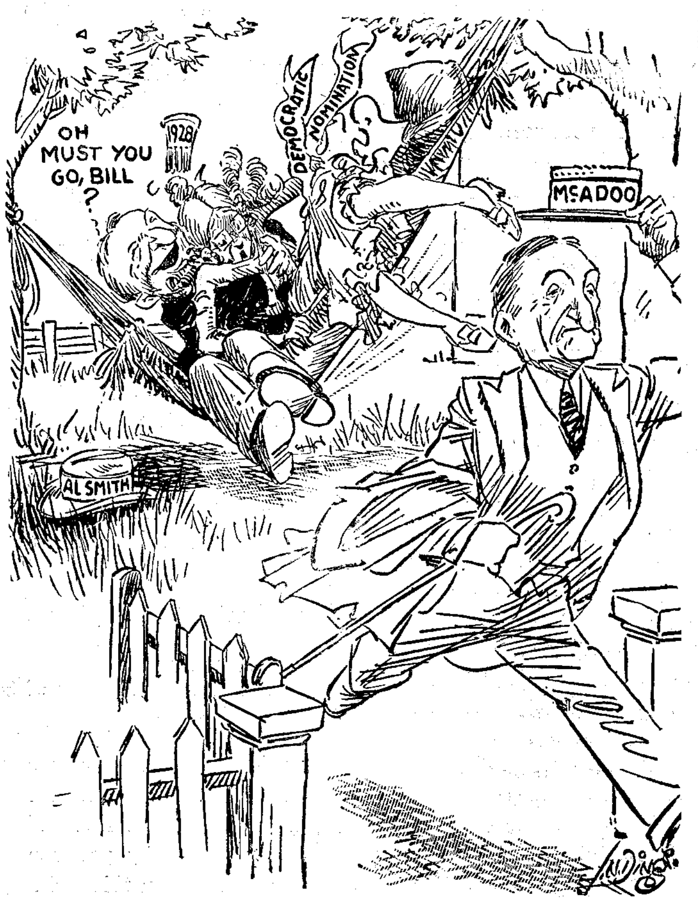
> "My chief concern is the supremacy of Democratic principles and progressive policies, for these mean the preservation, unimpaired, of the Constitution of the United States; the suppression of nullification and the enforcement of law, without which stable government is impossible and without which the blessings of liberty will disappear; justice to agriculture, without which the farmers can not get their rightful share of national prosperity, and social and economic justice for all classes, without which human opportunity can not be widened.
>
> "Perhaps I can do more to advance these objects as a private citizen than as a candidate for the Presidency. I prefer to stand aside in order that the field may be left clear, so far as I can clear it, for the development of a leadership that can more effectively gain these ends.
>
> "I shall not, therefore, be a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1928."

The name of Edwin T. Meredith, once Secretary of Agriculture in the Wilson Cabinet, a successful publisher, a McAdoo lieutenant in the past, and the most conspicuous Democratic leader in Iowa, is brought to the front by the statement he made to Iowa Democrats on September 20, while the McAdoo letter was still a fresh topic. Besides expressing regret for the McAdoo withdrawal and asking for Iowa support for a "dry progressive Democrat," Mr. Meredith declared that:

> "The best interests of the whole country demand a candidate who stands for an equality of opportunity for agriculture and a square deal for labor and business, and the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, rather than the continuation of the flagrant violations under the present conditions.
>
> "A pandering to the liquor interests foredooms the Democratic party to failure."

While Mr. McAdoo means his action to be a service to his party, Mark Sullivan, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, doubts whether it will turn out so. Mr. Sullivan thinks that McAdoo might have prevented Smith's nomination; "but it remains to be seen if the disaffection that may follow Smith's nomination is any less great than the disruption that would attend another deadlock." Sam W. Small, the veteran evangelist, writing on politics in the Atlanta *Constitution*, voices his opinion that even tho the removal of McAdoo may give Governor Smith a few more delegates, the New Yorker "has a long way yet to go to gather the momentum that will carry him over the unit and the two-thirds rules." But current opinion in Washington, we read in a Newark *News* dispatch, agrees that the McAdoo withdrawal has helped the Smith candidacy. As the situation stands now, writes George Van Slyke in the New York *Sun*, nearly half the party is for the nomination of Smith; "the other half is split into four, five, or six units." Mr. Van Slyke adds that "if the movement which is the natural outcome of McAdoo's retirement fails to develop a leader within the next few weeks, the drys will be left as a helpless minority, and the nomination of Smith almost by acclamation will be a certainty."

To some Democratic editors the McAdoo renunciation seems to be, in the words of the Charleston *Gazette*, "a worthy deed," a rising "above a scramble of personal ambition." In California,



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MR. McADOO DECIDES NOT TO BE A CANDIDATE

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Mr. McAdoo's present home State, the Santa Barbara *Daily News* declares that Mr. McAdoo "has sacrificed himself on the altar of his party, but he has not hauled down his flag nor given up his fight for the high principles of democracy for which he has battled through long years." As a private citizen the Nashville *Tennessean* thinks "Mr. McAdoo can do the party and the nation great good." The editor of the Chattanooga *News*, George Fort Milton, to whom the McAdoo letter was addrest, comments in part on that letter:

> "Apparently we are about to see the prosecution of a brazen attempt on the part of the underworld of American politics to dominate, control, and debase a party made glorious by the patriotic achievements and lofty ideals of Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Grover Cleveland, and Woodrow Wilson. William Gibbs McAdoo is one man who could successfully have led the fight which would stave off, for a time at least, these grave disasters."

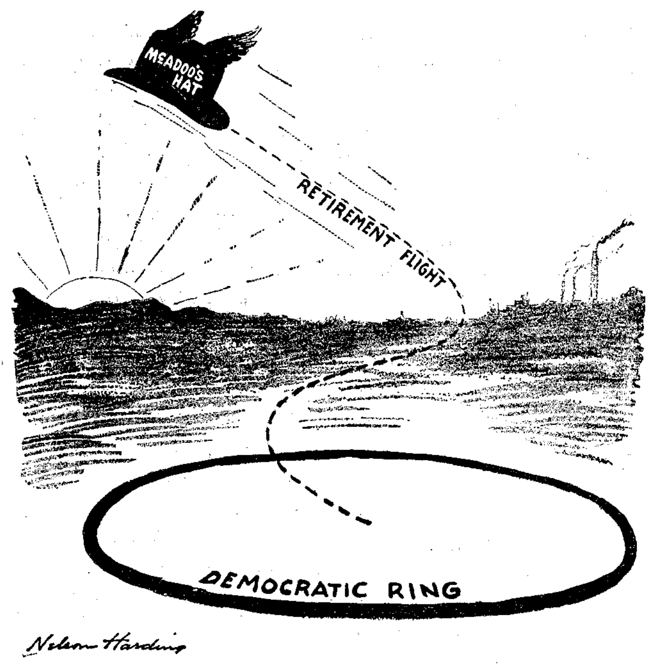
But many Democratic editors find it extremely difficult to see anything noble or heroic about Mr. McAdoo's act. "He found that his nomination would be impossible, and hence withdraws," declares the Atlanta *Constitution.* "He long ago discerned his ebbing force," we read in the Birmingham *Age-Herald;* "he now retires from the field." The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* can not see that he surrendered "anything beyond a personal ambition." The Birmingham *News* calls the McAdoo withdrawal "an act of supererogation." In the words of the El Paso *Times*, "McAdoo's star has twinkled, and twinkled out." His renunciation finally came, says the New Mexico *State Tribune*, of Albuquerque, "when he has little left to renounce." In Montana, the Anaconda *Standard* sees nothing in the announcement but "a graceful gesture of submission to public sentiment."

Now that one of the two great protagonists of the Madison Square Garden convention has withdrawn, Governor Smith is under an obligation to take the same step, thinks the Charlotte *Observer.* "Al Smith ought to withdraw," flatly declares the Macon *Telegraph.* "So surely as Governor Smith stays in the race," argues the Winston-Salem *Journal*, "just so surely will the next Democratic convention witness another bitter fight which will culminate in a hopelessly divided organization." Now, concludes the Jackson (Miss.) *Daily News*, "is the time for Al Smith to forget it." This paper believes that the New York Governor, if nominated, would make "an even poorer showing than John W. Davis four years ago," and would not "even carry the Solid South."

But these suggestions seem quite illogical to the Houston *Post-Dispatch:* "There is no legitimate reason why Governor Smith should sacrifice his large chances for the nomination because his former chief adversary has chosen not to enter the campaign against him." Similarly the El Paso *Times* does not understand how Smith "can be forced to yield his overwhelming strength merely because his late opponent makes a gesture of yielding something he no longer possesses."

With McAdoo out, "the affable Al Smith, of New York," is seen by the Miami *Herald* "sitting in the solitary splendor of a sparkling jewel on a Buddha's brow, in position to outglitter the rest of the favorite sons." With Mr. McAdoo out of the race, the Democratic party now has the opportunity, declares the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer-Sun*, "to renounce, if it will, the illiberal, un-Democratic factionalism of its recent past and to unite behind the strongest exponent of Democratic principles since the Wilson of 1912—to unite behind Gov. Alfred E. Smith, a man who can carry New York, and lead the Democratic party to victory." The New York *Morning Telegraph* is now convinced that Governor Smith will "walk away with the nomination." The New York *Evening World* and Brooklyn *Eagle* see the Smith nomination now made at least extremely likely. In the Far West the Prescott (Ariz.) *Evening Courier* beholds Governor Smith left "alone on the Democratic horizon."

Some Democratic papers see little hope of unity in the McAdoo statement. In Montana, the Butte *Miner* thinks it will reopen the old party sores, and the Chattanooga *Times* fears that the McAdoo group will now foster a movement which will make Democratic success at the polls in 1928 impossible. *The Daily Oklahoman*, of Oklahoma City, does not think anything would be settled by the withdrawal of both McAdoo and Governor Smith:



ANOTHER AIR DERBY

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

"There would still be two bitterly hostile parties beating the tom-toms in the resonant shell of one party. For the shell of the Democratic party really contains two antagonistic parties vainly striving to function as one. Between the faction led by McAdoo and the faction led by Smith there is a wider difference than exists between either faction and the party of Mr. Coolidge."

But plenty of Democratic editors do not see the necessity of continuing these feuds. The Houston *Chronicle*, for instance, thinks that with McAdoo out "there is a better opportunity now than ever before to lay the ghost of the Prohibition issue." It is interesting to find both wet and dry Democratic papers objecting to so much fuss being made over Prohibition. The New York *World*, for instance, which is avowedly wet, believes the party "will make a mistake if it permits a family quarrel over Prohibition to blanket its effectiveness on all these issues in the next election." *The World* thinks that the party ought to be wise enough "to leave to local sentiment an issue which can not be settled nationally by the Democratic party or by anybody else." And the Raleigh *News and Observer*, which favors Prohibition, makes the assertion that:

"The Democratic party can not win if it relegates great issues and fights over questions that should have no place in party politics. Prohibition will not be repealed, and agitation over nullification will only serve to give longer tenure to the party of Privilege."

The only thing for the party to consider now, concludes the Phœnix *Arizona Gazette*, is "the selection of a true progressive Democrat who will be able to carry the Democratic banner and the principles of the Democratic party without any partizan entanglements." The Tampa *Tribune* in Florida can think of a dozen men who live up to this description; for instance, the party *might name "some outstanding* Democrat and clean, unprejudiced, and high-minded American like E. T. Meredith." Texas, says the Dallas *News*, would not give Smith much support in the convention, but on the other hand it probably would not go Republican if he should become the Democratic nominee. This Democratic journal suggests that:

"A dry Catholic, such as Senator Walsh, would carry the State by a bigger majority than Smith would. So would a wet Protestant like Governor Ritchie, perhaps. Senator "Jim" Reed, however, is still unpopular because he was so bitter toward Wilson. Texas still reveres Wilson, altho he was wet himself."

DE VALERA AGAIN A POWER

THE "MOST MOMENTOUS ELECTION ever held in Ireland"—an election upon which "the whole future of the Irish Free State for the next fifty years" was declared to depend—is now said to have "shown that republicanism in Ireland can not be ignored." As we read, President Cosgrave "has captured the new Free State Dail, but by a majority of only seven seats." Obviously, then, "Mr. de Valera's personal following is large." He "has regained much of the ground he lost a few years ago when he was deserted by both extremes of the old party," observes the New York *Herald Tribune*, tho another metropolitan daily, *The Times*, hastens to point out that the former revolutionist is a much chastened man, no longer bent on violence. As we are told, "he denies that he is a dreamer or a revolutionist or a fanatic idealist." Instead, "he declares that Ireland can make successful advances only by recognizing 'stubborn facts.'" This Mr. de Valera explained in a manifesto issued before the election, and the New York editor goes on to say:

"President Cosgrave has been appealing for the Government party, and apparently with much success, on the grounds that it alone is able to give Ireland a steady and businesslike administration. On the other hand, the vacillations and uncertainties of the Republicans have disquieted the sober elements of the population and have threatened to interfere with the national loan, which is regarded as a necessity, and which will be floated before long in case President Cosgrave is kept in office. These are some of the facts which Mr. de Valera belatedly perceives to be fundamental in the Irish political situation, and which threaten to take from him a great deal of his former support unless he changes front."

Further explaining what were the "stubborn facts" recognized by Mr. de Valera, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* reminds us that, while nominally "the contest was between the De Valera Republicans and the Government parties, between the factions opposing the Anglo-Irish treaty, with the oath of allegiance, and the coalition upholding the Constitution," the real issues of the campaign were "largely economic. De Valera, who waged relentless war on the oath, greatly weakened his cause by subscribing to it and taking his seat in the recent Dail. It is no easy thing to argue the morality of a pledge that was taken as a 'mere formality.'" So, maintains this Kentucky paper—

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What is the name of the American woman whose book on India has caused an international sensation? (p. 17).
2. How do the winds determine the location of the hangars in an air-port? (p. 22).
3. Why does the Bishop of Ripon think that science should take a ten-year holiday? (p. 32).
4. What relation is Aldous Huxley to Thomas H. Huxley, the contemporary of Darwin? (p. 28).
5. What does Dr. Michael Pupin, the great scientist, believe about God and immortality? (p. 33).
6. Name five prominent possibilities for the next Democratic Presidential nomination? (p. 8).
7. How is modern machinery said to be injuring the wider culture which it has made possible? (p. 28).
8. What insects are now raised to fight other insects? (p. 23).
9. What does the Indian word Swaraj mean? (p. 17).
10. What Irish leader has regained much political strength through the recent elections? (p. 10).
11. What is "tantalum"? (p. 27).
12. Why is it said that tipping for service is entirely wrong in Australia? (p. 21).
13. When did weather-prophets justify themselves? (p. 24).
14. About how many millions of dollars do Great Britain's movie theaters pay annually for film hire? (p. 29).
15. What State has an ex-Governor just released from prison, a Governor under indictment, and the Mayor of its largest city on trial for corruption? (p. 14).
16. Where does Mahatma Gandhi live? (p. 17).
17. What recent book shows the changing view-point of the Turks? (p. 34).
18. What beauty-prohibition is advocated? (p. 24).
19. What is the Gepoo? (p. 19).
20. Who has just left a great banking firm to become Ambassador to a nation whose finances have in large part been handled recently by that same firm? (p. 11).
21. What kind of clothes are best adapted for the worker? (p. 25).
22. What is the reported income of the average middle-class family in Japan? (p. 21).
23. What is a "sleep-wave"? (p. 26).
24. What Democrat is looked upon as the most likely heir to Ex-Secretary McAdoo's following in the Democratic party? (p. 8).
25. What is the name of the master-terrorist of Soviet Russia who established the Tcheka? (p. 19).

"The fiery Republican turns his attention to taxes and revenue. He has proposed a high protective tariff to force an economic combine of Ulster with the South of Ireland and to bar English exports from the Dominion. He would bring to an end the payments to British landlords of the annuities promised in the treaty. With a grand flourish he has declared he would abolish unemployment and give work to every person in the country."

Nevertheless, Mr. de Valera remains a Republican, and, as the New York *Evening Post* observes,

"Cosgrave must face a real opposition, but it will be a constitutional opposition, and so long as the Republicans fight his régime by parliamentary tactics rather than by sullen refusal to assume their legislative responsibilities their participation in affairs of government is a healthy sign of political growth. The support of the farmers and some independent votes remain essential to the Government, but there are many indications that this temporary alliance may become permanent. It should certainly survive the present Parliament. It is essential for the Free State that the Republicans should be afforded an opportunity for political education in the rôle of opposition and time to become reconciled to the treaty before they are called upon to assume the responsibility of forming a government."

This, however, is not saying that the present situation involves no dangers, and the Brooklyn *Eagle* remarks:

"What will probably result in Ireland will be a makeshift administration by one side or the other, existing by the sufferance of opposition votes. That was done in Great Britain when the first and only Labor Government came into office. Government will have to be carried on in Ireland, and apparently that is the only way it can be carried on. Another election will have to be called to break the deadlock, but neither the Government nor the Fianna Fail desires a new appeal to the country in the near future. The situation is an unhappy one for all concerned, but it may turn out to be less perilous to Ireland than some of the more pessimistic observers now think."

As the *Christian Science Monitor* reminds us, this general election is the third since the Irish Free State began its career:

"The first regular election under the new Constitution was held on June 27, 1923. The Government polled 411,000 out of a total vote of 1,055,000. It secured 60 out of 147 seats in the Legislature. These results, as is evident, were proportional, but the Cabinet governed only on sufferance of the opposition. The second election held in June, 1927, resulted in some losses by the Government and some gains by Mr. de Valera's party. Labor also became stronger. The Government secured 46 seats, Labor 22, the Farmers 11, the Redmondites 8, and the Independents 14. The pro-treaty total was 101. The anti-treaty total was 51. So far as governing the country was concerned, however, President Cosgrave could not count on the support of all the pro-treaty representatives. On a vote of lack of confidence last month, the Government was saved by the Speaker's casting vote. Following two successful by-elections, therefore, the Government decided to dissolve and listen again to the voice of the people."

MORROW TO MEXICO

AFTER THE FIRST SURPRIZE that a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company should be named Ambassador to Mexico, editors began to reflect that the President's friend, college classmate, and constant adviser, a man experienced in law and international finance, a citizen eager for public service, was a natural appointee. With our relations with Mexico in a critical state, after Ambassador Sheffield's resignation last summer, Dwight Morrow, so to speak, steps in to "pinch-hit for Uncle Sam." Of course, continues the New York *Telegram*, the public in the grand stand will be divided about the President's choice:

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"THE LITTLE MAN WITH THE BIG IDEAS"

As he is called in Wall Street. Dwight W. Morrow, President Coolidge's classmate at Amherst and a partner of J. P. Morgan & Co., who has been made Ambassador to Mexico, because, as some one explains, the President wants "a big business man for a big business problem."

"Some will insist that no Wall Streeter should be appointed to fill such a ticklish position as this, where he will be called upon to press the claims of American oil, land and mine magnates against the Government to which he is accredited. Others will take the contrary view, urging Morrow as the ideal appointee because of the nature of the dispute with which he will have to deal."

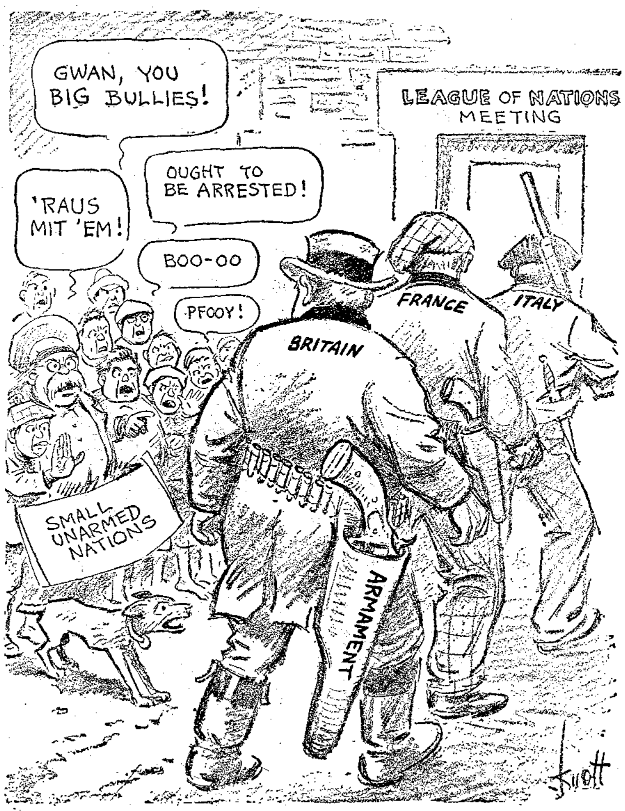
Critics of the appointment, we read in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, are likely to make much of the fact "that under the Pani-Lamont agreement the house of Morgan has handled the funded external debt of Mexico, and that at times there have been questions about payment of interest on Mexican bonds." That Mr. Morrow has been a leading partner in the Morgan firm while that firm is directly interested in Mexican governmental finances to the extent of more than $410,000,000, has, writes Albert W. Fox, in the news columns of the Washington *Post*, "made Mr. Morrow the natural target for those Senators—especially insurgents and Democrats—who have been waging a relentless battle against the influence of American capital in Latin-American affairs." But Mr. Morrow, who has resigned from his Morgan partnership, will have two months to serve before the Senate will meet and can pass on the appointment. In the meantime Chairman Borah of the Foreign Relations Committee says he is willing to wait and see what the new Ambassador will do:

"If Mr. Morrow is going to Mexico to carry out a policy of friendly cooperation, a policy looking to the adjustment of our controversy with Mexico upon peaceful and just lines and with due regard for the rights of all parties, I think he is in a position to render a public service of incalculable value."

That the appointment does demonstrate the existence of a policy more conciliatory toward Mexico, is accepted by the New York *World* (Dem.). The Boston *Herald* (Rep.) looks for "an untying of the Mexican knot" and believes "this selection will be the forerunner of a sane and peaceful and humane adjustment of our long disturbed Mexican relations."

SMALL-NATION "REVOLT" IN THE LEAGUE

"THE WORLD'S MOST RESOUNDING wailing place," is what the League of Nations is becoming, as the small nations come to Geneva, pour out their fears and grievances, and shake a clenched fist toward the big ones who "have a way of listening and perhaps of saying, 'Dear, dear, isn't it too bad,' but doing nothing," the Kansas City *Star* would have us understand. "Apparently the League of Nations will have to be a League to Outlaw Intrigue before it can become a League to Outlaw War," suggests the Minneapolis *Journal*, in commenting on what our newspapers in general characterize as a "revolt" of the little nations in the League at the eighth annual assembly. "Speaking right out in meeting," members from the smaller Powers like Sweden, Holland, and Latvia accused the big Powers of sabotaging the League, dominating it to carry out agreements reached in secret conferences, or ignoring it when that better suits their purposes, and holding up reduction of armaments, to which the League has been committed ever since it was established. Newsmen at Geneva picture the situation as an increasingly significant "revolt," which brought about a change of front on the part of Austen Chamberlain, Great Britain's delegate, induced an impassioned plea for peace by Briand of France, and gave Stresemann of Germany the chance which he seized to pose as a big-Power leader of the smaller fry toward both disarmament and compulsory arbitration. As we are told:



THE GUN-TOTERS ARE UNPOPULAR

—Knott in the *Dallas News*.

"Holland led off with a demand for revival by the Assembly of the chloroformed Geneva Protocol of 1926 which called for compulsory arbitration, disarmament, and security against aggressions. Sweden lined up with Holland, her Foreign Minister declaring that the old evil prewar diplomacy still prevails, under conditions of armed peace and a system of armaments likely to land the world in war again. Poland gained the limelight by proposing outlawry of war. Norway's President of the Chamber of Deputies scathingly attacked secret conversations between the Foreign Ministers of a few big Powers in the League which, acting as a supreme council, 'actually run things'; and Fridtjof Nansen offered a general arbitration treaty. Lithuania backed up Sweden. Finland proposed financial assistance to States which are the victims of aggression. Latvia's Foreign Minister pointed out that Europe's military budgets of 1926, including naval and air forces, amounted to $1,443,000,000, about the same as in 1913, the year before the Great War, and the standing armies numbered 3,145,000, only slightly less than in 1913, despite the disarming of the defeated Powers. Esthonia like others criticized delay of League action to reduce armaments. All proposals go to various committees for consideration and report back to the Assembly. Correspondents who sent out this news of developments also reported that Enrique Villegas, Chilean Ambassador to Rome and President of the Council of the League, countered on some of the gloomy critics by referring to the failure of the three Powers, the United States, Great Britain and Japan, to agree on further limitation of navies only, and asking, 'How then can we be surprized that a general convention for a reduction of armaments comprising all nations also has met with difficulties.' He declared that the League had already passed some stages of the necessary work in preparation for the promised disarmament conference this fall. It is further reported that none of the small nations threaten withdrawal from the League at this session."

Whether opposed or friendly to the League it is noticeable that a very large number of our newspapers welcome the demand of the small nations for a showdown. In practise, every small-Power proposition must be initiated by some one or all of the great Powers, says the Boston *Transcript*, but it adds:

"Just the same it is worth while to watch the efforts of Poland, Holland, Sweden, Lithuania, and other lesser Powers, dependent in the main as they appear to be, to bring the sentiment of the world to bear against a condition that leaves the fate of Europe in the hands of the Cabinets of London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome. The Council of the League has become a thoroughly lethargic agency. All its powers are passed over to the Premiers of the great Powers. The Assembly of all the League Powers is merely a sort of debating club, to be sure, but if its debates become hot and angry enough, the Council may some time be stirred out of its lethargy. What is called 'world sentiment,' which leans toward some effective means of preserving peace, is better represented by the hopes and aspirations of the small Powers than it is by the intrigues within the governmental circles of the great Powers."

Typical of many editorials is the declaration by the Portland *Oregonian* that "if the League of Nations served no other purpose, its existence would be justified by the opportunity it gives forty or fifty small nations to express frankly their opinions of the great nations." We read further:

"Statesmen of the big nations will be loath to hold conferences in secret chambers or in obscure villages and fix up deals, for they have learned that they can not hide and that the whole world is listening. Worst of all, they know that once a year they will be 'bawled out' in such a manner that they will be objects of distrust to every small nation—and there are many more small nations than there were before the war."

The revolt of the smaller Powers is the culmination of a series of rebukes to Britain, according to the Newark *News*, for her policies toward Turkey, China, Russia, and the Coolidge naval conference, and words have not been minced in telling her they are tired of reactionary dictatorship. *The News* concludes:

"Disarmament is in the doldrums and will stay there until the problem is attacked in some such fundamental manner as the small Powers demand. Britain's die-hards are being hammered because they represent the outstanding reaction from the spirit of the armistice, of the Peace Conference and of the League covenant."

Cuba, Canada and Finland were elected non-permanent members of the Council of the League in place of Belgium, Salvador and Czechoslovakia by the Assembly. At the first session of the Council the Canadian member, Raoul Dandurand, a French-Canadian, took exception to Mr. Chamberlain's procedure in handling his report on a dispute between Hungary and Roumania; Cuba and Finland did the same. Correspondents and editors see in this a reassertion of Canada's independence and increasing courage of smaller Powers.

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PANAMA'S PARADOXICAL PROTEST

THE SUDDEN INJECTION into the deliberations of the League of Nations of the question of sovereignty in the Panama Canal Zone is said to have surprized the members of the Assembly no more than it has astounded both the United States and Panama. This "diplomatic indiscretion," says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, was committed by Dr. Eusebio A. Morales, formerly Panama's Foreign Minister. It has brought into the limelight a conflict between Panama and the United States which has been smoldering for twenty-four years. And to what purpose? According to the Providence *News*, "it is hard to understand just what issue Dr. Morales raised, and why he raised it." If the well-informed editor of an American newspaper is puzzled by the purpose of a delegate to the League in bringing up such a question without instructions from his government, what of the general reader?

Boiled down, the declaration of Dr. Morales at Geneva is that Panama has never abandoned her sovereignty over the Canal Zone, and that the matter of American rule there should be submitted to the World Court for adjudication. Just what Dr. Morales expects to accomplish, however, is not clear to American editors, who maintain that the United States will not relinquish one iota of its authority along the big waterway. In the opinion of the Tacoma *Ledger:*

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"Dr. Morales obviously has forgotten some history in relation to both his country and the great waterway which was constructed by the dollars of the American people for the benefit of the entire world. He seems to have forgotten the fact that at the time when that Canal was built and the American Government moved in to occupy the zone, there was no such a nation as Panama outside of a rebellious faction against the authority of the Republic of Colombia and that it was only through the good offices of the United States that the Republic of Panama came into existence.

"Obviously no nation would spend billions of dollars in the construction of a waterway over which it could not have permanent control and which would always be subjected to the uncertainties of the most uncertain of human elements, Central American politics.

"The League of Nations has not, nor can it have, anything to say in the matter of the Panama Canal, and there is nothing for this country to submit to a World Court or any other tribunal. To submit to the League or to a World Court American control over the Canal Zone would be just as senseless as would be a proposition that it should submit to some international body the determination of the right of the United States to control the States of Texas or California."

Spokesmen for the State Department and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee likewise make it clear that the League of Nations has nothing whatever to do with the control of the Canal Zone by this country, and that there is nothing to arbitrate. The Panama Minister at Washington adds to the wonderment aroused by the Morales statement by declaring that the delegate had no instructions from his government on the question which he brought up. And, observes the Detroit *Free Press:*

"While the members of the League Assembly listened attentively and perhaps hungrily to the appeal by Dr. Morales that they intervene and determine the status of the Canal Zone, they knew perfectly well that an attempt to respond would be utterly futile; and they did not even offer a sympathetic gesture. Altogether the incident was without any very great significance.

"We do not mean by this that the question of Panaman rights in the Canal Zone is unimportant. But the matter can be looked after, and is looked after, by qualified American and Panaman jurists.

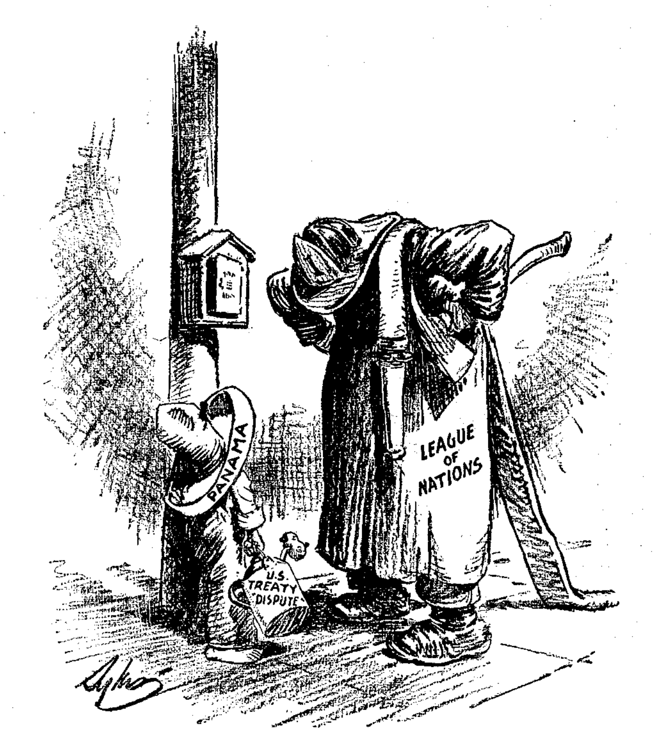
"In this general connection it is pertinent to note that talk about the need of a second canal through the Nicaraguan route to supplement the present facilities at Panama is reviving in Washington. In the natural course of events, the question will be taken up seriously, and the chances are that before a great many years America will find itself engaged in an undertaking that the growth of interoceanic trade and the security of the country will demand. That prospect itself provides a reason why the United States could not tolerate European interference at Panama. By doing so the country would set a most inconvenient precedent that might easily bob up to embarrass and hamper it in its new undertaking."

According to Charles Michelson, Washington correspondent of the New York *World:*

"The contention of the United States has been and is that the acceptance of $10,000,000 paid down, and the annual payment of $250,000 a year was the price paid for the cession of the Canal Zone. The Panamans dispute this, saying that the $10,000,000 was for the franchise to construct and operate the Canal, and that the annual payment was merely to take the place of the revenue the Panama Republic drew from the Panama Railroad. The United States has steadily held that the following provision in the Roosevelt treaty confers sovereignty on the United States:

"'The Republic of Panama grants to the United States all the rights, power, and authority which the United States would possess and exercise if it were sovereign of the territory, to the entire exclusion of exercise by Panama of any such sovereign rights, power, or authority.'

"The position of Panama has been that the authority was limited to things bearing on the construction, maintenance, sanitation, and protection of the Canal."



"BUT I MIGHT START ONE!"

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

But, points out the Minneapolis *Tribune:* "The issue of sovereignty is trifling beside the larger issue which Panama raises by bringing a Western Hemisphere dispute before the League. The larger issue is whether or not the League is to invade the Western Hemisphere." "The League of Nations," explains the Nashville *Tennessean*, "was never designed by its founders to determine domestic matters. And no friend of the League, desirous of the friendship of the American people, would have made the proposal offered by the delegate from Panama."

The Cleveland *Press* and other Scripps-Howard papers, on the other hand, maintain that "we left our status in the Canal Zone a bit hazy when it came to putting it on paper." And the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, while admitting that we did not instigate the revolt which ended in the separation of Panama from Colombia, still regrets the "celerity" with which we recognized the new republic, and wonders "if the wrong committed by President Roosevelt" is not "bringing its own revenge."

INDIANA'S POLITICAL HOUSECLEANING

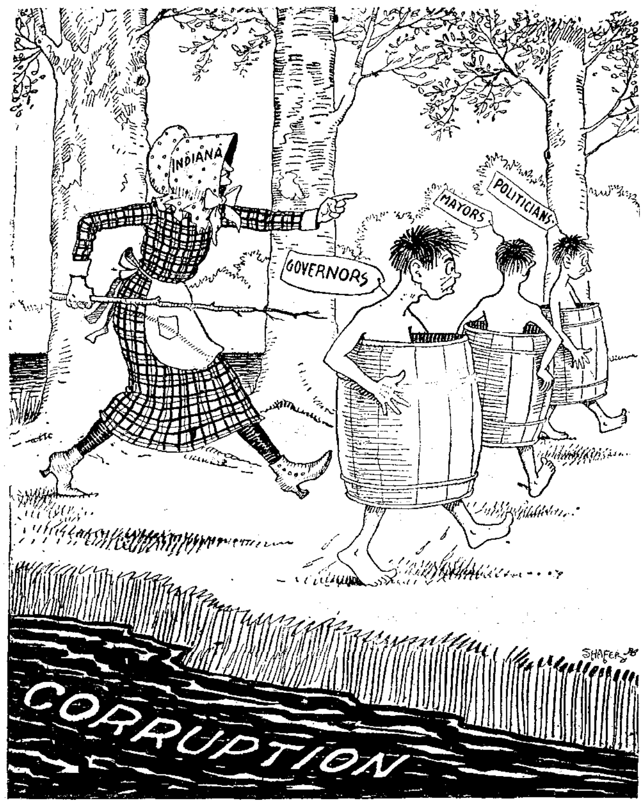
A FINE KETTLE OF POLITICAL FISH has been stewing for several years in the Hoosier State, and "its unpleasant odors have reached to all parts of the country," remarks the Buffalo *Courier*. But it appears, from recent events, that the people of Indiana, under the leadership of a few newspapers, are about to undertake a thorough political housecleaning. Outside observers assume that much, at least, from the grand jury indictments, on September 9, of Governor Jackson, of Indiana; George V. Coffin, Republican leader of Marion County and Indianapolis; Mayor Duvall, of Indianapolis; and Robert I. Marsh, local attorney and former law partner of the Governor. This is the result, say newspaper dispatches from the Indiana city, of almost a year of investigation by three grand juries into charges of political corruption. Of course, points out the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette*, "the innocence of these officials must be presumed unless and until a jury shall find them guilty," but, it adds, "a flock of indictments of this sort lends no luster to the coat of arms of the Hoosier State."

The investigation grew out of charges made last summer by D. C. Stephenson, former leader of the Ku Klux Klan. As the story is summarized by the Syracuse *Herald:*

> "The two most prominent of the implicated parties, Governor Jackson and Mayor Duvall, have been favored protégés of the Indiana Ku Klux Klan. The charge against the Governor is that he offered his predecessor, Governor McCray (recently released from the Federal prison at Atlanta), a bribe of $10,000, and that he gave McCray assurance he would not be convicted on charges pending in the criminal court if he would appoint James E. McDonald as prosecutor. Coffin was alleged to have conspired with Jackson. Marsh was charged with attempted bribery and conspiracy. As for Mayor Duvall, his indictment is based on affidavits charging him with conspiracy to commit a felony, violation of the Corrupt Practises Act, perjury, and the filing of a false statement."

A survey of Indiana newspapers reveals little sympathy with either the Republican machine or the indicted officials. "The whole State is on trial before the nation," declares the Richmond (Ind.) *Palladium*. Furthermore—

> "The charges of general corruption in the State government, which have been broadcast for the last year, strengthen the adverse opinion which the people in other parts of the country have formed about us.
>
> "What the people of Indiana are interested in to-day is the purging of their State from the disgrace which attaches to it. Not only should these men be brought to the bar of justice without delay, but if impeachment proceedings can be brought against the Governor, that step should be taken at once.
>
> "The people are not interested in the personal or political fate of Jackson, Duvall, or Coffin. Every citizen, however, is vitally interested in the integrity of the State government and the governing class. So long as the slightest cloud of suspicion rests upon the official integrity of these officials, the citizens will feel that their government is not in safe hands."



"ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH FAR AWAY"
—Shafer in the Cincinnati *Times-Star*.

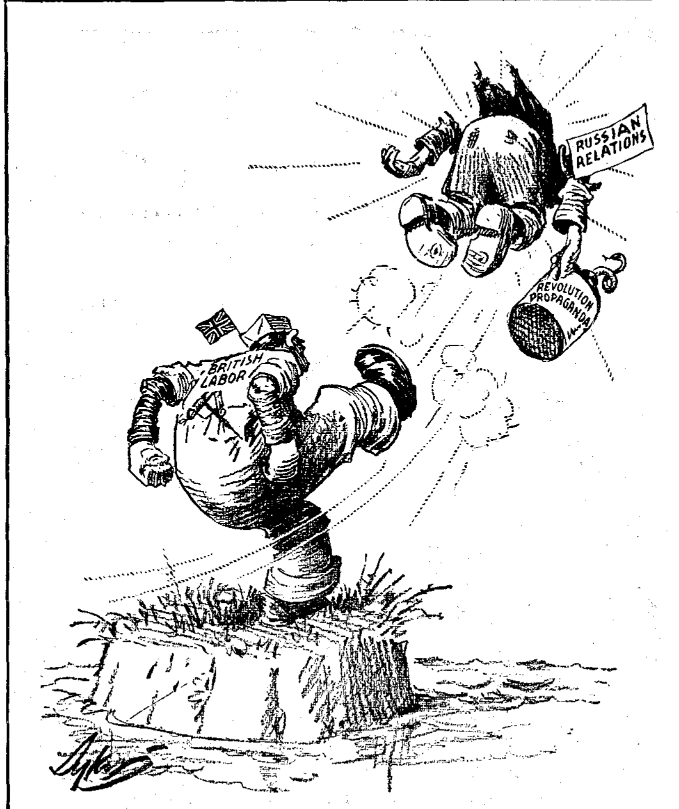
"Indiana is passing through an ordeal in which the whole American people is concerned; she is waging a battle for true representative government," asserts the Chicago *Tribune*. "As she stands to-day, Indiana is a solemn warning to the people of every State to refuse to elect to office the favorites of the Ku Klux Klan or of any other self-seeking, self-righteous bloc," believes the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*. One of the immediate results of the indictments of these Republican leaders, coming as they did on the eve of the 1928 campaign, is the resolve among many Republicans that "there must be a new deal in the party's affairs that will exclude from the State ticket every person identified with the Stephenson régime," writes Maurice Early in the Indianapolis *Star*. "There must be a complete clean-up, both in city and State," agrees the Indianapolis *News*. "If the men guilty of a breach of political honesty do not take themselves out of politics, they will be put out," predicts another Indiana paper, the Huntington *Herald*. What the State needs, most of all, thinks the Indianapolis *Times*, "is a new Republican organization which stands for the ideals of a Lincoln and the honest courage of a Roosevelt." Incidentally, this Scripps-Howard daily is being given the lion's share of the credit for the recent indictments. In fact, maintains the New York *Telegram*, "but for a few honest, fearless, and able newspaper editors, Indiana would still be as firmly in the grip of a rotten political machine as she was four years ago." To quote a near-by paper, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

> "The indictment of Governor Jackson and Mayor Duvall is another instance of the social utility of a free and courageous press. Had it not been for the daring and public spirit of Thomas H. Adams, publisher of the Vincennes (Ind.) *Commercial*, and of Boyd Gurley, editor of the Indianapolis *Times*, the investigation of Klan corruption in Indiana might never have occurred.
>
> "To Adams rightly belongs the credit for starting the train of events which has resulted in the present indictments. It was his demand for a special session of the State legislature to investigate Klan intrigue which prodded Indianapolis officials into action. Adams did not get his special session, of course. What he got immediately was a libel suit by Mayor Duvall, which was withdrawn a few days ago. Nor did the first two grand juries produce anything fruitful. The first did not indict anybody, and the second was dismissed when one of its members declared that he had been offered a bribe by an Indianapolis politician.
>
> "Just here Boyd Gurley, of the Indianapolis *Times*, entered the scene to complete the task undertaken by Adams. Gurley took the investigation back to the days before Jackson was carried into the Governorship on the avalanche of Klan votes. Gurley charged that Jackson, while still Secretary of State, had gone to Warren T. McCray, then Governor, and offered him $10,000 and immunity from prosecution in State courts, if he would appoint the selection of the Stephenson element as prosecutor of the county.
>
> "Indiana now has an indicted Governor. Indianapolis has an indicted Mayor. If innocent, these men will have an opportunity to prove it in a fair trial. If guilty, Indiana and Indianapolis will be rid of faithless officials."

BRITISH LABOR ROUTS THE REDS

THE MOST SERIOUS SETBACK in the history of Russian Communism, British and American editors agree, was suffered by the Third International on September 8, when the British Trade Union Congress voted by 2,551,000 to 620,000 to sever relations with the All-Russia Council of Trade Unions. British papers, we are told, are particularly pleased over the recent break, because it indicates that British labor has not lost its mental balance. When it is recalled that the British labor movement was perhaps the foremost champion of the new Russia in Western Europe, the full significance of this 4-to-1 vote can be appreciated. As John Steele, London correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, explains:

> "The seriousness of the blow lies in the fact that the British trade-union movement is the strongest in the world, and has tried to maintain relations with the Russian workers. Now, however, it is fully convinced that the Russian trade-union is only another name for the Red international, for which the British unionists have no use."



ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL OVERSEAS FLIGHT

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*.

There have been times in the past three or four years, notes the Utica *Press*, "when British labor appeared on the surface to be suffused with a distinctly reddish tinge. There have been times, too, when the Trade Union Congress seemed to lean toward Moscow by defending the Soviet course and by inviting or accepting its encouragement or aid." Therefore, observes the Chicago *Journal of Commerce:*

> "When British organized labor decides to cease all relations with the Bolshevik labor-unions, the decision means something. It means that the Bolsheviks have definitely failed to win the alliance of a national group of workers whom they confidently regarded as inevitable allies."

It being generally agreed that the break will result in better relations between British labor and capital, with a corresponding loss of Russian prestige in European labor circles, the question of how the split was brought about remains to be told. According to the Chicago *News:*

> "The break between the British and Russian trade-union organizations was for much the same reasons that recently caused the break between the two governments. At bottom, those reasons are British distrust of Bolshevism and its methods and British resentment over the insidious interference of Bolshevist agents with British affairs."

The Providence *Journal*, however, notes "several contributory reasons for the break":

> "One of them is the unearthing of the political plots concocted in Moscow and their attempted realization through the instrumentality of the Arcos trading agency. The result has been to impress more and more upon the minds of conservative British workers the fact that the Moscow political leaders are actually trying to undermine the foundations of government in Great Britain.
>
> "There is a sharp conflict between the policies of the British and Russian organizations. Indeed, the differences are so pronounced as to make it impossible for British labor to have anything more to do with the Russian laborites without seeming at least to be politically disloyal to its own country. It is refreshing, therefore, to see the decisive repudiation of the Russian influence by the British Trades Union Congress, acting upon its own initiative."

In the opinion of the Detroit *Free Press:*

> "British trades-unionism is on the whole sane and constructive in its aims and outlook. For its leaders to continue, even formally, in the entente with avowed foes of the British Empire would be to defy not only public sentiment generally but also the deep-rooted and cherished traditions of the rank and file of British labor. Perhaps it is as well that Britain has taken the time to obtain tangible proofs of Communist perfidy; having burned their fingers, Britishers are not so likely to play with fire again.
>
> "As for organized labor in America, its refusal to have any dealings at all with either of the Moscow internationals has again been justified."

"Leaders of the British Labor party," explains the St. Joseph *News-Press*, "differ from the leaders of the two old parties—the Conservatives and the Liberals—on many political questions, but when it comes to fundamental principles of government, they occupy common ground." In fact, Constantine Brown, London correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, believes that British labor leaders intend to form a coalition with Lloyd George's Liberals in next year's elections, and that it was necessary first to weed out the Communist elements. As the Chicago *Tribune* explains in an editorial:

> "There is said to be a determination to squelch the left wing and to make an alliance with what is left of the Liberal party, or at any rate the radical wing of that party led by Lloyd George, in the hope of bringing to the support of a relatively conservative labor program middle-class voters who can not stomach proposals for Red revolution and the adoption of the Bolshevik methods of social regeneration.
>
> "Men like Ramsay MacDonald, James Thomas, and Philip Snowden, tho they are convinced State Socialists, are too intelligent and too well informed to be attracted to Bolshevism, and they are not victims of a delusion that the effective majority of the British people can be either led or bludgeoned into an experiment like the Russian. In this they are in touch, we believe, with the great mass of British workers and can rely upon its support. It is significant that even the miners, who have a good deal of excuse for extreme revolt, have now turned from their extremist leader, A. J. Cook, secretary of the miners' federation, on the issue of Russian relations and give their support to the position of their president, Herbert Smith, who opposes the communist alliance and influence."

But, remarks the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, in conclusion:

> "Unfortunately, it takes more than good intentions to divest any party of such uncomfortable bedfellows as the 'Reds.' And when they are cleaned out, the struggle incident to the cleaning leaves the organization in much the condition of the link sausages the young bride complained about. 'Darling,' says she, with a sigh, 'there is not much to them—after they're cleaned.'"

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

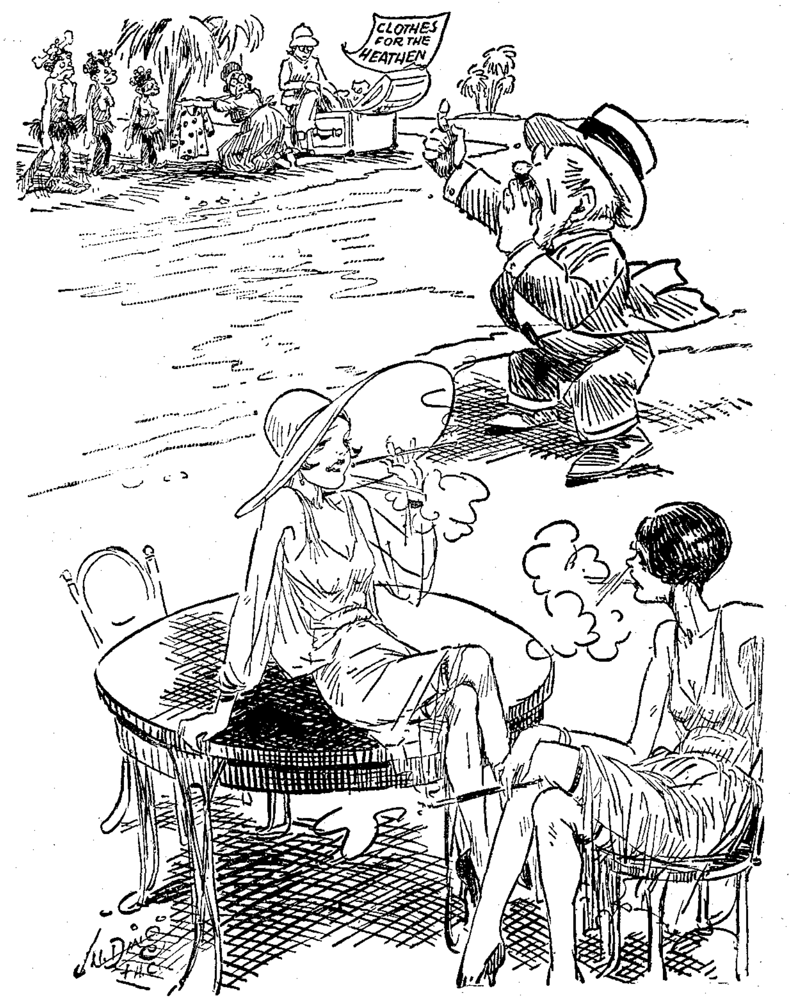
STUNT-FLYING will stunt flying.—*Wall Street Journal.*

IT is better to abandon transatlantic flights on shore than in mid-ocean.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

FOUR gas-bags fell in Georgia Monday. Others are due to fall in the next general election.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

IT'S strange. Men would have too much sense to fly over land with a plane equipped to alight only on water.—*Chattanooga Times.*

"THE Mississippi carried 50,000,000 tons of freight in the last twelve months." This is exclusive of all barns, schoolhouses, floating live stock, etc. —*Detroit News.*



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A CALL TO THE HOME FIELD
—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

WHEN two egotists meet, it is a case of an I for an I.—*Lahore (India) Tribune.*

MAN Run Over by Train Will Recover.—*Head-line.* How much? —*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE man with the hoe doesn't get nearly so far these days as the man with the hokum.—*Beloit News.*

FUNNY that a man of Mussolini's omnipotence can't have any luck at all with hair-restorer.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

UNDER the laws of this country a man is innocent until he is proved guilty. Then he is usually insane.—*Dallas News.*

WE'D hate to have to wear anything that had to be pulled up as often as stockings or down as often as skirts.—*Ohio State Journal.*

"ALCOHOLISM Fertile Source of Baldness, Says German Medic."—*Head-line.* This will no doubt arouse rye-bald comment.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE man who broke the record driving a stock sedan from coast to coast probably was looking for a place to park his car.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

MODERN fiction, says critic, runs too much to love. Yes, and modern love runs too much to fiction.—*Wall Street Journal.*

KING GEORGE, of England, sold out an entire booth of flowers at a recent charity fête. The fête was in Scotland. We'd call it a feat.—*San Diego Union.*

GERMANY'S rag trade is languishing, it is announced, because the men wear their clothes too long and the women wear theirs too short.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

WE read that a Kansas man was killed by a bolt of lightning while taking a drink of bootleg whisky, but how do they know the lightning killed him?—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A NEW YORK patrolman rescued nineteen persons from a stranded launch by swimming out to them on horseback. At last a use has been found for the mounted police.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

TIME remains the champion flyer of them all.—*Beloit News.*

THE sad part of it is that the wheat-growers have elevators for grain but not for prices.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

CRŒSUS, with all his wealth, never dreamt of taking in $3,000,000 from an hour's entertainment.—*Wall Street Journal.*

AMERICAN women spend five million dollars a day to keep themselves beautiful. Well, what of it? Don't they get results? —*Manchester Union.*

PULLMAN porters appeal to the Interstate Commerce Commission to abolish tips. Now where is the commission to which the barbers may appeal? —*Boston Transcript.*

A WOMAN can always deflate a man by blowing him up.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

ANOTHER need of the times is at least one more month between vacation and coal bills.—*El Paso Herald.*

AMERICANISM: Trying to make hotels more like home; trying to make homes more like hotels. —*Port Arthur News.*

OUR Government might move along more effectively with less probing and more prodding.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

INFANTILE paralysis is on the increase in Chicago; and, we might say, also government.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

ACCORDING to the wet moralists, America is another country that has been dried and found wanting.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THE prize optimist of the year is the statistician who says one American in each five knows how to drive a car.—*Manila Bulletin.*

I BELIEVE that the members of the dental profession are the only men who can tell a woman to open or close her mouth and get away with it.—*Chicago Daily News.*

FORTUNATELY we shall be dead before the world erects its first bronze of a statesman in plus fours.—*Waco News-Tribune.*

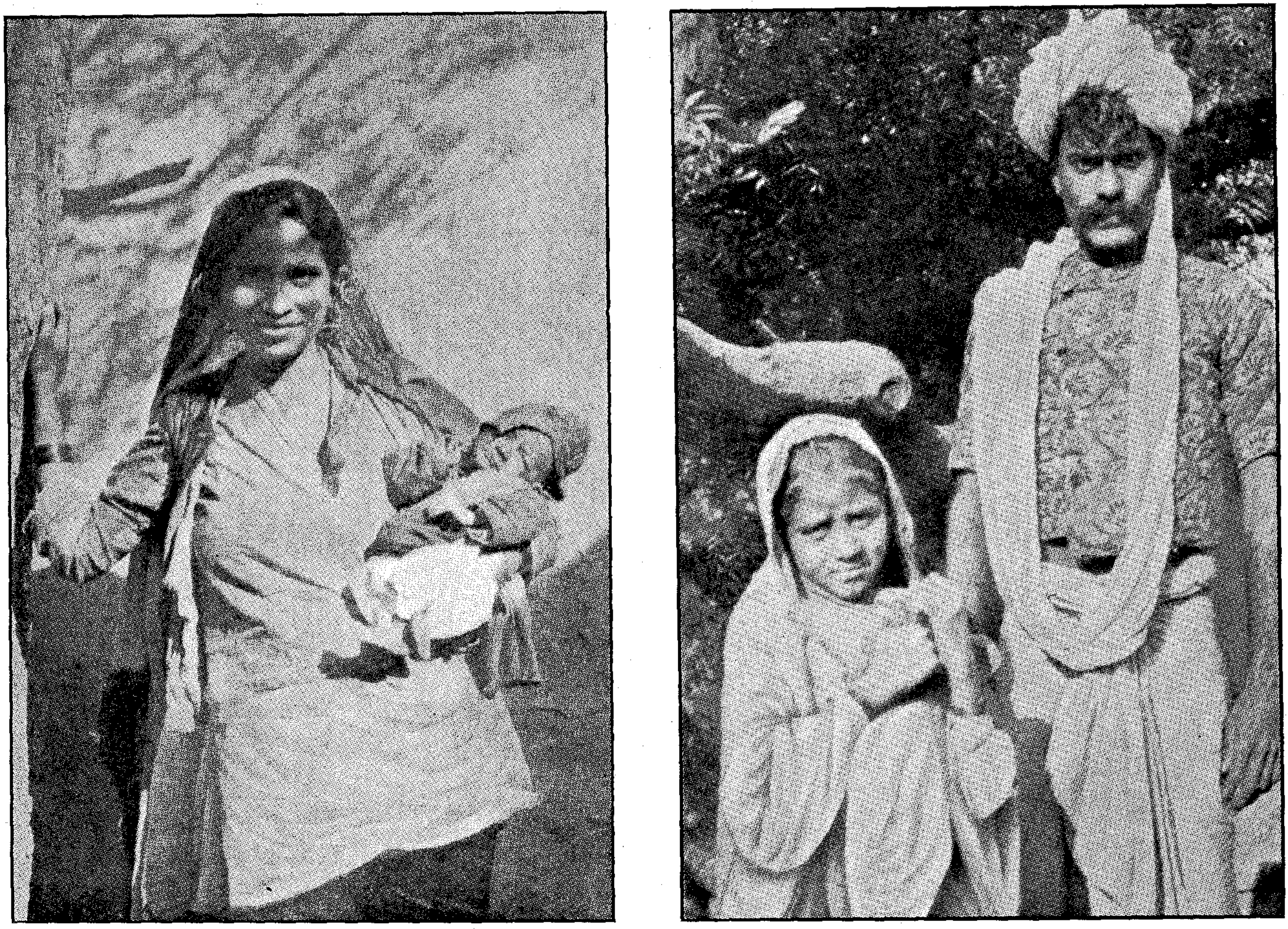
IN Egypt a plate over the door means there is a marriageable girl in the house. In America a flivver in front of the house says it.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

"CHICAGO has the largest furniture-exhibition building in the world." This is in case the *Mayflower* descendants ever decide to show all the original pieces.—*Detroit News.*

NINE Russians were shot by the Bolsheviks the other morning on a charge of being British spies, but there hasn't been a single parade of protest in Boston or New York.—*Dallas News.*

IT has never been decided how many angels could dance on the point of a pin, but Tex Rickard has discovered that 42,000 ringside seats can be installed around a twenty-foot ring.—*San Diego Union.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



Photographs by Moyca Newell—Courtesy of Harcourt, Brace & Co.

A MADONNA OF THE UNTOUCHABLES

A CHILD-WIFE AND HER HUSBAND

SPECIMENS OF INDIAN WOMANHOOD

AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S SENSATIONAL STUDY OF INDIA

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN'S stock of knowledge about India is rather tartly said to include the fact that Mahatma Gandhi lives in that country and that tigers and elephants are found there. But his fund of information is being surprizingly increased by the discoveries made about the social life of India by Katherine Mayo, an American writer, whose book, entitled "Mother India," has aroused the bitterest kind of criticism in some sections of the Indian press and has also provoked certain legislative protests. India is nearly half as large as the United States, we are reminded, but its population is three times that of the United States. In explaining the object of her inquiry into Indian conditions, Miss Mayo says outright that she leaves untouched the realms of religion, of politics and of the arts, and confines herself to the study of such "workaday ground as public health and its contributing factors." She quotes Mahatma Gandhi, the famous apostle of self-rule in India, as saying: "Let us not put off everything until Swaraj (self-rule) is attained and thus put off Swaraj itself. Swaraj can be had only by brave and clean people." But, Miss Mayo tells us,

"In these days of the former leader's waned influence, it is not for such teachings that he gains ears. From every political platform stream flaming protests of devotion to the death to Mother India; but India's children fit no action to their words. Poor indeed she is, and sick—ignorant and helpless. But, instead of flinging their strength to her rescue, her ablest sons, as they themselves lament, spend their time in quarrels together or else lie idly weeping over their own futility.

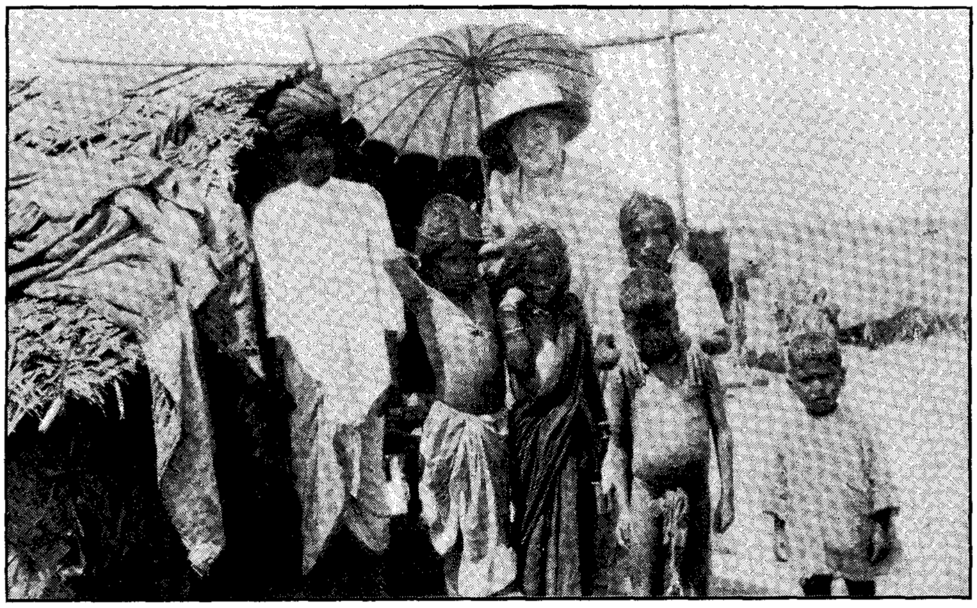
"Meantime the British Government, in administering the affairs of India, would seem to have reached a set rate of progress, which, if it be not seriously interrupted, might fairly be forecast decade by decade. So many schools constructed, so many hospitals; so many furlongs of highway laid, so many bridges built; so many hundred miles of irrigation canal dug; so many markets made available; so many thousand acres of waste land brought under homestead cultivation; so many wells sunk; so much rice and wheat and millet and cotton added to the country's food and trade resources.

"This pace of advance, compared to the huge needs of the country, or compared to like movements in the United States or in Canada, is slow. To hasten it materially, one single element would suffice—the hearty, hard-working, and intelligent devotion to the practical job itself, of the educated Indian. To-day, however, few signs appear, among Indian public men, of concern for the status of the masses, while they curse the one Power which, however little to their liking, is doing practically all of whatever is done for the comfort of sad old Mother India. . . .

"The whole pyramid of the Indian's woes, material and spiritual—poverty, sickness, ignorance, political minority, melancholy, ineffectiveness, not forgetting that subconscious conviction of inferiority which he forever bares and advertises by his gnawing and imaginative alertness for social affronts—rests upon a rock-bottom physical base. This base is, simply, his manner of getting into the world and his sex-life thenceforward."

As a specimen of the editorial ire aroused in the Indian press by Miss Mayo's record, we have the remark of the Allahabad *Leader* that:

"A book which contains such gross misrepresentation of Hindu culture and character, which abounds in mischievous and untruthful generalizations, and which presents such a repulsive and revolting picture of Hindu social institutions and religion, can not but arouse strong indignation among those whose civilization has been thus libeled. But its contents have been received with approval and ill-disguised signs of satisfaction by Anglo-Indian scribes to whom it has come as a godsend in their campaign against the Nationalist movement. Is it not wonderful that while Hindu culture should have elicited warm appreciation from many eminent foreign Orientalists, it should have been left to Miss Mayo, who evidently came to India in search of putrid matters, to make such horrible discoveries as are recorded in the book and to present them to her readers in such a way as to create an impression that the Hindus in several respects are worse than the most primitive African savages. The Hindus can afford to look down with supreme contempt upon such vile and untruthful attacks upon their great culture, attacks which only betray the ignorance, the superficiality, and the morbid and intemperate mentality of those who indulge in them."



"THE WHOLE PYRAMID OF THE INDIAN'S WOES"

Says Katherine Mayo, who is seen here with some of her Indian acquaintances, "rests upon a rock-bottom physical base" which is "simply his manner of getting into the world and his sex-life thenceforward."

But altho Miss Mayo's book is occasionally neglectful of the brighter aspects of Indian life, it is substantially true, in the judgment of the Lahore *Tribune,* which is a rather severe critic of native Indian conditions, as may be judged from the following:

"India, or, rather, Hindu India—for the Mohammedan minority is in a much more wholesome condition—is breeding from children, and under the pressure of modern conditions the offspring of such unions can not stand up. For hygiene she has no care. The sacred places at Benares, where pilgrims bathe for purification and whence they bear away Ganges water for home use are, as to the water, sewage, and, as to the river banks, accumulated excrement. For education a small proportion of her people care passionately, chiefly with a view to employment in the bureaucracy or at the bar, but the enormous majority are illiterate, and since it is impossible to employ women as teachers in the villages, female illiteracy will not be much diminished in half a century.

"A misguided Nationalism has turned educated Indians, who thirty years ago were usually somewhat critical of their social system and intellectual heritage, into blind partizans of everything Indian be it good or bad. Yet here and there an Indian is found urging his countrymen along the path of social reform; here and there is some sign of concern for the untouchables, for maltreated Indian womanhood. The 'reforms' of 1919 have aroused intense feeling between Hindus and Mohammedans, but that need not be increased in bitterness if we refrain from throwing them something to scramble for. There are some hopeful things in India as well as many to make the bravest despair. But the basic fact is that India is not socially fit for self-government. And her social evils are found in their worst forms among precisely those who would be given political power, the Hindus, not among these more virile peoples who would challenge the power of the Brahmin oligarchy. Surely it is incumbent on this country to postpone political concessions until there is some guaranty that the new powers given to Indians will not be used to perpetuate the gross evils at which we have glanced. We must not betray India under pretext of giving her a political boon."

The evil plight of a vast number of women and girls in India, who are compelled at every turn to "subordinate their lives, their very souls almost, to the convenience and behests of men," is startlingly exposed in "Mother India," says the Allahabad *Pioneer,* which tells us that in it are revealed the plain facts of early marriage, of widowhood, of untouchability, of the purdah, and this newspaper notes further of the author that:

"She quotes from the speeches of Members of the Legislature to show how strange—in spite of the noble efforts of the reformers—is the prejudice which condemns women to submit to this tyranny, which prevents women from assisting in the cause of education and, indeed, obstructs the education and social advancement of women with a vehemence worthy of a better cause. The effect of this on the race she pungently summarizes thus:

"'Given men who enter the world physical bankrupts out of bankrupt stock, rear them through childhood in influences and practises that devour their vitality; launch them at the dawn of maturity on an unrestrained outpouring of their whole provision of creative energy in one single direction . . . and need you, while this remains unchanged, seek for other reasons why they are poor and sick and dying and why their hands are too weak, too fluttering, to seize or to hold the reins of government?'

"This is uncompromising language, but it asks a question which is pertinent in its application to far too large a section of suffering humanity in this land of ours to-day. The book should be studied by every one who is solicitous for the welfare of India, not so much for the facts as for the exposition of the impression which they make on an intelligent and eminently disinterested observer, possessing not merely deep insight but also a living sympathy with Indian womanhood and Indian aspirations."

The Calcutta *Statesman* characterizes "Mother India" as a "searing, painful book," revealing unimagined glimpses of human suffering, and it goes on to say that:

"Tho Miss Mayo has generous words of praise for the record of Englishmen and women in India, we think that the effect upon the British public will be a painful one, and that from many will go up the query 'is there not more that we can attempt?' England commands now a young generation of trained and skilled women doctors, teachers, and nurses to whom a noble work would appeal. If a great sisterhood to serve India could be organized nothing but good could come of it. We do not indorse Miss Mayo's argument that the appeal to Indian manhood fails because power of effort is gone from him, but even if but a tithe of her indictment were true it is evident that it is the women of India who need stirring on their own behalf."

This Calcutta journal believes that "Mother India" is a book that must have consequences and also that there exists an Indian public with its will set on social reform, which has the strength and fearlessness to read the book without anger and without despair, and it adds:

> "The dreadful part about it is its careful documentation. Where Miss Mayo is not writing of what she has seen she gives chapter and verse, and she never quotes either Mr. Gandhi or a debate in the Legislative Assembly without a reference. The authoress gives reasons why no English official or missionary could or would write such a book, and certainly such a thing would be impossible, but it is also true that the average Englishman in India will be shocked at the picture, and that the home public will be deeply distrest.
>
> "Child marriage, the sufferings of women, the apotheosis of the husband, the horrors of primitive midwifery, indifference to elementary sanitation, cruelty to animals—of these things we have all heard. But Miss Mayo does not deal as other writers do in generalities about these subjects. She insists that we shall visualize. We see the torn and bleeding bodies of little girls, we hear the groans of mothers, we see the ghoulish *dhais* at their work, we are made to look at dirt unspeakable and festering filth in which high and low caste alike wallow. There are few adjectives, no invective, no passion, only a deadly accumulation of photographic and harrowing detail.
>
> "The book opens in Calcutta and the first scene is laid at Kalighat, but Miss Mayo travels north, south, east, and west, talks with princes, peasants, politicians, and Mr. Gandhi, with doctors, nurses, public health officials, and welfare workers of all sorts, visits villages, farms, slums, and hospitals, and gives us amongst other things a picture of Benares. Her conclusion is that there is a devastating decadence, chiefly Hindu."

It is not surprizing that "Mother India" has produced a violent outcry in India, remarks the London *Daily News*, because the picture it presents of Indian life is one that no Indian can be expected to accept without protest. Yet there is undoubtedly exaggeration in the lurid picture of India presented by the author, according to this newspaper, which continues:

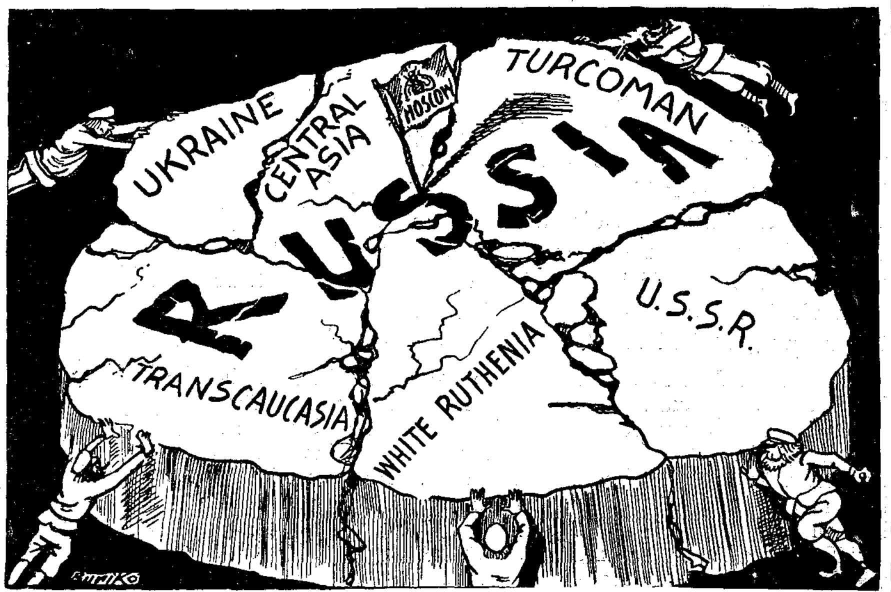
> "Some of Miss Mayo's facts do not appear to stand successfully expert examination; and probably there are serious errors of interpretation in her account. It would be strange if there were not. Study of Indian pictures of European life shows how completely one civilization may misinterpret the meaning of facts alien to its culture and sympathy in another. But it is to be hoped that intelligent Indians, the natural leaders of their race, will not confine their criticism of this book to mere vituperation. If there is error in it, there is also undoubtedly some truth: and truth which thoughtful Indians should carefully consider. And this is not an *ex parte* suggestion. We can honestly say that if a similar indictment were made against English life and English customs, we should think it necessary, however mistaken we might consider the conclusion and however dubious the evidence, to examine very carefully the life and the customs which could give an honest stranger such an impression. The casual onlooker makes mistakes: but he sometimes sees things to which long familiarity has blinded those who have played the game all their lives."

The book raises a problem, avers the London *Westminster Gazette*, which much as it weighs on Indian administrators is little understood outside India. It is a familiar reproach of Gandhi's that the British have failed to give India the benefit of Western civilization, while preventing Indians from civilizing their own people, and this newspaper adds:

> "That, in a measure, is true. We keep order, we provide railways, docks, irrigation and other public works, we fight famine and plague, but we do not, and dare not, enter into that vast region of the common life in which religion rules or religious susceptibilities may be offended."

GEPOO—RUSSIA'S SECRET POLICE

THE ORGY OF BLOODSHED in Russia, which was supposed to be a thing of the past until last June, is to be understood, we are told, only on the assumption that the dictatorship of the Soviet Government is menaced by an uprising of national hatred and despair more threatening than any with which it has had to cope in recent years. The Red Terror continues in Russia, it is alleged, despite the fact that the secret police known as the Tcheka, the "All-Russian Extraordinary Commission to Combat Counter Revolution, Espionage and Speculation," was abolished in February, 1922, after four years of political executions unequaled in history. But, says Arno Dosch-Fleurot, a well-known correspondent about European affairs, in the London *Sphere*, the Tcheka is succeeded by a bureau in the Commissariat of the Interior, known as State Political Administration, but popularly recognized as the "Gepoo," with a strong accent on the last syllable. The nickname "Gepoo" is derived from the Russian initials of the official title of the new secret police, and Mr. Dosch-Fleurot proceeds as follows:



AN ITALIAN VIEW

"What Russia will look like when the political earthquake happens."

—*Il 420* (Florence).

> "Outside of Russia the passing of the Tcheka was believed to mark the end of the terror. Inside of Russia it was realized that the Tcheka had simply changed its name. The idea that the terror had ceased in Russia was pretty generally accepted throughout the world until last June, when a group of Russians, notably the elderly Prince Dolgorukoff, held in Soviet prisons on various charges of counter-revolution and espionage, were executed without trial by the orders of the G.P.U., following the assassination of the Soviet diplomat, Voikoff, in Warsaw. Prince Dolgorukoff and the others—the number given out was twenty in all—were frankly executed in reprisal. They were not even tried and convicted by a revolutionary tribunal. They were simply executed by the order of 'a special council of the G.P.U.' To a world suddenly awakened to the understanding that the terror was still going on in Russia, the Soviet gave its act fresh emphasis by announcing the executions were legal because 'the Council of the G.P.U.' has the powers of a revolutionary tribunal. In this case the G.P.U. had been charged with a 'special mission' by the Soviet Government, provision having been made for such a case in the regulations of the G.P.U. when they were formulated by Governmental Act of November 6, 1922. In other words, there are functionaries in the Commissariat of the Interior who execute without trial on the orders of the Government.
>
> "The master-terrorist, Djerzinski, who established the Tcheka, did not kill in obvious reprisal. He would have

considered it a sign of weakness. He used terror coldly. He meant to sweep the enemies of the proletariat from the face of the earth or to terrorize them into submission and he did it in the grand manner.

"Immediately after the Bolshevist *coup d'état* in October, 1917, he realized that the dictatorship of the proletariat would not succeed in keeping the power without terror, and the shiver that goes through every one at the thought of the Tcheka, the tens of thousands of lives it took, and the fact that the Soviet Government still holds the power in Moscow, mark the success of his political expedient."

When Djerzinski considered the Soviet State well enough established to abolish the instrument it had created, we are further informed, he took pains to place it in a subordinate position. He did not want it to end by dominating the State, it is related, yet he had it where he could watch it and order it to strike as ruthlessly as when it was in his own hands. As one of the small group of revolutionists, who have parceled and reparceled out the principal jobs in the Soviet Government, we are advised, he was always in a position to control the G.P.U. through a "special mission." But—

"Djerzinski died last year, and the power remained in the hands of his survivors. They used it in sudden anger. They executed in what the cold Pole, Djerzinski, would have considered panic. Djerzinski's method was to strike like a bolt from the sky. He arrested *en masse.* He jammed men by the thousands into prisons to ponder on the power that held them.

"The executions were uncertain. A man did not often know whether he was condemned—at what moment he was to die. Djerzinski paralyzed with terror. The wonder is that so many men have had the courage to resist the Bolshevists the ten years they have ruled Russia.

"I saw the Red Terror turned loose on Russia in the summer of 1918. It was the most dangerous moment the Bolsheviks passed through, and Djerzinski wielded the weapon he had created with a master's hand. The Germans occupied the Ukraine; Admiral Kolchak, Siberia. The Cossacks in between were hostile.

"The Allied Powers were beginning to make feeble efforts at landing an army at Archangel, and Russia could not know how feeble it was to be. The Czechoslovak deserters from the Austrian army, who had been formed into military organization at Kiev during the war, were opening a way for themselves from Penza to the Urals, and counter-revolution was following like a cloud. It was evident that in a few weeks there would be an uprising in every town in Russia.

"Djerzinski acted. He began by ordering the arrest of all officers on the active list of the old Army and Navy. The largest numbers had concentrated in Petrograd and Moscow, as it had long been less dangerous to live in the cities than in the country or the small towns. The arrests were made at night. We knew when the search-parties would cease tramping through the houses, and the motor-lorry prison-vans would cease rumbling through the streets by the lights being suddenly turned off at the power-plant. We went to bed in the dark reasonably free from the menaces of the Red soldiers until the next night.

"To freeze the general populace into inactivity a series of manifests were issued telling the revolutionary workers and peasants they had been too soft, and the time had come to denounce and do away with every one even suspected of being hostile to the revolution.

"There is no calculating the number of deaths these manifests are responsible for, but probably less than one might expect. The revolutionary masses were not animated by the same intensity of passion as their leaders, and did not fear the same consequences of defeat."

Of striking significance, to the average outsider in Russian affairs, is the statement of Mr. Dosch-Fleurot that the most important exercise of the Terror was against the Soviets themselves. Throughout Russia, he tells us, there were hundreds of towns where the local Soviets had given only half-hearted support to the dictatorship established in Moscow in the name of the Soviets. They were with the Bolsheviks until they were out of the war with Germany, it seems, and then their interest in Bolshevism wavered. By July and August of 1918 they were beginning to be the basis of a counter-revolution, which would have put an end to Bolshevism at once, if it had not been for Djerzinski's terror, and it is further recorded that:

"He organized punitive expeditions in the name of his 'Tchrezvytchainia Kommissiia,' his 'extraordinary commission,' the name of which had not yet been abbreviated to its initials. Wherever revolt was suspected—and it was safe to suspect revolt in every direction—a train guarded by a squad from one of the twelve Lettish regiments, which had played the principal rôle in consolidating the Bolshevik power in Russia, was sent unannounced. The local Soviet leaders were arrested on charges of corruption or speculation (frequently true), a Bolshevik specially brought from Moscow for the purpose was placed in charge, and the train continued on its punitive expedition. In six weeks by these local *coups d'état* the Government in Moscow had its own men in charge of the Soviets at all points on the railroad lines.

"The outside world has heard in detail of the terror as it affected the Intelligentsia. The horrors of the Loubianka and the other Tcheka prisons are well known. But the principal use of the terror, the constant pressure upon the mass of the people, has been less dramatic. Beginning with the punitive expeditions against the doubtful Soviets, it has continued throughout the State organizations to this day. Often Moscow has announced the execution of a certain number of 'commissars' —State officials—for corruption. To those who understand the science with which the Soviets have used terror this is rather the announcement that certain officials were not sufficiently revolutionary to please the all-watchful agents of the Tcheka, or now, of the Gepoo.

"Djerzinski did not abandon his methods on leaving the Tcheka. As he took charge of the various departments he handled afterwards, he applied the same methods. For instance: the railroads were operating badly; Djerzinski took hold, and this is how he improved the service. He had his car hauled to some region where the service was bad, had it unhooked at some small station and then began to telegraph in the name of the local station-master to division headquarters to have it picked up. If no attention was paid, as usual, he eventually wired in his own name, had his car hauled to the division headquarters, ran down the telegrams in some minor clerk's pigeon-hole, and executed the station-master for permitting such slack service. It must be said the railroads improved."

That the Tcheka was "a State within the State, which eventually developed its own Army," is the assertion of Mr. Dosch-Fleurot, who assures us that there were no fixt limits to its powers. But, he adds, the Gepoo's powers were defined, and it became a secret police having, however, the prestige inherited from the Tcheka. In its ordinary activities, it seems, it is effective, and has fought counter-revolution in Russia without attracting much attention from the outside. It has not published its activities, but it has put down dozens of revolts, according to this informant, who continues:

"In Georgia alone in the past two years it is believed to have executed several hundred malcontents. Its most conspicuous recent activity, with the exception of the executions in reprisal, has been the systematic arrest of participants in uprisings which happened several years ago, and functionaries of the old régime who have been trying to live so inconspicuously as to be forgotten. The Gepoo may be considered as at the height of its activities.

"The terror has been turned in every direction except one. It has never been used between the Communist factions. Ever since Lenin died there have been serious differences of opinion within the small group who established the Soviet State, and for more than two years Trotzky has fought Stalin for control of the Communist party, and hence for power. Djerzinski died from overexerting himself attacking Trotzky in the executive committee of the Communist party. Trotzky and Zinoviev were excluded from this same executive committee last June before it became evident how strong was their faction in the party. The charge against them was that they had imperiled the party by their insubordination. They replied by defying their accusers anew, but there was no question of using coercive measures against them. Arrest was out of the question. The terror did not exist for them. They belonged to the Bolshevik élite and were immune."

THE HATED HABIT OF TIPPING

OF ALL THE NUISANCES man has invented to complicate his life, the tipping system is said to be the most foolish and annoying. What is more, altho everybody protests against tipping, everybody insists on giving tips even while inwardly complaining. In the first place, the tipping system, says the London *Evening Standard*, offends one's sense of logic and efficiency. It points out that the laborer is worthy not merely of his hire, but of hire at a certain fair rate, and either his wages are fair or they are not fair. But if they are fair he can not be entitled to anything more in the way of a tip. But, it is averred, if his wages are not fair it is most unsatisfactory that he should depend for the balance due him on the casual whim of each member of the public with whom he comes into contact. We read then:

> "This means that he has two employers who share the payment of his wages between them, one an individual who is presumably expert in the matter, the other a many-headed beast, inevitably vague, casual, and capricious. We can hardly wonder if a person in this position, anxious as to this uncertain part of his wages, displays a certain graspingness and ferocity in claiming it, and even sometimes vindicates what he believes to be his right by inflicting the punishment of discourtesy on whomever may have disappointed him.
>
> "It is often sought, however, to escape from this dilemma by representing the tip as a payment for courtesy or, more frankly, as an insurance against the reverse. But should we pay for courtesy, and do we, in fact, habitually regard it as a thing to be paid for? If one man holds open a door for another who is following him, the person thus obliged does not slip twopence into the hand of the person who has obliged him. There is no better reason for giving a fee to a taxi-driver or a waiter for the ordinary politeness which all human beings have a right to expect from one another."

The best expedient, *The Evening Standard* goes on to say, is probably as illogical as the problem it attacks. This expedient is simply to have an authorized scale of tips exhibited in every taxi, every hotel bedroom, and so forth, and it is alleged that the economic advantages of collecting the employee's wages in this manner are very hard to discern, but at least it has the advantage of giving him what he ought to have and no more. Yet good as this expedient may be, it is by no means proof against that peculiar element in human nature which has produced and has maintained the tipping system, and this daily adds:

> "It has been put into operation in several Continental countries under the form of collecting an extra percentage for service on the bills in restaurants and hotels. It works in some countries better than in others, but in no country can it provide against the rich and selfish person who imagines, rightly or wrongly, that an extra individual tip will secure specially good service for himself. And since he is generally right in this belief, where he leads, others must follow. To do this, for example, in an hotel where the management announces that no tips are necessary beyond the regulation percentage for service is morally just as bad as tipping a club-servant. It is an attempt to secure for oneself an extra amount of what ought to be equally at the disposal of all. But until this tendency is eliminated from human nature, the tipping problem will be always with us."

Another criticism of the tipping habit appears in the Sydney *Morning Herald* which remarks rather scornfully that, altho Australians pride themselves on their sturdy independence, yet where tipping is concerned the only distinction between the Australian and the Englishman or the Continental is that the former expects considerably more, and this daily continues:

> "It is strange that the practise should have established itself in Australia. Elsewhere there may be a measure of justification for it; here there is none. In some fashionable restaurants abroad, we understand, the waiters receive no wages, but depend on tips for a livelihood. In some the head-waiter actually pays for the privilege of occupying the post. In several European countries a percentage of the total is added to hotel bills for gratuities. But in Australia conditions are entirely dissimilar. Wages are fixt by law. No one receives less than a living wage."

GAGING INDIVIDUAL INCOME IN JAPAN

THE AVERAGE MIDDLE-CLASS FAMILY in Japan is reported to have an income of about 198 yen (or about $100) per month—but altho this figure is given by the Japanese Bureau of Statistics, there are skeptics who think the Japanese people themselves must rub their eyes in bewilderment at the sight of it. The average factory laborer is almost as well off, says the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific*, which cites the Bureau as crediting him with earnings of $82 per month, but as he spends $11 less it brings the difference between the middle-class and the working-class down to $6.50 per month. If the figures are even approximately correct, we are told, the Japanese urban population—for the farmers come into a different and poorer category—are surprizingly well off in the judgment of this weekly, which proceeds:

> "A rough-and-ready comparison can be made with the people of Great Britain. They are less wealthy than the people of the United States and of some of the Dominions, but the British working-class has long been regarded as the most prosperous in Europe, and there is no reason to doubt that it comes next to the American working-class in standard of living. Sir Josiah Stamp, one of the foremost English economists, calculated recently that the average income of the British family—not the middle- and working-class family, but the total net national income divided among the total number of families—was 'considerably less' than $1,200 a year, or $100 a month."

The middle-class in Japan is difficult to define, it seems, for it includes clerks and teachers at one end of the scale and highly paid professional men at the other, so that average income is not much of a guide to conditions in the bulk. This journal then calls attention to the fact that:

> "Those difficulties do not exist in the same degree in factory labor, and remarkable discrepancies reveal themselves when we compare the statistics quoted above with others. According to the Cabinet Bureau's investigators, the average wage of the factory worker is $56 a month, plus $26 of additional income, which presumably in the main represents earnings of sons and daughters, making the total $82. *The Japan Year Book* estimates the average daily wage of the male factory worker, who in most cases will be the breadwinner of the family, at 97 cents. If he works 28 days a month his wage is $27.66, or less than half the basic sum suggested by the Bureau of Statistics. An investigation conducted in 1924 by the Kyochokai (Labor and Capital Harmonization Society) found that the highest factory wage was $1.11 (machinery), and the lowest 52 cents (textiles). The average monthly wage, taking 28 days as the basis, is $24.53. If we take the monthly wage of the highest paid class alone—which is a fairer basis of comparison—it is $31.08, or still only about half of the basic wage as calculated by the Bureau of Statistics.
>
> "The latter figure is based on an examination of the earnings of 286 families. The Kyochokai calculated the earnings of 291 selected families. The samples may have been too limited, but it is singular that two identical representative groups drawn from the same class and doubtless selected in good faith, should give such different results.
>
> "And the Kyochokai's figures have the advantage of being supported by the official statistics quoted by *The Japan Year Book*. A further check is furnished by figures compiled by the Kyochokai giving the average daily wages of certain types of well-paid artizans:

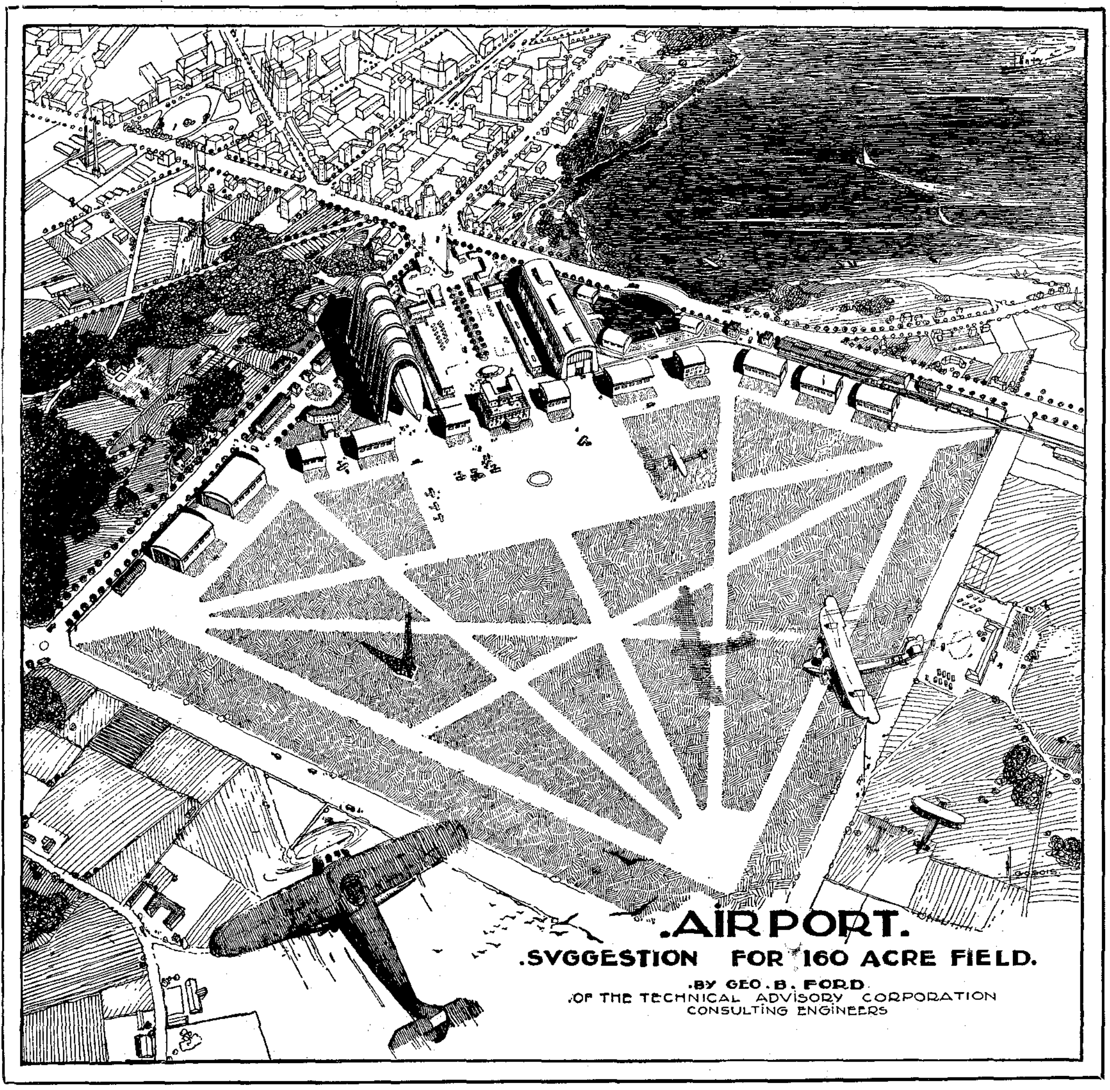
Masons	$1.76
Carpenters	1.50
Tailors	1.36
Printers	1.08

> "Those are prosperous, skilled trades, yet if we suppose that the mason, who heads the list, works twenty-eight days in the month, his wage amounts to $44.28. If we assume that extra earnings increase it by 50 per cent., as in the case of the figures given for the factory laborers, it still falls short by $15.00 a month of the average given for factory workers alone. The builder is the aristocrat of labor in Japan at present, and it is common knowledge that he earns more than his brother in the factory."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

HOW TO LAY OUT AN AIR-PORT

AGITATION ABOUT MUNICIPAL AIR-PORTS, writes George B. Ford in *The American City* (New York), has set many people to wondering where an air-port should be located, how large it should be, and how it should be laid out. In the first place, he goes on, experience shows that an airfield must be on a large open tract of ground—the more nearly level the better; unobstructed by buildings, wires, trees, rocks, marshes, or water-courses. Furthermore:


.AIRPORT.
.SVGGESTION FOR 160 ACRE FIELD.
.BY GEO. B. FORD
.OF THE TECHNICAL ADVISORY CORPORATION
CONSULTING ENGINEERS

"Careful attention should be given to the surroundings of a proposed field to make sure that there neither are, nor are likely to be, high structures or even high trees or wires that would hamper low access in landing or create freak or gusty air-currents. Then, too, the noise of many airplanes might be most disturbing to a bordering residential district. The ideal environment is farm land, country clubs, playfields, cemeteries, or bodies of water. The latter are highly desirable as they permit the access of amphibian planes.

"The field not only must not be marshy, but it must provide good foundations for buildings and for runways. Any site where fogs or mists or bad winds are prevalent is, of course, undesirable. In general, the field must be readily accessible by motor, bus or trolley from the center of the city or town, and it should have possible rail connection. It should be possible to reach it from the near-by airways without having to pass over the city or over a long stretch of water.

"How large should a field be? Of course, if the helicopter principle is worked out practically, machines will be able to rise from a city lot or the roof of a house; but assuming that there will always be planes that will take off by running along the ground the way a bird does, every field that is going to be generally useful must be large enough in all directions to take care of even the heaviest freight-planes or air-liners.

"So far as it is possible to foresee the future to-day, no field should be much less than 1,800 to 2,000 feet in each direction—and, preferably, 3,000 or more, especially in higher altitudes—and in any case at the end of the take-off neighboring buildings and trees should be low enough not to interfere with a rise of one foot in seven.

"The field does not have to be square; in fact, it can, if necessary, be L-shaped or T-shaped, provided there is a full-length runway available in each of two directions at approximately right-angles with each other. Hard-surfaced flush runways, at least 100 feet wide and 100 feet clear of any obstructions, should be built at right-angles to each other if the surface of the field is too soft.

"Hydroplanes and amphibian planes can use a body of water only 3,000 feet square, but a minimum of 4,000 to 5,000 feet square is most desirable.

"The location of the buildings on the field is different to-day than it was a few years ago. They used to locate the hangar line facing the prevailing breeze. They found, however, that the strength of the prevailing winds often made it very difficult to open or close the hangar doors and maneuver the planes in or out; but, worse yet, in dry seasons the dust or sand would be blown in by the wind or by propellers from the field into the hangars and get into the machinery of the planes with disastrous results·

"To-day the new fields are being laid out with the hangar line parallel with the predominating wind, so that an airplane can come out of the hangar, taxi up the runway along the front of the 'line,' and rise into the air at one end of the line and light at the other.

"The various service auxiliaries, such as the meteorological station, the radio hut, the photographic laboratory, the fire house, the hospital, the assembly shop, the motor repair shops and the test blocks, should all be placed just back of the line and behind the hangars, but so located that there can be direct access from them to the field between hangars. The assembly shop is the only one of these buildings to which airplanes would have to have access.

Finally, adequate space should be provided for housing the personnel and for shops, club buildings, equipment, warehousing, restaurant service, hotel, etc. All should be well isolated to prevent conflagration.

"In general, a quarter-section, or 160 acres, is a good minimum

Photographs by courtesy of *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York)

LADYBUGS BEING RELEASED UPON CALIFORNIA ORANGE-TREES, TO FIGHT THE MEALY BUGS

size for an all-round air-port. If it is practicable to increase the acreage to a square mile, with 3,000- to 5,000-foot runways, it is certainly worth doing. The aspect of the field from the air is also most important. To the traveler of the future his view of the air-port as he alights will be his first impression of the city. No city can afford to neglect its air 'mosaic,' especially at the new city gateway."

A LADYBUG ARMY TO FIGHT PESTS

THESE ARE BEING ASSEMBLED in California to fight the mealy bug, deadly enemy of fruit-trees. It is an army of ladybugs from Australia, now being bred by millions in Los Angeles County, especially for the fray. Writes Arthur A. Stuart in *The Popular Science Monthly:*

"Just a few days ago, a county plant expert walked into a southern California orange grove to a tree whose trunk was spotted with tiny black-winged insects, and snapt open an inch-long gelatin capsule he had in his hand. Out flew ten ladybugs, among them one of especial distinction. It was the four millionth bred and released this year by the Los Angeles County Horticultural Department in the battle it has just commenced to win against the mealy bug, destroyer of fruit-trees.

"Perhaps you have thought of the familiar ladybug as a winged creature whose only mission in life is to 'fly away home,' nursery-rime style. But such importance do plant-growers attach to this tiny beetle that they have started one of the most unusual farms in the world—where ladybugs are raised by the million, under attentive care of experts!

"When California orange-growers became alarmed not long ago at a curious scalelike insect in their groves, they knew of no way to combat it. Tiny white mealy bugs overran their trees and destroyed them by sucking the sap from tender sprigs. The bugs wore a heavy wax coat that protected them from spraying or fumigation. They were multiplying fast. What could be done?

WHEN BUG FIGHTS BUG

H. M. Armitage, horticulturist, holds a burlap band around an orange-tree infested with mealy bugs, which swarm to the burlap as a favorable place to lay eggs. There ladybugs attack and destroy them.

"Ladybugs was the answer, the ranchers found. To a ladybug, a swarm of mealy bugs is the finest banquet imaginable. The ordinary ladybug makes a meal on the diminutive green plant-lice that ants keep as 'cows,' 'milking' them for their honey and incidentally saving the plants. Perhaps there was a kind of ladybug that would eat up the orange-tree enemies of California.

"They found it in Australia, hiding beneath the imposing name of *Cryptolaemus montrouieri*—a name five or ten times as long as the insect itself. Albert Koebele, working for the California and U. S. Departments of Agriculture, discovered it and brought back cases of the beetles—ladybugs, of course, are really not bugs at all—which thrived on California mealy bugs. But in such small numbers, they could not keep pace with the orange-tree scale.

"So at Rivera, California, in the heart of the infested region, the ladybug farm was established to grow the 'Cryps,' as the workers dub them, by the million! Last November whole potatoes were sprouted, in thousands of redwood trays filled with prepared soil, in temperature-controlled rooms. These sprouts, by January, were ready to receive swarms of mealy bugs that would serve a peculiar purpose—induce ladybugs to lay eggs.

Twenty-five ladybugs were put in each tray. The beetles saw in the swarming mealy bugs abundant food for their young and set about laying eggs. Two weeks later, each tray contained 300 to 1,000 embryo ladybugs.

"At the end of a week—early in March—the trays were filled with ladybug larvæ just hatched. They retired into cocoonlike shells. In April out came the adult 'Cryps.' Under the direction of H. M. Armitage, of the Los Angeles County Horticultural Department, the ladybugs were 'bottled' in gelatin capsules, taken into the groves and released. The first few soon multiplied. Had all their descendants lived, there would have been 100,000 children of each original ten parents by the third generation—a month and a half later. This generation was the one that gained control over the pests. By the time you read this, the mealy-bug plague is likely to be a thing of the past.

"The average production of ladybugs is now 50,000 a day!"

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Springfield, Missouri

A COLD SUMMER; AS PREDICTED

THIS SUMMER HAS REWARDED its prophets, Dr. E. E. Free believes. In an article contributed to *The Herald Tribune* (New York), he bids us note that nearly three years ago two unofficial meteorologists, Mr. Herbert Janvrin Browne, of Washington, and Mr. H. H. Clayton, of Massachusetts, began predicting that 1927 would resemble that famous year of 1816, still remembered in New England as "the year without a summer." It was not implied that hot weather would be altogether lacking; that is not even recorded of 1816. The forecast was of a summer prevailingly cold, wet, and stormy, with occasional interludes of warmth. Weather prophets being largely without honor nowadays in everybody's country, the predictions of Mr. Browne and Mr. Clayton elicited mainly mirth. Now, says Dr. Free, comes their turn to laugh. He goes on: "That is exactly the kind of summer we have had. The announcement of the New York office of the Weather Bureau calling this the coldest August for fifty-four years was not needed to convince vacationists that they have been chilly." Dr. Free's article was printed on August 30. Since then, summer has apparently set in. But he cannily makes allowance for this possibility by the assertion that any warmth still to be received will not much alter the summer's record of cold. He says:

"It is fortunate for Mr. Browne and Mr. Clayton that this is 1927 instead of 1427; otherwise they might be burnt for witchcraft, because their predictions have come all too true.

"As it is, the result of their success is likely to be more complimentary. Attention will be attracted, for one thing, to the methods of long-range forecasting which they use.

"These methods are adaptations of the old idea of weather cycles; periods after which the chief phenomena of the weather repeat themselves. As early as three centuries ago Francis Bacon records that such cyclic repetitions of the weather at intervals of thirty-five years had been noted in Holland. This is the famous 'Bruckner cycle,' so named after the distinguished Austrian meterologist, Dr. Eduard Bruckner, who rediscovered it in 1890.

"According to this cycle such weather elements as temperature and rainfall swing up and down in an average period of about thirty-six years. On the average, each alternate eighteen-year period will be cool and wet, the interspersed periods being relatively warm and dry.

"There is now small doubt that some such period as this exists, but there is an unfortunate joker. The thirty-six years is merely an average. Sometimes the time between two maxima of the cycle turns out to be fifty or sixty years; sometimes it is as short as twenty years. Because of this variability the Bruckner cycle, altho well known to meteorologists for thirty years, has never been applied to weather forecastings.

"A cycle that is more regular is the eleven-year sun-spot cycle. This year, as every newspaper reader must now know, we are in one of the recurring maximum years, with many spots on the sun and with the average sunlight slightly more intense than usual.

"There can be no doubt that this sun-spot cycle has important relations to earthly weather. The same eleven-year periodicity has been found in records of temperature and rainfall and in the levels of Swedish lakes. An eleven-year cycle of alternate slow and rapid growth was detected by Prof. A. E. Douglass in the annual rings of pine-trees in Arizona, and by Dr. Ellsworth Huntington in the similar growth rings of the big trees of California.

"The application of this cycle to weather forecasting involves two difficulties. The first is that the cycle seems to be only one of many that affect the sun—some perhaps of shorter period, others undoubtedly longer. Mr. Browne emphasizes the probable appearance of the astronomic cycle in which the configurations of the earth, the sun, and the moon in space repeat themselves. Three of these astronomic cycles almost coincide, Mr. Browne points out, with five sun-spot cycles, thus producing unusual disturbances of some kind at periods of about fifty-five years. It is no coincidence, Mr. Browne would tell you, that just fifty-four years ago the New York weather records show an August as cold as this one. The fatal year 1816 lay just two of these fifty-five-year periods in the past.

"The second difficulty in applying the sun-spot cycle to weather forecasting lies in the complexity of its earthly effects. Years of many sun-spots tend in general to be cooler and more stormy than other years, but there are many exceptions. Mr. Browne believes that some of these exceptions are due to delays or 'lags' caused by the movements of masses of warm or cool water in ocean currents. Dr. C. E. P. Brooks, a distinguished English meteorologist, also resorts to movements of oceanic water to explain climatic changes, but makes no application of these to forecasting.

"The United States Weather Bureau, with the conservatism proper to an official agency, prefers to make no long-range forecasts at all, maintaining that knowledge of the weather cycles which undoubtedly exist is still too imperfect to make such predictions anything but misleading guesses."

PROPOSED LAW AGAINST FACE-LIFTING

LEGISLATION TO SAVE AMERICAN WOMEN from the effect of "frantic and artificial efforts to make themselves beautiful," is advocated by Dr. Charles F. Pabst, chief dermatologist of Greenpoint Hospital, Brooklyn, New York. In an interview published in the Brooklyn *Eagle* he proposes drastic methods to stop "face-lifting" and other such processes, pointing out that in France similar acts, practised by barbarous races, are subject to heavy penalties. Says *The Eagle:*

"Skin-peelings, face-lifting, paraffin injections to change the shape of a nose or the obstinate curve of a chin—these things, the doctors find, are being more and more indulged in by the beauty-cult followers, to their own harm, and despite all the warnings of the medical profession.

"The question was discust, formally and informally, at a recent medical convention in Atlantic City, where tales were told to indicate that this type of beauty culture is exacting a great toll from its followers, in deformities, inflammations, skin diseases of one sort and another—even death."

Said Dr. Pabst, after returning from the convention:

"Where paraffin and wax are injected under the skin, irritation sets in after a few months and, after a few years, you have sloughing of the tissue, gangrene sets in, and even death has been known to result.

"Now, the average normal adult has sixteen square feet of skin, which would form a mat two feet wide and eight feet long, and the modern American woman treats it like a door-mat.

"The skin of civilized man—and woman—is a delicate organ, as delicate as the heart, which works twenty-four hours a day, adjusting the temperature of the body, keeping infection from entering. It requires little external aid except a daily washing in lukewarm water and a mild soap. But the modern woman abuses every inch of her skin from the soles of the feet to the hair.

"It is notable that the French Government recently adopted a law for the half-civilized races in the French colonies, against mutilating the skin by the barbarous rites of scarring faces, stretching the lips, slashing the body. For such practises, in which the savages indulge in their mistaken pursuit of what they consider beauty, the French now impose jail sentences and fines.

"Now, I feel—many of us feel—that our own Government should follow this beneficial example and pass a similar law to affect our women, only making the punishment much greater. For the American woman has civilization and education on her side and yet she indulges in more savage methods of mutilating her skin."

ICE CONCRETE—This is the name of a new, porous, astonishingly light building material invented in Finland. Like ordinary concrete, it is composed of cement and sand. Crusht ice or snow is used during the process of mixing. Says Waldemar Kaempffert in the New York *Times:*

"Heat evaporates the water of the melting ice, and the result is a block or brick uniformly honeycombed with minute pores. The number of pores varies directly with the quantity of ice or snow mixed with the cement and sand. Building blocks thus made are exceedingly light and durable. In a house or office building of ice concrete there is a saving of weight varying from 20 to 50 per cent. Because they are cellular in structure, the blocks act as insulators to keep out heat in summer and cold in winter. If ice concrete is made without sand the resultant product is a tough compound that can be sawed, nailed, screwed, chiseled, and cut as readily as if it were wood."

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ARMOR FOR INDUSTRIAL DEFENSE

IN A MODERN INDUSTRIAL PLANT, proper clothing for the worker is one of the important phases of the safety program, we are told in *The National Safety News* (Chicago). The protective equipment of the modern knight of the workshop may range from a pair of hand leathers to a complete suit of asbestos. We read further:

"A distinction should be made between 'safe' and 'protective' clothing. Ordinary street clothes may be safe enough for most occupations, provided the shoes are stout enough to protect the soles of the feet and there are no loose garments to catch in moving machinery. But where the hazards of occupation include the handling of hot metal, acids, caustics, and other corrosives, special protective clothing is needed. A wide variety of reliable garments can be obtained from any safety supply house.

"Aside from the physical hazards to be guarded against, there is the psychological effect to be considered. Good clothes are known to strengthen self-confidence and self-respect, and this is true in the shop as well as on the street. The employee who wears garments that offer adequate protection goes about his work with increased alertness and confidence.

"Three essentials are recognized in providing safety clothing for the modern employee:

"1. The garment must be reasonably comfortable in any temperature.

"2. It must fit quite as well as street clothing.

"3. It must be durable and afford adequate protection against the hazards for which it was designed.

"Nobody cares to wear clothing that is not reasonably comfortable. This does not necessarily mean that the garment must be as comfortable as street clothing. Some safety garments would not be selected if they did not have a very necessary element of protection from actual danger. Many must be worn for a time until the worker becomes habituated to them before they feel easy, such as heavy leather gloves, rubber gloves, wooden soled shoes. But there must be a reasonable balance between discomfort and the advantages of safety, and this is provided by most modern safety garments.

"Clothing must fit the individual, otherwise he will prefer to wear old street clothing. Industrial clothing is designed to suit the job, and when the cost to the employee is economical it is reasonable to expect him to wear it with satisfaction, since he would require it the greater portion of his day. Most men do not realize it, but they spend the greater part of their waking hours at work. Street clothing, worn in the shop, is easily spoiled for other wear, which necessitates keeping another outfit at home, in any event.

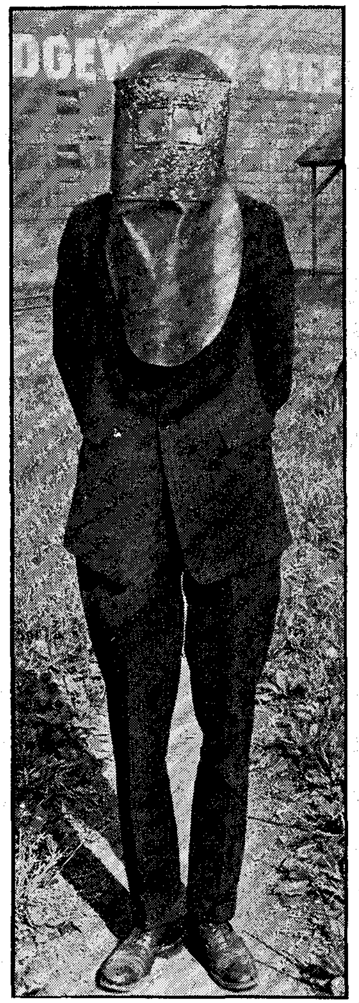
"Women in particular resent anything resembling a uniform and can hardly be prevailed upon to wear ill-fitting clothing. With their modern freedom in the choice of garments, they no longer have to wear the long, unsightly dresses common before 1920. Many female groups of employees use knickers for continuous shop wear, and the bobbed hair is now confined neatly if there is the slightest danger from power-driven machinery. Variety within certain limits also adds to the female satisfaction and desire for individuality.

"Loose clothing of any kind is to be avoided in the industrial plant because it may be caught so easily around power-driven machinery. For this reason the use of one-piece garments for men is often desirable, with the sleeves either close fitting and snug about the wrist or cut off near the elbow. Sleeves rolled up present a special hazard, since the folds may be caught in machinery and offer such resistance that the arm may be drawn in and crusht. Loose trouser legs are also to be avoided in some occupations and leggings of various kinds are readily available. The old flowing necktie is tabu, unless enclosed in vest or shirt. Pockets should be small, in good condition, and without wide mouths.

"Buttons and buckles have been replaced to advantage with snap-fasteners. With snap-fasteners a garment may be adjusted more quickly and accurately, and if it should be caught in machinery the snap-fasteners open and allow the individual to slip out. An apron with snap-fasteners may be quickly removed.

"The durability of safety clothing must be clearly demonstrated or the average worker will have nothing to do with it; it is neither economical nor safe if not made of good materials. The first requisite of the garment, of course, is that it affords protection against the hazard for which it is provided. The shoe with the reenforced toe which collapses to catch the worker's foot is a poor safeguard.

"From his toes to his head, however, the modern worker may usually be protected with a great variety of safe garments. Special shoes, leggings, fire-resisting aprons, hand leathers, mittens, gloves of many kinds, heavy shirt and overall materials, caps and helmets, goggles for every need, gas-masks and respirators—there is scarcely a single hazard without the necessary means of protection."



Courtesy of the National Safety Council, Chicago

THE HELMETED WORKER

One of the many ways of protecting the worker against occupational hazards.

WASTING WATER-POWER

NOT THE FAILURE TO DEVELOP water-power, but the expenditure of money to develop it when there is nothing to do with it, constitutes the worst kind of waste, we are told editorially by *The Electrical World* (New York). Better let a waterfall alone and allow it to function as beautiful scenery, than build a power-house alongside it when there is no market for power anywhere near it. Says the writer:

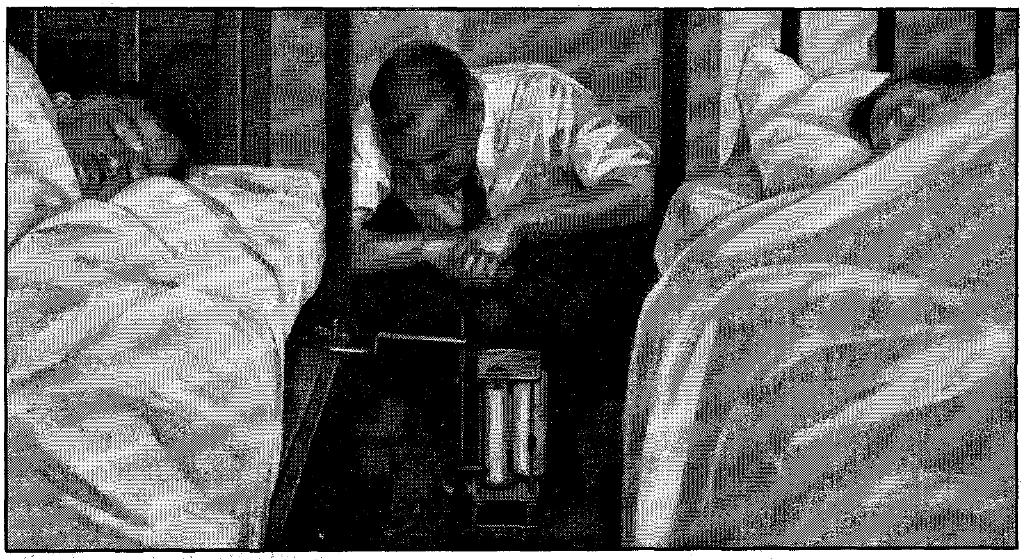
"Ardent conservationists, as well as some others who espouse the cause of natural resource development because they think it popular, have a distorted sense of the value of water-power. Not knowing or ignoring the fact that a water-power site without a market for the electricity generated at it is about as valuable as a cow pasture, they plunge in and wallow about until economic disaster finally engulfs them. They remind one of the young gallant who, seeing his fair one's pet poodle in front of an approaching train, managed to save the dog but forfeited his own life. Among the latest to threaten private enterprise by using government development of water-power, even tho admitting its incompetency, is Senator Borah of Idaho.

"Now there are millions of marketable water horse-power still awaiting development, and there are millions more in the twilight zone, so to speak, which would not pay of themselves but which may be made profitable if tied in with a large interconnected system. These private enterprise is anxious to develop. But there are many millions of water horse-power in the Far West—much in Senator Borah's own State—which at the present time are valueless because there is no market for the electricity within transmission distance. Other sites there are also of little value, not because of lack of market, but because in their neighborhood electricity can be produced more cheaply in a steam-driven station. Obviously it would be futile for private enterprise to develop these water-powers, and yet there are many public-spirited citizens who are using the Government to do so. Here are millions of horse-power running to waste, they reason, which some one, if not private enterprise then the Government, ought to harness for the sake of humanity. What they do not comprehend because of lack of experience is that humanity will be better served by permitting these water-power sites to remain scenery. At least, then, they will be worth something, whereas if developed they will be worth less than nothing owing to the huge out-of-pocket loss thereby entailed."

SLEEP IS A GROUP OF CAT-NAPS

SLEEP, INSTEAD OF BEING UNBROKEN REST for hours, is a series of short naps, interspersed with turns and movements, according to investigators of the Mellon Institute, Pittsburgh, who have been studying the sleeping habits of twenty-one students for more than a year. Ten to fifteen minutes of deep sleep proved to be the average, but each had a normal sleep wave or rhythm distinct to himself. Physical or mental strain, financial or heart worries or disease change the sleep wave, breaking it with more frequent tossing and turning, in some cases, or lengthening it in others. Says a contributor to *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago, October):

"A special machine invented for the tests by Dr. H. M. Johnson, in charge of the experiments, was attached to each bed in the dormitory. It records, on a moving strip of paper, every movement the occupant makes, and, as the motion of the paper is timed, shows the duration of each deep-sleep period and the recurrence of disturbances. It is expected that the tests may be useful in the study and treatment of disease. Recording machines are being installed in two hospitals to gather data on this phase of sleep alone.



Courtesy of *The Popular Mechanics Magazine* (Chicago)

MEASURING THE CAT-NAPS

"Ten to fifteen minutes of deep sleep proved to be the average."

"One of the subjects in the experiments contracted influenza. The night before the onslaught of the disease, the average rest period was more than doubled in length, just the opposite of the conditions that German investigators found to be associated with sleeping sickness. The increased periods of still sleep continued throughout the progress of the disease, but after recovery, the subject returned to his normal sleep wave.

"'Of course,' says Dr. Johnson, 'it is well established, as a matter of common experience, that worry disturbs rest. The discovery of this fact is not the valuable point. What is valuable is that a method has been found which will show in what manner and to what extent the disturbance acts, and which is independent of the personal report and personal impressions of the patient.

"'In certain nervous and mental disorders, systematic worries, which are usually ill-founded, and which often persist for weeks, are a characteristic symptom. In fact, they constitute the principal source of unfitness for place in normal society. The treatment consists largely of rest and reeducation. An important hindrance to treatment lies in the reticence of the patient or in his actual resort to deception. If a study of his sleep should provide a means of anticipation of the return of a phase of anxiety, the physician might be able to do something to avert it.'

"In the Mellon Institute tests it was discovered that not all people need the same kind of rest. Some of the students worked better after a 'warming up' process in the morning, which involved partial tiring of the body. Mental tests were given regularly, and all but one of twenty-one subjects showed more alertness at the end of the day, when well tired, than in the morning.

"'When we allow them only seven and three-quarters hours in bed,' says Dr. Johnson, 'the output at night is about 6½ per cent. better than in the morning. When we allow them eight hours in bed they rest more quietly, as well as longer, and their output at night becomes 10 per cent. higher.

"'It looks as tho the longer a person stays in bed—within such limits as these—the more quietly he rests while there and, possibly, the higher the degree of recuperation he attains. By this token, therefore, the less fit for work he will be in the early part of the day, since he must undergo a longer winding-up process to make use of the gain, and the more fit he is by night, since he is not so near the actual exhaustion of his reserve.

"'Many people, if they must do detailed thinking in the morning, will find a good preparation to be a good walk, a game of golf, or a half hour's work in the garden, so that when they attack the day's task they will be sufficiently fatigued to settle down to it.'

"Mild fatigue, Dr. Johnson says, is conducive to effectual work, and is also an important agent of pleasure, through the thrills that attend the discharging of the stored-up energy of the body cells, gained through a night's sleep."

NOISE AND NERVES

MACHINES FOR REGISTERING the din of Manhattan have disclosed the fact that the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue is the noisiest spot in the city. Commenting upon this, under the above head-line, the New York *Times* remarks editorially that apparently nothing has yet been discovered to reduce the racket there or anywhere else; and it goes on to say:

"In due time doctors and the city health authorities will doubtless attack the problem, for they will realize before any one else the injurious effects of noise. Some sensitive persons are aware of traffic noise as a source of part of their fatigue at the end of a day in bedlam, but many, whose nervous systems are affected equally, do not realize that noise as much as visible strain is responsible. A correspondent of the London *Times*, who has pondered the subject, compares the action of noise and of bad air on the nerves and consciousness of the victims. People in a badly ventilated room notice at first that the air is vitiated, but after a time they breathe the foul air with little or no apparent discomfort. Nevertheless, they are certain to feel a gradual depression, due to the poison they inhale. Similarly, people inured to the clang and rattle of the city do not appear to suffer from it, but they are perhaps worn by it without being conscious of the primary cause of their fatigue.

"An illustration from the writings of an English economist is cited: 'The fact that noise does not produce any visible effect on the human body possibly blinds the general public to the injury that it inflicts. We can all of us see the damage done if a man gets a punch in the face which gives him a black eye, but we do not see the permanent injury done to human nerves by the constant noise to which we are all subject under modern conditions of life.' With the normal person this is probably true. But in the case of invalids, convalescents in hospitals, infants, and children the effects are often as easily observable as an outer discoloration. To them the passing traffic, tooting, twittering, screaming, clanging, is as 'sensible to feeling as to sight.' The sick do not improve rapidly when they are subject to the constant shock of grinding sound, and babies are cross and ailing unless they get quiet hours for healthful sleep. When in such cases we see recuperation delayed and sometimes the life of a patient dependent on silence, it is easier to understand how normal people are affected by noise, even when they do not complain of it or feel its effects immediately."

TO COOL AUTOS AND TRAINS

AUTOMOBILES AND RAILROAD TRAINS of the future may have white roofs carrying a wet sheet, a strip of damp burlap or some other cooling device for combating the extreme heat of torrid zones or seasons, if elaborate ventilation tests being conducted in the U. S. Bureau of Mines in Pittsburgh mean anything. Says a press bulletin issued from the office of the Toledo *Times:*

"Engineers in the motor-car industry and officials of several railroads are giving their active cooperation in experiments which seek to make transportation of all kinds, as well as home and school life, more comfortable and healthful by mechanically controlling air and climatic conditions.

"The Southern Pacific and other Western railroad lines have offered the use of several railroad cars for the experiments, and will haul these cars with scientific apparatus through the hot sections of Arizona and Southern California in efforts to bring relief from the heat. The Pennsylvania has offered the use of its equipment after the scientists complete their tests in the laboratory.

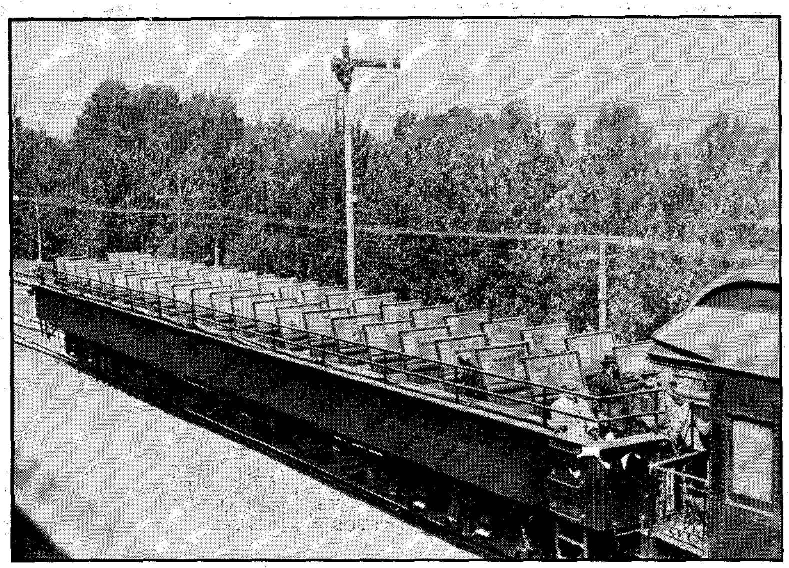
"That colors have definite reactions not only on the psychology of people but do deflect or absorb the heat of the sun's rays has been definitely established by these tests, according to F. C. Houghten, director of the air-research laboratory of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers in the Pittsburgh bureau of mines. Houghten and his staff tested the effect of colors on roofs of buildings and automobiles and found that while black absorbs the heat and draws it within, white, more than any other color, deflects the heat. In these tests they were aided by a newly devised heat meter of great delicacy. It was found that red deflects these rays somewhat, but is not nearly so effective as white.

"The bureau has erected within its laboratory a burlaped drum to test the relative cooling effect of evaporation. The burlap is saturated with water, and automatic thermometers make a record of the temperatures inside and outside. At times, a battery of ventilating fans is turned loose to determine exactly the humidifying and cooling effect of air driven through water. The effect of the cooling by evaporation alone was shown to make a difference of eight to twelve degrees in the temperature. Physiological tests showed that air motion created by the ventilating fans gives the body a further cooling sensation and actually lowered skin temperatures.

"'The point is that we have definitely established the fact that if motorists occasionally sprinkled the tops of their cars it would cause a noticeable cooling effect on the hottest days of summer,' Houghten said. 'Some of the railroads have aided in the experiments to the extent of placing a sprinkler system on the tops of railroad coaches. Small ventilating fans are used inside to keep the air moving in the right direction and to help handle the dust nuisance. Experiments successfully conducted in both automobiles and railroad coaches have shown that an ordinary bedsheet, table-cloth or strip of burlap, soaked in water and hung up like a drape or curtain, produces the feeling of a lower temperature. This method is frequently used in India in trains and other public vehicles to help relieve the effect of terrific heat.'"

FORTY WINDSHIELDS ON ONE CAR—Not an ordinary touring-car, of course. The vehicle in question is a new open observation car recently added to the rolling stock of the Union Pacific Railroad, having a glass shield in front of every seat. Says *Popular Science Monthly* (New York):

"Sight-seeing accommodations in the Pacific Northwest approach the de luxe with the advent of this open observation car, equipped with individual windshields, as shown above. The Union Pacific Railroad recently put into operation on its Columbia River Gorge division in Oregon these luxurious cars, open at the top to permit observation of the towering mountains en route. Additional comfort for the passengers is obtained by use of forty-four individual windshields, to be adapted to each passenger in the car. The fine weather of the Pacific coast country makes open cars practicable; oil-burning and electric locomotives have eliminated dirt and cinders; now apparently the last possible objection to railway touring has been met with the windshield cars."



By courtesy of *Popular Science Monthly* (New York)

THE LATEST LUXURY IN RAILROAD TOURING

Open observation car with a windshield on each seat.

A RIVAL TO PLATINUM

THIS TITLE IS BESTOWED on tantalum, one of the most important rare metals produced on a commercial scale, by a writer in *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York). Says this paper:

"Its unusual resistance to chemical corrosion makes it of much value to the chemical and allied industries as a material for equipment construction. In general appearance tantalum resembles steel, to some extent, and will take a polish. It can be given wonderful iridescent colors by special processes after the article made from it is fabricated. Recent discoveries in this line indicate great possibilities for its use as a semi-precious art metal.

"The working properties of tantalum are such that it can be worked cold, drawn, hammered, machined, polished, hardened, rolled, and punched. The pure metal is rather easily worked. Forms in which the metal can be readily obtained include wire from .001 inch diameter upward to heavy bar; sheet from .002 inch thickness upward; and tubing in special sizes.

"The most characteristic chemical property of tantalum is its unusual resistance to chemical corrosion. It is not attacked by hydrochloric or nitric acids or by *aqua regia*, either hot or cold. It is not attacked by dilute sulfuric acid at ordinary or more elevated temperatures, but appears to be slowly attacked by boiling, concentrated sulfuric acid. Solutions of caustic alkalies do not attack the metal easily. Hydrofluoric acid seems to be the only chemical agent which will attack it readily, and in the case of pure metal and pure hydrofluoric acid the action is very slow. A mixture of hydrofluoric and nitric acids will attack the metal with avidity, causing it to go into solution as tantalum fluorid.

"If tantalum is heated in the air, the surface becomes blue at a temperature of about 400 degrees C., and at a somewhat higher temperature, nearly black. Above a dull red heat the white oxid is produced and the metal gradually burns. This metal combines with avidity with hydrogen, oxygen, or nitrogen. It will take up 740 times its own volume of hydrogen, producing a very coarse-grained, brittle product.

"Tantalum containing dissolved gases will be harder than the pure metal, and if their quantity is appreciable the metal may even be brittle. All annealing or heating operations with tantalum must therefore be carried out in a vacuum. Solutions of chlorin or the gas itself are without any action on the metal. Tantalum is not affected by any of the chemicals or antiseptics used in dentistry or surgery."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

WHAT MACHINERY IS DOING TO US

DEMOCRACY ON THE JUNK-HEAP, our school system scrapped, culture crucified by mass-production, and finally all nations, including America, with new cultural and educational values, ruled by "a new social hierarchy based on the facts of human nature"—these are a few of the changes which the age of machinery is bringing to civilization, according to Aldous Huxley, the English novelist and critic. And down the rough road to these consummations, it seems, America is leading the way. For good or for evil, the whole world is being Americanized, Mr. Huxley tells us in a startling article on "The Outlook for American Culture," to which *Harper's Magazine* deservedly gave the place of honor in its August number. The writer has made a special study of our case, he says, not because we are unique or superior, but because "in speculating on the American future, one is speculating on the future of civilized man."

Pirie Macdonald photograph

SAYS MACHINES KILL CULTURE

Aldous Huxley, grandson of the English scientist, contends that modern machinery tends to ruin civilization.

Machinery, with the larger degree of prosperity which its use has brought to the common people, Mr. Huxley believes, is ushering in a new era in which the intelligent minority will have to fight for its life against the rule of the unintelligent majority. In that era, we are told, "the humanitarianism which professes to regard all human beings as equally endowed with moral worth and intellectual ability will be looked upon as an absurdity." Americans, he adds, will be slow to give up the theory of equality on which their nation was founded, but "the growing incapacity of political democracy to deal intelligently with the ever-more complicated problems of world policy will force them to change their ideas about government." Choosing Chicago as a horrible example, Mr. Huxley continues:

"Nobody can honestly suppose that a system which permits of such things as Mr. Thompson's election to the mayoralty of Chicago, with all its grotesque and outrageous accompaniments, is desirable or even in the long run practicable. The revolt against political democracy has already begun in Europe and is obviously destined to spread. There will be no return to autocracy, of course. Government will tend to be concentrated in the hands of intelligent and active oligarchies. The ideal state is one in which there is a material democracy controlled by an aristocracy of intellect—a state in which men and women are guaranteed a decent human existence and are given every opportunity to develop such talents as they possess, and where those with the greatest talent rule. The active and intelligent oligarchies of the ideal state do not yet exist. But the Fascist party in Italy, the Communist party in Russia, the Kuomintang in China are their still inadequate precursors. Owing to the strength of her democratic tradition, America will probably be one of the last countries to change her present form of government. But in the end the change will come. A country can not go on indefinitely being afflicted by Thompson elections and anti-evolution laws."

Mr. Huxley, it may be remembered, is a grandson of the man who fought the first battles for Darwinism in England two generations ago. In his effort to discover what the laws of social evolution are going to make of our present institutions, he begins by regarding machinery as chief of the driving forces that are changing the world. He grants that we owe many blessings to labor-saving machines; that they have brought some degree of leisure and prosperity to almost everybody, and that "universal leisure and variety of impressions make possible a rich universal culture." But are there any signs that this fuller life is coming? For answer the author says: "Let me advise any one who belives in the near approach of the social millennium to go to any great American or European city and note what the majority of men and women do with their new-found prosperity and leisure." We read further:

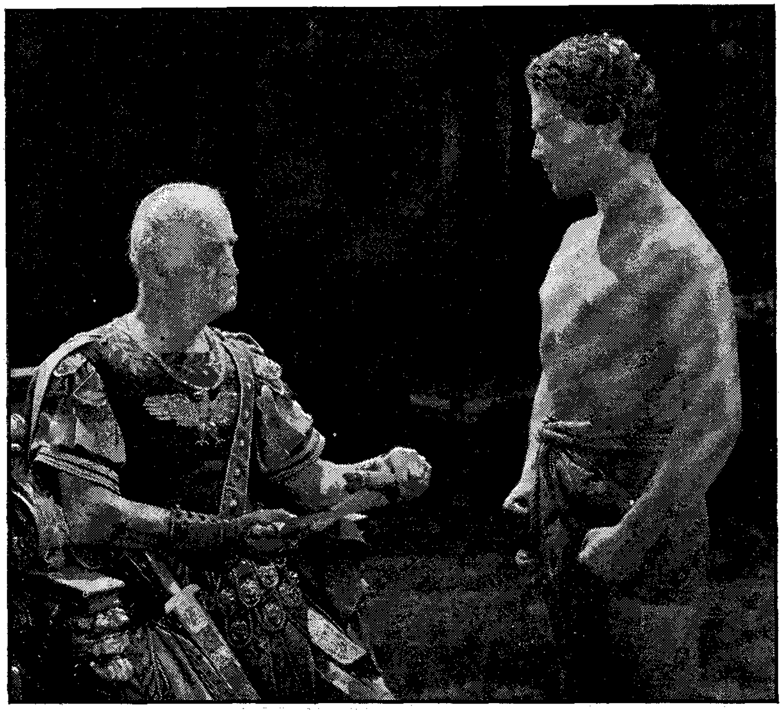
"A great many men and women—let us frankly admit it, in spite of all our humanitarian and democratic prejudices—do not want to be cultured, are not interested in the higher life. For these people existence on the lower, animal levels is perfectly satisfactory. Given food, drink, the company of their fellows, sexual enjoyment, and plenty of noisy distractions from without, they are happy. They enjoy bodily, but hate mental, exercise. They can not bear to be alone, or to think. Contemporary urban life, with its jazz bands, its negroid dancing, its movies, theaters, football matches, newspapers, and the like, is for them ideal. They can live out their lives without once being solitary, without once making a serious mental effort (for the work which most of these people do is mainly mechanical and requires little or no thought), without once being out of sight or sound of some ready-made distraction. The notion that one can derive pleasure from arduous intellectual occupations is to such people merely absurd. More leisure and more prosperity mean for them more dancing, more parties, more movies, more distractions in general. Most of the inhabitants of ancient Rome belonged to this type; so probably do most of the inhabitants of modern New York and London. And unless some system of eugenics is practised in the interval, there is no reason to suppose that the inhabitants of the great cities in the year 3000 A. D. will be radically different."

The machines themselves, we are reminded, supply the means of checking the progressive movement which they have made possible. They give leisure, but they also give what amounts to almost a guaranty that this leisure will be misused. Mr.

Huxley is referring here to mass-production in spiritual things. He declares:

"As things are at present, mass-produced material objects are of much better quality than mass-produced ideas and mass-produced art. The material standard is higher. A boot factory whose finished products were as thoroughly shoddy as the products of the average idea or art factory would go bankrupt in a few months. Everybody objects to leaky ill-fitting boots; but only a small minority objects with anything like the same intensity to imbecile ideas and vulgarity in art.

"Between the born culture-haters and the born culture-lovers, between the half-wits and the one-and-a-half-wits there exists a great mass of human beings whose rather indeterminate nature is ready to receive the imprint which circumstances may set upon it. Environmental forces can push them toward culture or away from it. In the Americanized world of the present and the immediate future those forces are set against culture."



Metro-Goldwyn Picture

ONE REASON WHY LONDONERS FLOCK TO SEE "BEN-HUR"

A favorite scene in the motion-picture epic based on Lew Wallace's famous novel, showing *Ben-Hur* (Ramon Novarro) fearlessly facing *Arrius* (Frank Currier), commander of the Roman trireme in which he has been condemned to serve as a slave.

Proprietors of newspapers and theaters, directors of movies and radio companies, Mr. Huxley contends, almost inevitably tend to cater to the culture-haters rather than to the culture-lovers, because they can make more money by doing so. Hence, he argues, the forces which might so easily be making for culture are working for its opposite and bringing even the neutrals over to the culture-haters' side. The mere standardization of ideas made possible by modern machinery, we are told, is in itself an obstacle to culture. Machinery makes it possible for the capitalists who control it to impose whatever ideas and art forms they please upon humanity, and their tendency, under economic laws, is to produce the lowest quality in order to sell their products to the largest public.

Mr. Huxley then goes on to say what he thinks is wrong with our education—chiefly that all children are forced to learn the same things regardless of their varying tastes and aptitudes. "The education of the future," he thinks, "like its politics, its religion, its social organization, will be based on psychological realism." The child with a concrete, practical mind will have a practical education, and will not waste his time, as he does at present, trying to learn abstractions which he can not understand. And along these lines, Mr. Huxley thinks, "all political and social institutions will be reorganized so as to fit the psychological reality."

The Englishman's dark picture has provoked many American critics to charge that he has forgotten to include optimism and patience among the colors on his palette. "Give the next generation a chance, and you'll see," one of them remarks. Or, in the words of *The Saturday Review of Literature* (New York): "Culture seeps down slowly, but American society is of porous constitution and is constantly in process of absorbing. 'Leisure and variety of impressions' may not yet have produced a wide-spread culture in the United States, but there is reason to hope that in time they will."

THE AMERICAN FILM INVASION

THE SCREENS OF THE WORLD, we are told, are dominated by American films, not so much because of their superior art as because of superior salesmanship. The principal weapon used in this war of the films is publicity: 70 per cent. of America's enormous film income is said to be due to this one weapon—continually "telling the world." American producers at the present moment are in full swing of a grand publicity drive in Great Britain, according to Mr. G. A. Atkinson, cinema correspondent of the London *Daily Express*. Mr. Atkinson declares that the object of this drive is to glut the British exhibitor with American films before the season's British films are ready. He says:

"America's selling force, headed by the shock troops of publicity, is already storming the position. Let us say that the total maximum sum which the 4,000 cinema theaters of Britain can afford to pay annually for film hire is $25,000,000. America's publicity drive aims to capture the whole of this sum for America. British producers will have to fight for every shilling that they can snatch. Every weapon short of a gun will be used to make the exhibitor spend his money on American films.

"All the principal organizers of this American publicity drive against British films are highly paid Englishmen, whose salaries range from $7,500 to $15,000 a year, in the case of departmental heads. Englishmen are employed because American film representatives are withered by the storm of criticism directed by the London critics against Hollywood's motives and methods. None of the American film representatives knows the vital news values in the films which he has to sell. If our film revival is defeated by American publicity, we shall have the consolation of knowing that we have been defeated by Englishmen."

The British do not complain when the invading film is really good, as in the case of "Ben-Hur," which, the same writer tells us, "continues to add climax to climax of box-office strength at the Tivoli," adding that the millionth visitor at this London theater is about to receive a handsome gold souvenir. "The Winning of Barbara Worth" also is looked upon as deserving its London success. The immediate cause of the protest just quoted, however, is the "putting over" of two American films that offend British taste—"What Price Glory?" and "Seventh Heaven." Each of these, we are told, will be booked for not less than $500,000 in British theaters, and the *Daily Express* critic credits at least one-half of that total to the selling genius of one English publicity expert, W. Clayton Hutton. He says:

"I asked Mr. Hutton to give me some particulars of the cost of advance advertising on these two films in Britain, and he was good enough to respond with his detailed outlay. The total cost of advertising 'What Price Glory?' was $17,600, and of 'Seventh Heaven,' $11,200. These sums are roughly equivalent to 3½ per cent. and 2½ per cent. respectively on the huge booking totals which I estimate the films will earn. I fancy that most business men would think that they had 'pulled off' a first-class deal if they secured $500,000 for an expenditure of $17,600."

THE LATEST MARVEL IN MUSIC

MUSIC WITHOUT AN INSTRUMENT, music plucked from the air by the bare human hand, is the newest wonder of radio science. "The music of the spheres," some one has called it, and it was first heard at Frankfort, Germany, on August 4, by a deeply interested audience gathered at the exposition whose official name is Music in the Life of the People. This remarkable invention—or perhaps discovery is the better word—achieved a successful performance of classical music, including works of Greig and others, entirely without musical instruments. The music, we are told, was literally plucked from the air. The event was reported in *Reclam's Universum*, of Leipzig, by Dr. Rudolph Frank, who expresses enthusiasm for the new and amazing art, and regards it as marking an epoch in musical progress. His description of what the Frankfort audience saw and heard is as follows:

> "From a small mahogany box, which serves likewise as a music-stand, there rises vertically a metal rod about 40 centimeters long (15½ inches), while at the left there extends another rod bent into the form of a ring. On the floor is a dry-cell battery, and in the background is a loud-speaker. Box, battery, and loud-speaker are connected by wires.
>
> "A young man, the typical engineer, takes his place in front of this unpretentious desk. It is Leo Theremin, presenting for the first time before an audience his invention of music, produced solely by the free movement of the hands in space. Slowly he lifts his hand, holding it a distance of about one meter (39 inches) from the upright metal rod. The movement produces a sound, the tone of which rises gradually until it reaches a pitch which no instrument, and far less the human voice, is capable of attaining.
>
> "Now he raises his left hand gently above the ring-shaped rod, until it is at about the height of his head. As he does so the note sounded grows louder and louder. Then he lets his hand fall, as if to soothe the sound, and this grows softer until it dies out in the tenderest pianissimo.
>
> "It is evident that we have here the essential conditions for the production of music—a variation in pitch on the one hand, and in intensity on the other. The sounds, however, are more or less mechanical—soulless in character. The inventor himself points out that they lack the sympathetic quality which we call 'heart.' In short, they do not vibrate like the music invoked by the human throat and breath, or by the human hand from instruments of wood or metal."

Yet the human hand, subtlest instrument of the soul, we are told, has gone on to perfect this miracle, and the Frankfort audience listened spellbound as the inventor proceeded to transform the electrical currents surrounding the two antennæ—the rod and ring—into an exact expression of his own emotions. Dr. Frank continues with his narrative:

> "Incredulous we gaze upon the young engineer. His looks grow tender. The inventor becomes the musician. The fingers of his right hand vibrate like those of a violinist when he presses the strings. They vibrate in the free air, and a marvelously sweet tone sweeps through the room. Invisibly a soul sings, and we listen, thrilled.
>
> "Now it sounds deep as an organ note, and now like a perfect viola, or a violin from the hand of one of the old master-craftsmen. Again it resembles a flute or a hunstman's horn. Whole notes, halves, quarters, yes, even eighth notes are thus drawn from the electric field around the antennæ, we are assured, merely by the motions of the bare hands. There is no discord perceptible, even when this marvelous and mysterious music is accompanied by a performer upon the grand piano. The works of such composers as Greig, Saint-Saëns, Scriabin, are played. It is marvelous, indeed, how remote the tones of the piano sound in comparison with the vital fulness and resonant force of those which flow from the mysterious electrical currents under the hands of Theremin.
>
> "As if these marvels were not enough, Theremin begins to repeat the piece. But what is this? The tones no longer come from the same place as before. We turn our heads: the sounds come to us like an echo—from behind us, from the highest, farthest corner of the room!
>
> "Now another young man takes his place in front of a second box, smaller than the first. These two technical musicians—tone engineers, let us call them—perform, merely by the raising and dropping and bending of their gently vibrating fingers, *music which resounds through the great room in pure and perfect tones.*"

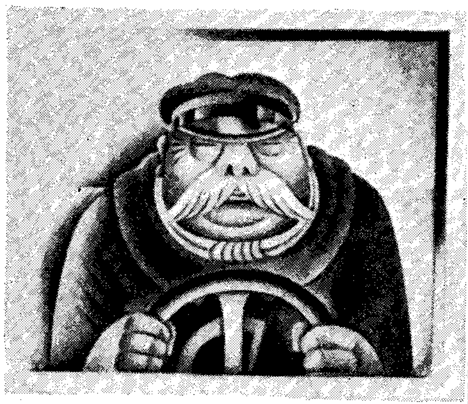
But what is the secret of this modern miracle? Dr. Frank replies that the explanations offered give our minds certain definite points of support, yet fail to make the marvel entirely clear. He continues:

> "We learn that there are alternating currents of varying frequencies, which are conducted from the human body over the apparatus, tho they are entirely independent of the body. The approach of the hands affects the frequency of the alternating currents which surround the antennæ. The nearer the finger comes to the vertical rod, the higher the note produced. The further the hand from the ring-shaped antenna, the louder the sound. By these means are obtained every possibility of musical expression. The tone follows, in the minutest particular, the vibration of the fingers, the rhythm of the blood.
>
> "If one were to increase the strength of the current, even to two kilowatts only, a truly disturbing effect would be produced by the transformed current. The echo, whose amazed ear-witness I was, is formed merely by the reversal of the current.
>
> "I firmly believe that in later times, when the present invention is perfected and elaborated, we shall refer to the performance merely as music, pure and simple. Then it will be recalled that it was first presented to the world on August 4, 1927, at the notable exposition in Frankfort called Music in the Life of the People."

MOLIERE BARRED FROM JAPAN—Strange as it may seem, the dramatist who is to the French theater what Shakespeare is to English drama, can no longer be acted in Japan, because, according to the *Comœdia*, of Paris, the authorities have found his works dangerous to society. Molière, everywhere translated, acted, studied in the schools, is considered contrary to sound morals in Japan. The Paris paper asks:

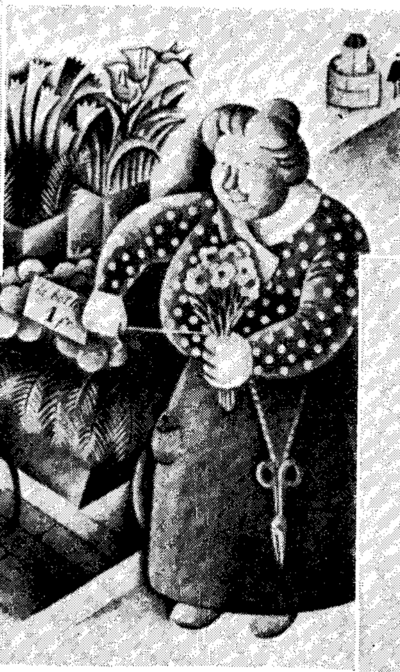
> "What is the matter with Molière? Is it his love of free life, his scorn of certain traditions, his insight into human nature, his unsparing irony, the cruel fantasies of his young people, the cudgel of Scapin? Is it his cleansing laughter, clairvoyant and merciless, an effective medicine and antitoxin? It is all of these.
>
> "Japan's censors are afraid that Bolshevism may catch up the French dramatist's laughter and make it burst like a bomb. Molière seems to them, because of his profound knowledge of human vices, a dangerous ally of Moscow. His criticism of men in high places, to whom respect is due, appears to them incompatible with the healthy development of the Japanese nation. The drama, so the dispatches tell us, is not a form of amusement for the Japanese, but a spectacle in which established morals work out their results and must prevail.
>
> "The shade of Molière will rejoice in this rebuff, for it is a proof of the eternal youth of his plays; it shows that, classics tho these are, they are still alive enough to raise up detractors and adversaries. True, one would hardly have expected to find Bolshevism figuring in this affair; but let us not be too downcast over it. In spite of Boileau, let us pack Japan's rebuff in Scapin's old kit-bag, and 'smile, smile, smile!'"

THE COVER.—The bright colors of these autumn flowers are characteristic of all the work of Bernhard Gutmann. As a French critic has said of him: "Everywhere under his touch there bursts and flames and burns a rich variety of color, which, unaided by the use of shadow, suffices to give form and depth." Mr. Gutmann is an American artist of German birth, and recently returned to this country after seven years' study abroad, chiefly in Paris and along the Mediterranean. Three winters spent in the delightful Spanish island of Minorca enabled him to add many landscapes and fishing scenes to his collection, all glowing with light and southern sunshine. These attracted the attention of both Spanish and French art critics. Mr. Gutmann's oil-paintings, water-colors, and etchings have been exhibited in Paris, New York, Chicago, and other American cities, everywhere winning approval for their beauty of color and charm of composition.



TAXI!

He may look like a bandit, but he's a perfectly respectable old bean; loves babies and reads philosophy in his rest periods.



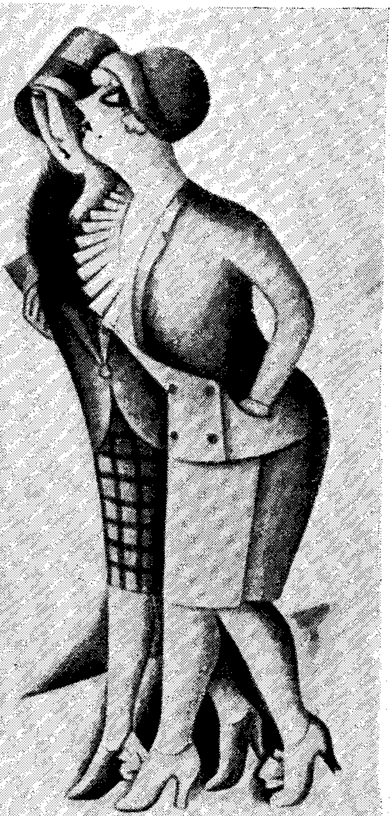
THE FLORIST

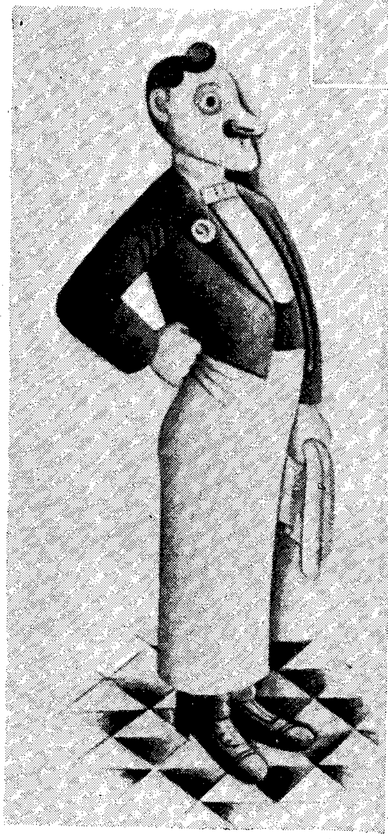
See how happy Madame looks! She has just persuaded a rich American to buy twenty francs' worth of shopworn posies and to accept some leaden coins in change.

THE BOULEVARDERES

(Below)

These ladies, according to Mr. Covarrubias, are two of the reasons why Paris attracts so many Americans. After some rather hard years, things—including the ladies—are looking up.





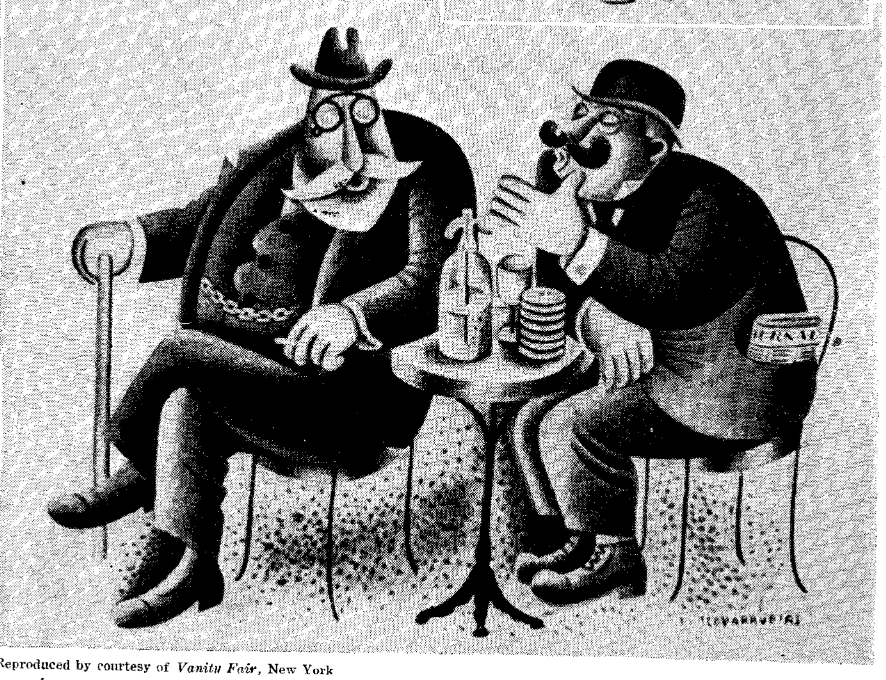
WAITER!

No, Gaston does not live by tips alone. By adding in the date and using a nimbly varying scale of prices, he gets along very nicely, thank you.

THE POLITICIANS

(Below)

The member from Choisy-le-Bec is not discussing the French debt. No; he is confiding to his colleague the telephone number of a certain pretty manicure.



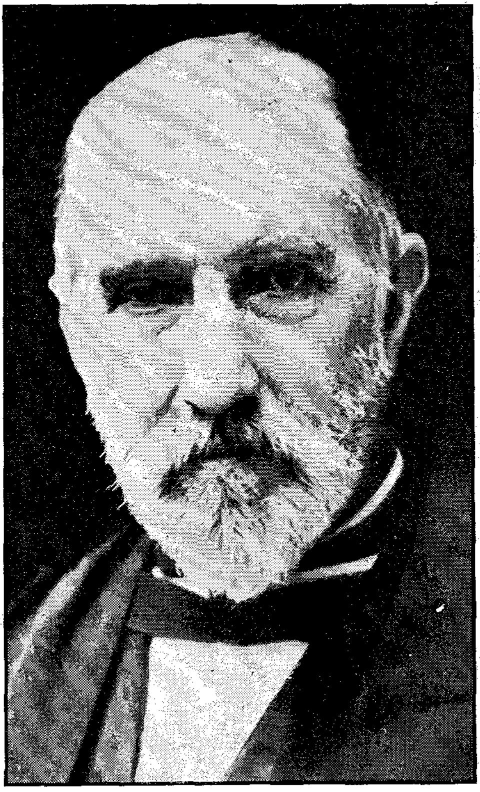
Reproduced by courtesy of *Vanity Fair*, New York

PARIS TYPES, TERRORS, AND TEMPTATIONS, AS SEEN BY THE CARTOONIST, COVARRUBIAS

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

IS SCIENTIFIC ADVANCE IMPEDING HUMAN WELFARE?

ADMIRATION, MIXED WITH SOME AMAZEMENT at his temerity, greets the Bishop of Ripon's suggestion that science take a ten-year holiday to give us time to assimilate the knowledge we already have. The Bishop was speaking at a church service in Leeds, to which had come many men of distinguished name who were in the city to attend a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Many new discoveries and important steps in the advancement of scientific knowledge—sufficient to daze the ordinary mind—had been announced, and the Bishop thinks that so much is being done toward material progress that man is in danger of losing his own soul. Himself a man of deep learning, his suggestion arouses much comment no less on this side of the Atlantic than on the other. "The idea is an old one," observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, but the remedy the Bishop proposes is impossible of application. "Laws will not prevent men from thinking. Even a resolution of the British Association would not prevent scientists here and there from following their investigations out in secret—bootleg investigations, so to speak."



Keystone View Company photograph

SCIENCE SHOULD TAKE A HOLIDAY

Suggests the Bishop of Ripon, who says "the sum of human happiness would not necessarily be reduced if for, say, ten years every physical and chemical laboratory were closed and the energy displayed in them transferred to finding a formula for making the ends meet in the scale of human life."

Nevertheless, the Bishop thinks, as his words are quoted in a dispatch to the New York *Times*, that "with all his new mastery over nature, man has not seemed really to be advancing his own cause. The development of his resources has not helped either development or happiness for himself. Until this disproportion is somehow rectified, man can not feel safe, and the very greatness of his recent achievements would seem to make his ruin more certain and more complete." As the Bishop sees it:

> "We could get on very much more happily if aviation, wireless, television and the like were advanced no further than at present.
>
> "Dare I even suggest, at the risk of being lynched by some of my hearers, that the sum of human happiness, outside of scientific circles, would not necessarily be reduced if for, say, ten years every physical and chemical laboratory were closed and the patient and resourceful energy displayed in them transferred to recovering the lost art of getting together and finding a formula for making the ends meet in the scale of human life?
>
> "It would give 99 per cent. of us who are non-scientific some chance of assimilating the revolutionary knowledge which in the first quarter of this century 1 per cent. of the explorers have acquired. The 1 per cent. would have leisure to read up on one another's work; and all of us might go meanwhile in tardy quest of that wisdom which is other than and greater than knowledge, and without which knowledge may be a curse.
>
> "As things stand to-day, we could get on without further additions for the present to our knowledge of nature. We can not get on without a change of mind in man."

The first retort to the Bishop came from Sir Oliver Lodge, who, addressing another meeting, said that the suggestion that the world was going too fast reminded him of the view-point taken by his grandmother, who protested at trains traveling forty miles an hour. "It is not possible to call a halt," Sir Oliver declared, we read in the *Times* dispatch. "If we stopt, the world would go to pieces." Referring to the fact that many people dislike the idea that they are related to the lower animals, Sir Oliver said he regarded such evolutionary advance as inspiring. Had man descended from the angels, he said, it would have been depressing. Nothing can stand still, replied Sir Arthur Keith, whose presidential address before the scientists supporting Darwin's theory of descent has attracted wide notice. The Church itself, said Sir Arthur, would perish if it remained stagnant.

To come to this side of the water, the New York *Sun* thinks that the Bishop "started something and will not soon hear the end of it." Theoretically, observes the Manchester *Union*, the churchman's statement has a certain plausibility, since the gains of science during the past twenty-five years are "truly overwhelming to the lay mind. . . . Science to-day has given us a new world, requiring a new system of knowledge for its interpretation, and one may well suggest the advisability of a holiday for orientation and adjustment."

"But viewed from another angle this statement becomes absurd. For while science has a theoretical bearing, it has also a practical bearing, and from the latter standpoint the proposal to close our scientific laboratories for ten years is unthinkable. Science to-day has found its way into every field of human activity. Industry, agriculture, transportation, and philanthropy are all controlled and dominated by it. A glance at one branch of human operation will make this plain, that is the field of medicine. During the past twenty-five years the medical laboratory has discovered the secret of a multitude of diseases, and as a result the dread and power of these diseases have been broken. The suggestion of a ten-year holiday from research work for the lessening of human suffering is ridiculous. This is only one case in many that might be cited when the practical bearings of science are taken into account.

"It is of course true that an excessive zeal for scientific research always reacts against interest in philosophy. In this respect our age is not the exception. We have strest the practical bearings of science somewhat at the expense of the theoretical. We must frankly admit that our philosophy of life finds itself staggered by present-day scientific discoveries, and only with hesitation, and often with protest, is ready to accept them. But this is no reason for calling a halt to science, but rather a demand for the advancement of philosophy. It is not probable that a stoppage in scientific research would greatly promote those intellectual pursuits that make for a more thorough and up-to-date interpretation of life.

"Just now there is an apparent conflict between science and philosophy. The old interpretation of life is hesitant to abandon cherished notions, even tho they are out of harmony with new truth. But this conflict is in interpretation only, and it can readily be removed by an earnest attempt to coordinate facts as they are in the search for truth."

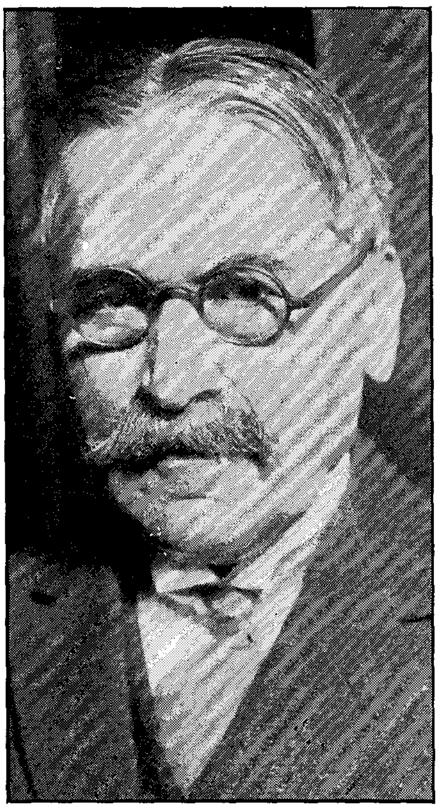
Pondering the question whether religious leaders have shown a disposition to get together with the scientists in understanding and expounding the theory of evolution, the Providence *Journal* declares that they still look upon the sermons on evolution preached forty years ago by Henry Ward Beecher "as the voice of one crying in the wilderness," and says, "of course there will be no moratorium or 'scientific holiday.' The world can not afford it."

Nevertheless, asserts the Chicago *Evening Post*, the feeling which impels the Bishop of Ripon to make his suggestion is shared by multitudes of men, since "science has been leading us rather a giddy chase for the last two or three decades." Not only are laymen far behind in scientific knowledge, we are told; but even the scientists themselves are, in certain departments, far behind in the preliminary work of classifying new facts. "And the danger to the world lies in the fact that it is largely these muddled minds, glib or giddy, which are making the rules—called laws and treaties—by which civilization is trying to regulate itself."

THE FAITH OF A GREAT SCIENTIST

SCIENCE, INSTEAD OF TAKING GOD out of the world, brings men into closer spiritual relation with Him, says Dr. Michael Pupin, professor of electro-mechanics at Columbia University, inventor and one of the world's most distinguished scientists. Of course, says Dr. Pupin, God can not be proved by a mathematical formula; but, he goes on in an interview with Albert Edward Wiggam published in the September *American Magazine*, science leaves us no escape from the conclusion that back of everything there is a definite guiding principle, which leads from chaos to cosmos.

Everywhere, this scientist tells us, there is evidence of a Divine Intelligence. Science, then, is the handmaid of religion. It "is making us better Christians." It is "teaching men how to cooperate more intelligently with God; it is teaching men what God's laws are, and how to obey them." It "is increasing our belief that the human soul is the greatest thing in the universe, the supreme purpose of the Creator." It is "increasing our belief that the human soul will continue after the death of our physical bodies. Science is leading us closer and closer to God." These are among the impressions which Mr. Wiggam carried away with him after the interview. Touching upon evolution, the noted scientist says:



SCIENCE LEADS US CLOSER TO GOD

Says Dr. Michael Pupin, famous scientist, who believes that science "reveals man as a being with a soul which is progressing more and more toward divinity in a universe of unbroken continuity."

"The spiritually inspiring thing which the biologists have shown us is that all life has progressed from the lowest toward the highest. If one does not believe that life has been a progressive development, step by step, under the guidance of a coordinating principle, then he has a very poor idea of divinity. For if life has progressed from small beginnings up to man in, say, ten million years, where will it be ten million years from now? Man is revealed by science as a being who is constantly progressing from glory to glory, changing more and more toward the spiritual image of his Creator.

"You see that the realities of both physical science and organic science reveal a God, a divine intelligence that we, as intelligent beings, can depend on. We can not place our faith in haphazard happenings, but we can place the utmost faith in divine intelligence. There is dependability, continuity, everywhere. Science finds that everything is a continuously developing and intelligent process. It reveals man as a being with a soul which is progressing more and more toward divinity in a universe of unbroken continuity."

And believing all this, can we believe that the soul will be extinguished when the physical body dies? Hear what Dr. Pupin has to say:

"It does not seem reasonable to me that a creation which has been going on for billions and billions of years, in so far as we can tell, for the very purpose of producing that wonderful soul, should cause the soul—your soul and my soul—to exist only as long as our physical bodies exist. Altho science does not offer mathematical proof of the immortality of the soul, it gives us plenty of food for thought and belief, plenty of grounds for intelligent hope. And it adds to our conviction that our physical life is only a stage in the existence of the soul.

"In my opinion, all scientific evidence tends to show—not to prove, but to point toward the belief—that it is very unlikely that the soul of man is going to cease its existence when the body perishes. The law of continuity and the general scientific view of the universe tend, I think, to strengthen our belief that the human soul goes on existing, and developing, after death.

"You see science is constantly revealing divinity and man's relationship to divinity. Science is, therefore, the highest form of human theology, the highest form of reasoning about God. Science leads us straight to a belief in God, and this is the foundation of religion.

"Science does not prevent a man from being a Christian; but makes him a better Christian. It has made me a better Christian. For the next year I am going to talk to the students of various colleges on this higher spiritual meaning of science. My personal belief is that everything that happens in this great universe is for a purpose; and that purpose is the development of the human soul. That is where science and religion touch. Science adds immeasurably to the foundations of religious faith. Science will strengthen religion. It has strengthened mine—strengthened it very greatly.

"And, if only three hundred years of scientific revelations have brought us so much nearer to divinity, it may be that science will go on from glory to glory until even earthly men may with open face behold the glory of the Lord, and be changed spiritually more and more into the same image.

"My religion does not contradict a single element of the religion which my mother and the people of my native village held when I was a boy. Science has simply brought to me a higher, broader view of the Creator.

"That is the real pleasure of scientific work. The purpose of science is not merely to make material things, inventions to increase wealth and comfort. These things are certainly a blessing, but not the greatest blessing.

"If science does not assist me to give myself and others a better religion, a better understanding of the Creator, and a closer personal relationship with him; if science does not assist me in carrying out the divine purpose, then I am a failure as a scientist. But science has made me a better Christian; I believe it will make better Christians of all men and women who try to understand its simple and beautiful laws, because they are the laws of God."

KEMALIST REVOLUTIONARY RELIGION

"THE BOOK OF MUSTAFA KEMAL," by Abel Adam, Constantinople, 1926, is called "an epoch-making book in Turkey" by *The Moslem World*, New York, a missionary review which devotes sixteen pages of its latest issue to extracts. The translator says that "among the literature put out in Turkey during the last five years perhaps there is no book which shows so clearly the inner ideas molding the policy of the New Turkey, and indicates the direction toward which affairs in Turkey are developing." The author criticizes and totally rejects the old Moslem mentality of the Turks and defines the modern European nationalistic mentality as the practical thing to live by to-day in this world. By sharp contrasts Turks are told that "the nations who live at the present time are all to the West of us, whereas the East represents a series of nations whose rights to live have not been recognized. Men, both in the East and the West, have two legs and two hands; but whence is this great difference? . . . The mentality of Europe is the mentality of this world; while we live in this world, we act by it. The mentality of Asia is the mentality of the next world; in the next world we shall act by it." Unlike the Eastern mentality of deducing everything from the religious books, the Western mentality sees life with human eye and organizes itself accordingly. The habit of "deducting judgments from the divine laws," declares the author, has never saved from poverty and misery the Asiatic people, who, through sheer ignorance, have "ascribed to sultans, or other opportunists, sometimes a divinity, or the authority of a revelation." Against this Asiatic mentality the struggle of Revolution-mentality has given new life, and at any sacrifice must be established absolutely, according to Abel Adam:

> "We used to be taught that we belonged to the King, the Shadow of God on earth. This implied that there could be nothing to oppose the power of the Calif of Almighty God on earth; that there could be no society higher than ours; and that the best way of life was ours. Whereas the facts were telling us that in all parts of the country there was plenty of misery and hunger; every year some section of the country was being snatched away from us; we had a state weaker than the least of the European Powers, going down in bribery, confusion, and immorality, begging the West for everything. Yet we had a Shadow of God on earth with forty wives and forty boy-concubines, busy with making the nation swallow the idle fantasy of paradise as taught through the *medresssehs*. We were deteriorating from within. It was only by coming into contact with the European knowledge and accepting the superiority of the European mentality, by examining the miseries in the land of the Shadow of God on earth that we could understand the truth. We discovered that the Shadow of God on earth was nothing else but an idol as powerless and as soulless as the Buddhist idols of India. As Mohammed broke the idols in Mekka and Medina, we also broke down these idols of Califs, *medresssehs*, *tekkes* and *turbehs*. This is the meaning of the Revolution, and its benefit will be great to our people."

In Europe, insists this author, "there is no literate or illiterate person acting on 'revelation,' whereas in Asia there is nothing else but prophets, and saints, and divine rulers," who have controlled countries and forced not only their religion, but their character upon the people. We read:

> "You find the divine command interfering with the most private affairs of a person and directing all phases of their social, economic, commercial, scientific, and administrative activities. These commands are the commands of God, and consequently they can not be changed or modified; therefore, as soon as they turn obsolete, you find another prophet coming with new commands. This career of prophetship has been a fashion in Asia.
>
> "The most interesting thing is this, that every prophet has advised men to ignore this life and to burn with a love for the next life. This is the meaning of the Nirvana of Buddha and the paradise of Islam. This mentality has at the same time killed critical thought and dulled the intellect.
>
> "Whatever Europe has tried to do with the aid of the positive sciences, the Asiatic people have tried to do with hymns, prayers, magic, and spirits.
>
> "Religions in the history of Asia are nothing else but reactionary movements of the jealousy of new prophets for each other. In essence they are all the same. The teachings of Buddha, Confucius, Brahma, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed are all the same; they differ only in details."

Roman civilization swallowed Jesus' Christianity with all its institutions, according to Abel Adam; "it was not the Christian idea of right that became dominant in Europe, but the Roman idea of right." Luther was on the right track when he left out ceremonies that did not agree with life, reason, and taste in his day. Then came the French Revolution inspired by Greek philosophers ("no Greek philosopher claimed prophetship," declares the writer), which discovered "that truth was in the natural life of man":

> "It discovered that truth was rational. Science could be deducted from the actions of men, from the needs of society, and from the treasures of nature. There was not any divine superiority in the world. Neither the kings nor the popes had any divine trusteeship. Revolution removed religion from the seat of power and left it only in society.
>
> "This resulted naturally in nationalism. The French Revolution was for humanity, but it ended in nationalism. There you find the foundation of the European nationalistic mentality.
>
> "This is the European mentality. There is nothing like it in Asia. We also can acquire it. We also are human. We must accept it *in toto* as it is.
>
> "How should we do it? We must use revolutionary methods. We are called to abolish the Asiatic mentality and establish the European mentality. We are concerned with the same problems as the French Revolution, so we ought also to use revolution as a method. No revolution can allow freedom to its enemies. Personal freedom came after the Revolution. Therefore we can not allow reactionary movements at the present time, otherwise the Revolution can not succeed.
>
> "The European civilization is based on three great foundations: 1. The rights of man. 2. National culture. 3. National economy or finance. The Turkish Revolution also must be based on these three foundations."

To-day we are living in the era of nationalism, reasserts Abel Adam; we have not yet arrived at the era of humanism. "European civilization acts on the principle of nationalism; we must also do likewise. . . . The European civilization is neither a Christian internationalism nor a Christian community. Such old institutions are excluded from European thinking. Movements contrary to this principle are simply ridiculous." The League of Nations is described as "a pitiful example," and says Abel Adam: "To-day there is no humanitarian mentality, and therefore we can not act on humanitarian logic. We have nationalism and nationalistic logic only. . . . This is the result of the struggle for existence, and it is the foundation of life everywhere. This is an axiom."

A GRADELY PRAYER

(These lines, which *St. Martin's Review* ascribes to Teddy Ashton, are taken from a copy hanging on the wall of a country inn in Lancashire.)

GIVE us, Lord, a bit o' sun,
A bit o' work and a bit o' fun;
Give us aw in th' struggle and splutter
Eaur daily bread and a bit o' butter;
Give us health, eaur keep to make
An' a bit to spare for poor folks' sake;
Give us sense, for we're some of us duffers,
An' a heart to feel for aw that suffers;
Give us, too, a bit of a song,
An' a tale, and a book to help us along;
An' give us our share o' sorrow's lesson,
That we may prove heaw grief's a blessin'.
Give us, Lord, a chance to be
Eaur gradely best, brave, wise and free,
Eaur gradely best for eaursels and others,
Till aw men larn to live as brothers.

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

FOLLOWING is the final section of an American poem entitled "The Early Spring Sun," too long to reproduce here in full, but good enough to have won publication in *The Adelphi* (London):

SPRING THOUGHTS ALONE

By Julia Carlie

Lying on my back on the top of a warm rock
I see only the endless sea of blue above me,
Endless and deep and quiet-breathing.
Over my body sheds the warm spring sunlight,
Stealing into my veins, warming my bones.
I lie there thinking of infinite things,
Of Life, and Death.
"This is rather like dying now," I think,
"Death with its warm strong hands stealing over you,
Unfolding your petals, drawing you up, beautiful and free,
Into the sun.
Death and Life, two great experiences,
Yet all there is to be known about them may be seen
In a flower, in a sunrise, in a clear sky.
Oh, this strange other world to which we live so close
And yet so seldom see!
Oh, the eternities of beauty we miss!
How mortal and undivine we seem
While God is waiting always,
In the pale sky and the early spring sun!"

The London *Bookman* offers a monthly prize of one guinea for the best original lyric. In September the prize was divided, and the writer of the following got one-half of the modest sum:

TO A PAIR OF OLD SHOES

By I. Boyd

Poor little lonely, cast-off silver shoes!
You used to dance with such a lightsome tread,
And now you are too worn and old to use,
And she who danced has been a long time dead.

Oh, shoes! do *you* remember that first night?
For me, upon the years it shines apart—
That night I met her; and with feet so light
She danced a careless way into my heart.

She wore a frock more blue than April skies,
With silver shoes upon the little feet
That danced as lightly as a swallow flies,
And gracefully as wind along the wheat.

I sometimes wonder if where she has gone
The little restless feet go dancing on?

A poet who writes beautifully of England and Italy offers this in her book, "Poems" (London: Basil Blackwell):

THE SLEEPING HILL

By Lorna de Lucchi

The moon is lifted up above the hill,
With lovely Venus in a dove-gray sky,
Mist rises, like ghost-water, white and still,
A little cloud of leaves goes whispering by.

O sweet, mysterious, heavenly Beauty, bound
About the foreheads of these ended days:
Our wingless words are dust upon the ground,
Silence is the whole passion of our praise!

In a poor prison made of wood and stone
We love our transient love and nurse our sorrow,
Weaving by false, uncertain lights, alone,
The fragile web our God may rend to-morrow;

But, as unto the hill, so gentle sleep
Will come to us, and, verily, we shall be
Gathered at last, like a tired flock of sheep,
In peace beneath a gold September tree.

A happy mingling of old and new verse-forms is found in this poem from *The Saturday Review of Literature* (New York):

HOW MANY DREAMS

By Maud E. Uschold

How many dreams for a penny?
Dreams are poor fare for many.
"Flour and salt," said the grocer,
"Herring and dills—"
In a purple fen the fireflies hover
around a silver lotus.
"Dreams pay no bills."
"Scissors and steel," said the surgeon,
"Weeping and groans—"
A voice goes through the trees
like a rustle of eagle feathers
and rain in silver buds
breaks from the branches.
"Dreams mend no bones."

"Clover and corn," said the farmer,
"Horses and kine—"
Ripples of silver sequins
on lazy waters
tease the drowsy pools'
unwinking amber eyes.
"Dreams feed no swine."

How many dreams for a penny?
Dreams are poor fare for many.

Love of the old songs and the old music, esteemed before the days of jazz, is voiced in this sonnet from *G. K.'s Weekly* (London):

THE OLD SPINET

By K. Ford

Like moonlight falling on a city street,
Softening the harsh and garish things of day,
Is thy faint voice when fingers lightly stray
Over the yellow keys. Jangled and sweet
The old world melodies and measures beat;
Some plaintive as an evening breeze, some gay
As little streams that down the hillside play;
Some mellow as the sun upon ripe wheat.

A brazen jazz band clangs the latest song,
Dancers like marionettes with measured tread,
Move in and out, and round, a dizzy throng
From whose dull souls the love of thee has fled.
I steal away to hear thy voice among
The ghosts of those who loved thee, and are dead.

A sermon in a poem is still permissible, at least in the Northwest, as witness this from *Pasque Petals* (Aberdeen, S. D.):

THE GHOST OF YOUR WASTED PAST

By J. A. Peterson

You may never see a miser's ghost,
Or the ghost of a murdered wife;
But scoff as you will, some day you'll meet
The ghost of your wasted life.

He'll stare at you when you sit alone
In your chair by the smoldering fire.
But try to disown him, you who dare,
And he'll call you cheat and liar.

He'll call to mind things left undone,
And kind words left unsaid.
He will not leave you at the bridge,
But follow you home to bed.

You may scoff at ghosts for all I care,
But even your sneers won't last,
When you're face to face with your own ghost—
The ghost of your wasted past.

Like a painting by Sorolla, this little poem from *Harper's* is steeped in sunshine:

THE OLD LADY, CONVALESCENT

By Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

The day being warm, she has brought her chair
Into the garden. The sun on her hair
Makes yellow of white, and even her shawl
Is transfigured with light. She ignores the call
Of her daughter's children. She ignores at her feet
The sinuous cat. She ignores the heat,
And even the flowers. Still and serene
As a dragon-fly that has crawled from his mail,
As a snake that has sloughed his skin, and green,
Lies in green grass: so, satiate, frail,
The old woman, warmed through with sunlight, sits
And quietly there in the garden knits—
Knits herself gently back into life,
She who has nothing more to do,
Being old, yet somehow newborn too
From the hands of pain, the dark midwife.

From a Texas coast-town daily, the Port Arthur *News*, comes this simple yet genuine poem of unfulfilled ambition—a sort of American "Carcassonne":

HIS SHIP

By Ethel Osborn Hill

He has a picture of a ship above his stately fireplace;
A wondrous, white-winged ship, plowing through a sea of blue.
It is not emblematic of a home, or peace, or comfort,
And yet it fascinates him as nothing else can do.

On stormy nights he sits before his cozy, homey fireplace,
With warm, dry feet on cushioned stool, with pipe and mug and book;
And wrapped in sensuous comfort, with the glowing firelight 'round him,
He gazes on the pictured ship, with hungry, yearning look.

Full many a heart is held at home, with creature comforts fettered,
Who fain would rove the stormy seas and brave the fiercest gale;
Whose dreams are wilder, stranger yet, than those by poets lettered,
But who are held by Duty's leash, to those they dare not fail.

So he lives his life of comfort, with his soul forever crying
For the luring, magic ocean; but with bravely smiling lip
He sits before the fireplace, while the night wind storms and rages,
And gazes at the picture of a wondrous, white-winged ship.

A tragic love-story of the World War is told in a few lines in this little poem from *The Prism* (Kansas City, Mo.):

AFTERMATH

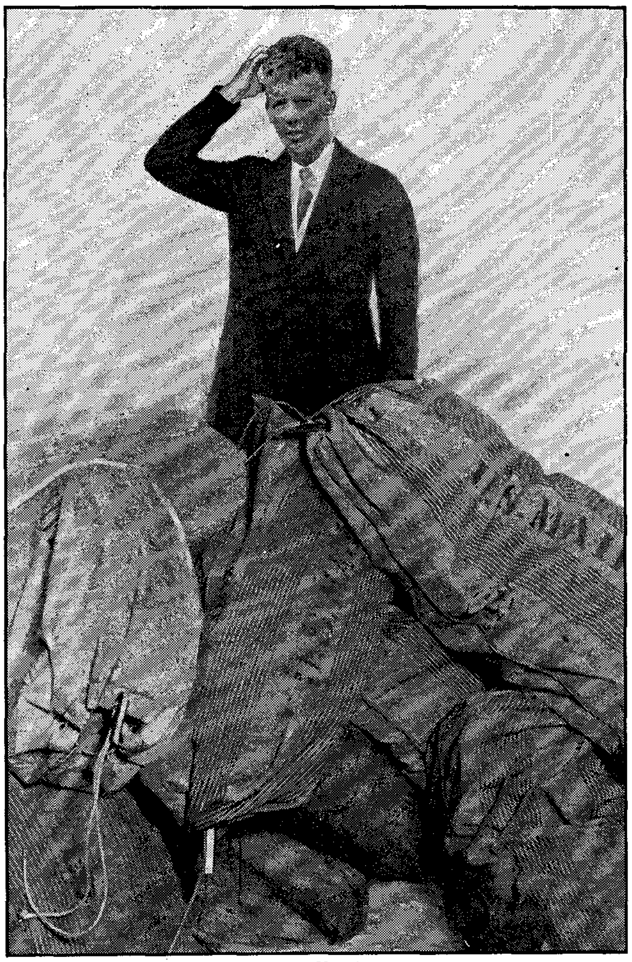
By Emma Scott

You went to war,
And took my joy and laughter with my kiss;
Nor was that all—
My spirit made an armor for your spirit,
My soul beside your soul stood guard,
My tenderness to fill your need clung 'round you—
Oh, life became a raptured pain of giving!
Then you came home—and now,
For you—a shadow looking through your eyes,
For me—an empty heart.

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

WHAT "DEAR LINDY" FOUND IN HIS MAIL-BAG

"FAIR-HAIRED APOLLO, your meteoric traverse of the sea, your transcendent victory over boundless space, shall thunder down the avenues of time!" And so on, we are told, "for several resounding pages of closely written foolscap." That's just one sample of one type of letter among the 3,500,000 delivered to Colonel Lindbergh, together with 14,000 postal parcels "containing gifts, samples and articles for trade," and 100,000 telegrams and cablegrams—all between May 21, when he alighted in Paris, and June 17, "when he landed in St. Louis after an unprecedented welcome by mankind." No man in history ever received such a fat mail-bag, asserts Commander Fitzhugh Green; and he proceeds to give us an interesting analysis of its contents, with a few samples of what people wrote to the most popular of men. Commander Green's article appears in *The Popular Science Monthly*, prefaced by an editorial note informing us that the Commander was one of Colonel Lindbergh's chief aids, "through the crowded events that followed the great flight to Paris," and that he also "aided in handling Lindbergh's huge mail." Even now, he tells us, scores of secretaries and postal clerks are still busy sorting and classifying the great piles of communications to the young aviator, whose daily mail continues to be greater than most of us receive in a month.



Photograph by courtesy of *The Popular Science Monthly*

HE WANTED TO READ AND ANSWER THEM ALL, BUT—

It would have taken seventy years for a skilled business correspondent to dictate acknowledgments to all the admiring, aspiring, glad, sad, generous, or grasping souls that poured themselves out to "Lindy."

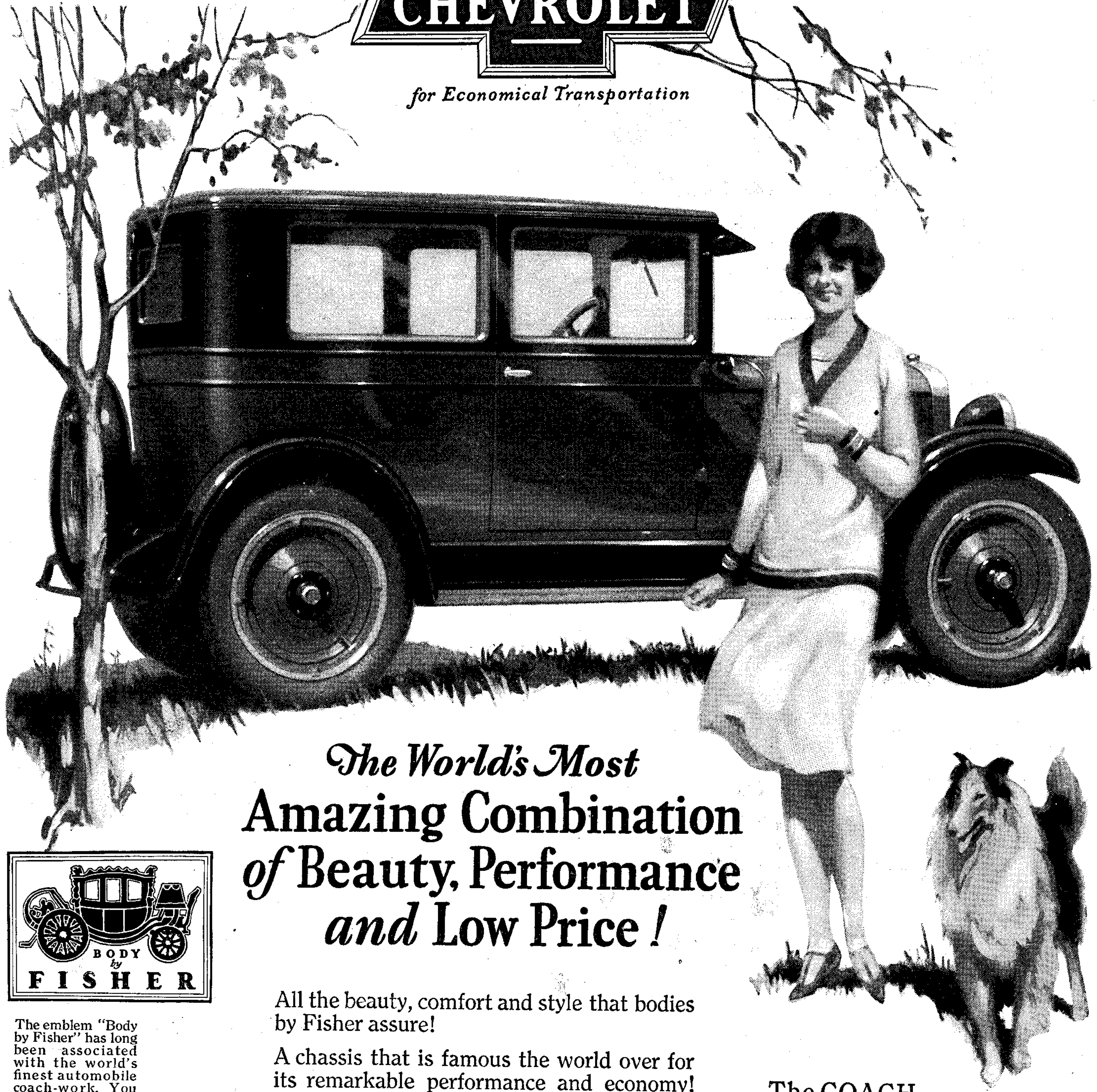
Lindbergh's first impulse was "to read every letter, and answer each in turn with his own hand." He was "deeply and profoundly interested." He was "thrilled that thousands upon thousands whose names were strange to him, and whose faces he had never seen, should thus shower him with personal tributes." However, as we read on:

> That first impulse soon changed to something like bewilderment when, on the second day after his arrival in Paris, a large room had to be commandeered for the first of this mail, and Ambassador Herrick assigned eight of his own staff to handle the correspondence. By the second night another tidal wave of cables, sweeping in from America, swamped the secretarial force, which by that time had been trebled. Even while the secretaries toiled far into the night, they gave up all hope of answering each missive in the sea of white and yellow envelops.
>
> Not so Lindbergh. When, later, the deluge was repeated in varying degrees in Brussels, London, and Cherbourg, he never quite gave up the idea of eventually completing the appalling task of answering unseen millions who spoke to him.
>
> The simply worded messages from mothers who poured out their hearts in joy at his safe landing—the letters in the trembling hand of old age, or in the faltering form of the very young—those other jubilant congratulations from rulers, presidents, scientists, educators, business men, soldiers, sailors, clerks, street-cleaners, even tramps and beggars—all these voices seemed to hold him duty bound, the while they overwhelmed him.
>
> Only when he reached America and received the full volume of the welcome home, was he at last compelled to throw up his hands in despair. In Washington three mail-trucks brought him letters that had collected during his passage home on the U. S. S. *Memphis*. A huge Western Union bus with ten messengers carried the telegrams for him. Ten one-ton trucks could not have transported all the parcel-post intended for his hand! In New York scores of aides, clerks and stenographers struggled in vain to keep pace with the ever rising tide.
>
> Yet, withal, it required some argument to convince the boy that personal acknowledgment would be beyond the power of any man.
>
> It was pointed out to him that a high-speed business executive with a force of expert stenographers might average 200 replies a day. At that rate he might clean up Lindbergh's stack of mail in about seventy years! Only, before he could finish two-thirds of it, he'd be dead of old age!
>
> Moreover, Lindbergh was reminded of the fact that he knows neither how to dictate nor to typewrite. He writes everything—even his book—in longhand. If he should work at top speed on the letters every day, he'd have the job done in about 150 years. The letter-heads alone in this mail of his, if placed end to end, would stretch from New York to Denver. Stack all this mail in a single pile, and it would reach 10,000 feet into the sky, nearly to the height of Pike's Peak!
>
> So, in the end, altho in St. Louis a force of fifteen secretaries of the Chamber of Commerce did manage in six weeks to acknowledge 200,000 letters addrest to him there, Colonel Lindbergh has had for the most part to content himself with the hope that his unanswered friends will see his predicament and understand.
>
> Perhaps, after all, it is well that this is so. I have read hundreds of the letters which Lindbergh himself never has had opportunity to see. Many of them would tear at his heart-strings. While some offer opportunities for wealth beyond the dreams of most men, others would tug at his purse-strings. If he should respond to a small portion of the pitiful appeals for help contained he would soon be impoverished. While he would be gladdened by the sincere generosity of every-day people, he would be saddened, too, by the avarice, treachery and deceit which my eyes so often read between the lines.
>
> What a revelation of human character there!
>
> The largest number, of course, were letters of congratulation. Most of these were couched in the simple, kindly language of home folks. I pick up one at random and read: "Dear Colonel Lindbergh: Oh, we are so happy you got there. May God bless

(*Continued on page 41*)

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation



The World's Most Amazing Combination *of* Beauty, Performance *and* Low Price!

BODY by FISHER

The emblem "Body by Fisher" has long been associated with the world's finest automobile coach-work. You will find this emblem on the body of every Chevrolet enclosed car.

All the beauty, comfort and style that bodies by Fisher assure!

A chassis that is famous the world over for its remarkable performance and economy! The most impressive prices ever placed on a modern quality automobile.

Truly, today's Chevrolet provides the world's outstanding combination of beauty, performance and low price!

Go to the display room of your Chevrolet dealer and make your own inspection of this remarkable car. Observe the advanced modern design. Go for a ride—and know the thrill of Chevrolet performance.

Here is everything you need in an automobile—at a price that is possible only because of General Motors vast resources and Chevrolet's great volume production!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The COACH $595

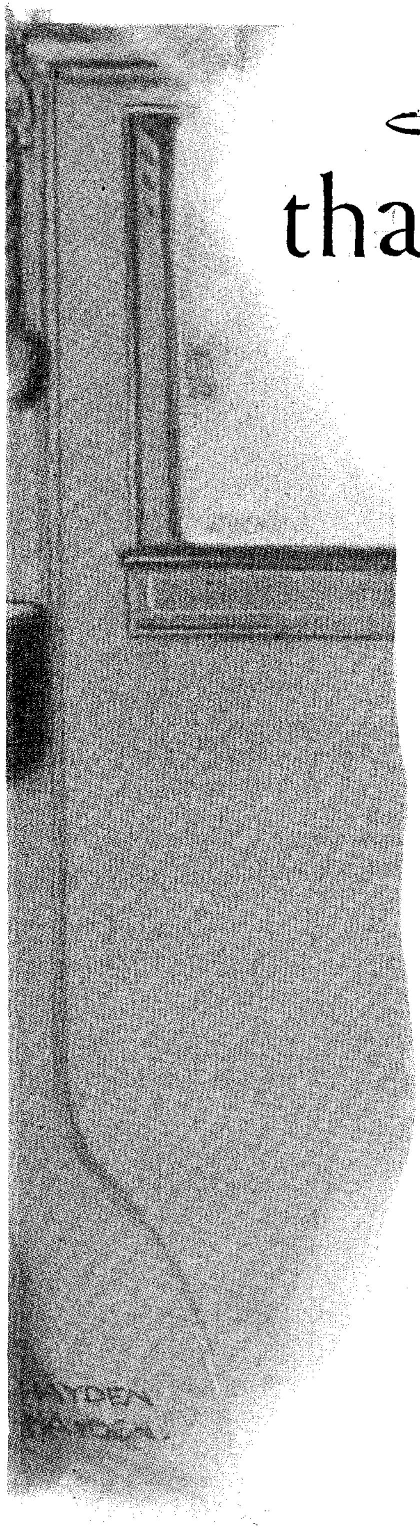
The Touring or Roadster	$525
The Coupe	$625
The 4-Door Sedan	$695
The Sport Cabriolet	$715
The Imperial Landau	$745
½-Ton Truck (Chassis Only)	$395
1-Ton Truck (Chassis Only)	$495

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Check Chevrolet Delivered Prices

They include the lowest handling and financing charges available.

QUALITY AT LOW COST



Luxury that has won the world to Buick

MANY MOTOR CARS . . . many enthusiastic claims . . . but Buick for 1928 brings to its owners all desired qualities.

Buick, with its smart, graceful Bodies by Fisher provides exquisite color harmonies inside and out—form-fitting, tailored seat cushions as comfortable as an easy chair—and interiors as perfectly appointed as royal drawing-rooms.

Buick smooths away all road irregularities and makes its own fine roadbed, by means of perfect chassis balance, easy-riding cantilever springs and hydraulic shock absorbers, front and rear.

Buick offers the famous Buick Valve-in-Head six-cylinder engine, imparting complete road-mastery: get-away like an arrow from a bow; —power to pass on any hill—and performance *vibrationless beyond belief!*

These are distinct Buick properties—private possessions—lifting Buick for 1928 into a wonderful field of its own.

These are *extra* motoring advantages—luxuries that have won the world to Buick.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ontario*

BUICK 1928

VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK

Copyright, 1927, The Fisk Tire Company, Inc

Copy of picture only, design No. W-32, in full color, enlarged for framing, sent free on request. The Fisk Tire Co., Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

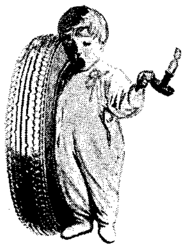
Well Managed Miles

On thousands of cars Fisk Balloon Cords are giving seasoned motorists, wise tire buyers, complete tire satisfaction, delivering an unusual degree of comfort and safety throughout unusually long mileage. When it is Time to Re-Tire, assure yourself of a good long rest from tire buying—equip your car with

Fisk Balloon Cords

"FISK SAYS IT WITH MILEAGE"

FISK



Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(*Continued from page 36*)

and keep you for your mother and for us." Such was the gist of thousands upon thousands of messages from American fathers and mothers.

Requests for help came next, says Commander Green. Specifying entreaties based on purported old friendship, on relationship, on past favors, and on the utter poverty of the writers, he continues:

I believe there was not a single man or woman of the hundreds that worked on Lindbergh's mail who did not shed many tears. So plainly grievous were many cases, that it shocked us, as I know it would have shocked Lindbergh, to realize there was such abject misery in this rich country of ours.

A widow wrote that she had been bedridden for eighteen years. "A little money will do," she urged, "maybe ten or fifteen dollars. That will give me a chance to get new curtains for the room in which I have lain for so many years."

Sick people, the financially down and out, struggling widows, orphans, a wife who had left her husband and was trying to earn an independent living, the discontented daughter who had sought her fortune in the city and found only discouragement and failure—thousands of these unhappy people felt called upon to lay their cases before the young man who flew to Paris.

Some requests for help were more entertaining than heartrending. The owner of a small-town garage wrote that he had been having trouble with valves, and considered Lindbergh "just the fellow to help me out."

"I have ground the valves with carborundum dust and on a stone," he said, "but they seem to leak. I want to know what you think about this. You seem to know your engines pretty well. Or else you would have broken them down long ago. It may be that I am not doing the job thoroughly enough. You see I have had a good deal of trouble lately. We live with my wife's mother. She bothers Minnie (my wife) a little, especially in the evenings. So next morning I haven't got my mind on the job.

"Better write me direct to the shop, and don't mention the mother-in-law. What I want is advice on valves."

The letters were in every conceivable form. More were in longhand than in type; more in pencil than ink; more from small towns than from cities or country. More came from women than from men. Nearly as many came from youths as from adults. Girls wrote more than boys in ratio of about four to one. Most writers put in their addresses; many, their photographs.

One person out of five sent some sort of newspaper clipping. Nearly one letter in twenty contained a poem about Lindbergh or dedicated to him. More than 5,000 Lindbergh poems were written in all. About $10,000 of return postage was received, and there was also some cash. More than 400 Lindberghs had written to Slim by the time he reached New York, claiming close relationship and asking if he couldn't do something for them now that he was the outstanding member of the family.

Next in number to the appeals for help came the business offers. I doubt if Lindbergh will ever know the extent of the promised fortunes of those offers. A conservative estimate by a well-known banker is $6,000,000.

More than half this amount was covered in perfectly feasible moving-picture contracts. One company offered him about $500,000 if he would put in a few days doing the star part in a picture that would represent American home life. Another wanted him to do an air thriller in twelve releases at $40,000 a release. Still another offered him $100,000 to appear in a film in which he would actually be married, the stipulation being that there be close-ups of his face when he first met the girl that appealed to him, and at the moment he was pronounced her husband. For this unique pictorial study of emotion it was said he would receive $1,000,000.

The most amazing offer he received in Europe was of $2,500,000 for a flight alone around the world. Perhaps the easiest money he could have made was a proposition which involved about forty minutes of his time. He was to get $240,000 if he would stand in front of a camera which registered both voice and picture, and read his own first account of the flight across the Atlantic as published in the press. He could have made about $300,000 by letting a talking-machine concern make a record of his story in his own voice, the reading to be bracketed by the "Marseillaise" and the "Star Spangled Banner" played by a big orchestra.

Lindbergh knew of most of these enticing offers, but in every case he declined them graciously but firmly. He seemed determined not only to devote himself to his chosen calling of aviation, but jealously to guard against the danger of cheapening either himself or the achievement for which the world had honored him.

In his mail were countless smaller offers of which he never knew. Typical among them was an invitation to become a partner in the operation of a chain of small stores. As a special inducement the man who made the offer agreed to let Lindbergh use his name on the store windows! "You will find me a good fellow to deal with," the man wrote as an added attraction, "I don't get angry very often, and when I do I usually go away, so will not fight."

Next in order of their numbers came "mash notes." These were to be expected. Lindbergh is young, and famous, and good looking. He doesn't drink nor smoke nor dissipate. He is full of health. Tho he resisted all business offers save his book and his story in the newspapers just after his arrival in Paris, this money with the $25,000 Orteig prize which he won, has given him a comfortable fortune.

Many has been the match made by a chance letter. Youth is full of romance. Why shouldn't the girls have written Charlie how they felt? Most of us who had a chance to read the letters were imprest by their sincerity and decency. There wasn't the cheapness about them that one might expect in the circumstances.

"I like your looks and believe you would like me"—"We might hit it off; who can tell?"—"I believe if you and I came to like one another, we might be just suited"—"Excuse me for writing, and I shall expect to hear from you when you reach town." Frank and straightforward were most of the messages, written by wholesome girls to a wholesome young man.

How did Slim feel about them? How does he regard the flood of love notes and proposals of marriage? Well, he never has said. Whenever the letters have been mentioned, he always has smiled his famous smile—and changed the subject. I fear tho, that the thousands of lovely young women—and elderly ones, too—who lost their hearts to him, remain among the vast throng of unanswered admirers.

Of all the letters, however, the most interesting to Commander Green—and he knows they would have appealed to Lindbergh—were the ones that told about new inventions. Of which we read on:

True, many of them made wild claims that never could be substantiated; many were from obvious cranks; and many talked more about the millions of dollars promised in quick profits than about the practicability of the article. But the majority of them were of real and specific interest, and showed promise in those who wrote them.

I think these inventions thrilled many of us who were working on the Lindbergh mail, because they indicated what terrific and country-wide energy is daily devoted to mechanical development. If only one-thousandth of the inventions proposed to Lindbergh ultimately turn out to be useful, transportation, communication, industry, and hygiene in America will be revolutionized in the next five years!

Prominent among the creations which inventors described to Slim applied to aviation. Hundreds of young men proposed devices for stabilizing an airplane so that it could not upset in flight. Most of them had developed some new form of wing or automatic control to make an accident almost impossible. Surely this shows how intense is the effort to bring about safe flying. Many sketches for new kinds of parachutes were submitted; parachutes for the plane as well as for pilot and passengers.

One mechanical genius wrote: "When you come to my town I want to show you an engine I have built that will run for twenty-four hours on a gallon of fuel, and run strongly enough to pull your *Spirit of St. Louis* at twice the speed you made across the Atlantic." He only hinted at the chemistry of his marvelous fuel and the mechanics of his superengine.

Then there were inventions that had nothing remotely to do with Lindbergh or aviation. The fact that the flyer had been so resourceful and successful seemed to indicate that his genius might be applied in almost any line. Slim is scarcely a horseman, yet a retired mariner wrote asking him to join forces in a device to prevent horses from running away by the simple method of fixing a boat davit to the car or carriage, by means of which the runaway animal could be hoisted off the ground.

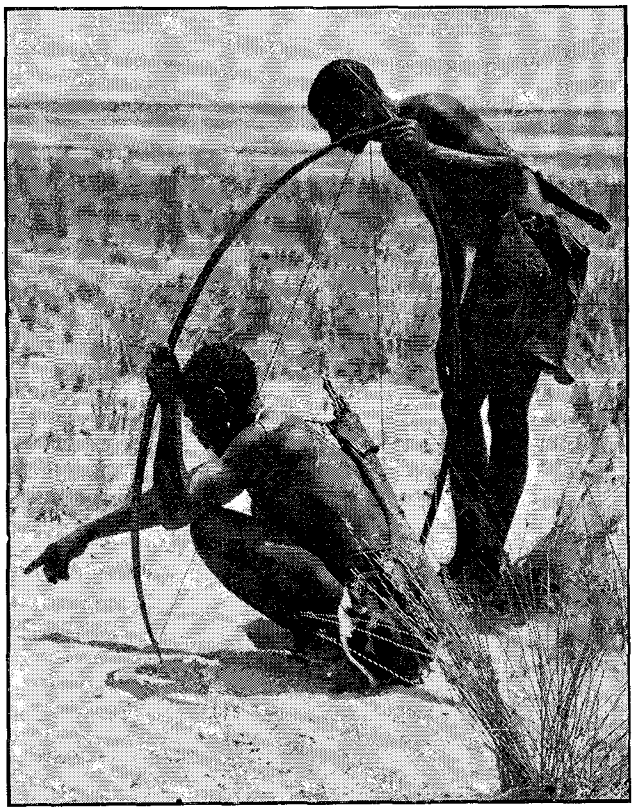
Innumerable letters contained proposals for improving radio. Chief among these were ideas for television, distant radio control, power transmission by radio, and airship guidance with radio waves.

A large number contained requests for aid in perfecting "surefire" perpetual motion machines.

A college professor wrote that he thought Lindbergh might be interested in helping him perfect a gun which would sink any battle-ship in the world with one shot.

I read at least three proposals that Lindbergh join in an attempt to reach the moon by a rocket shot from the earth. There was one plan to communicate with Mars. Other plans outlined to the flyer were for making gold from sea-water and diamonds from carbon, and for finding buried treasure.

VISITING A VANISHING PALEOLITHIC RACE—PENSIONERS OF THE LION



Photographs by courtesy of *ASIA Magazine*

THE PUZZLING "SPOOR" OF A MOTOR-TRUCK

Picking up trails of all kinds is one of the Bushman's leading accomplishments, but the trail of the rubber tire is a novelty to him.

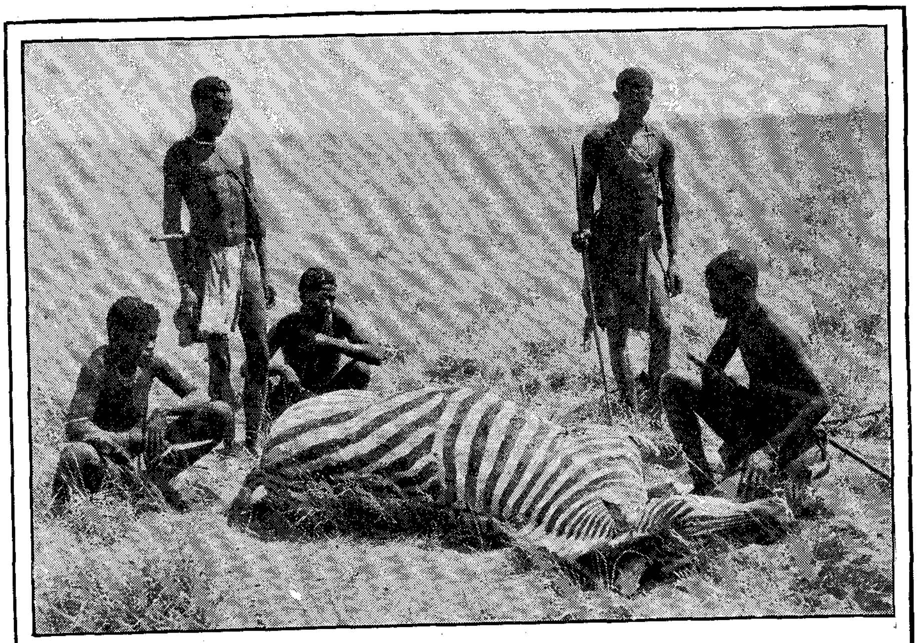
SLEEPING WITH ONE EAR OPEN, the Bushman listens for the lion's roar—not in fear, we are told, but in pleasant anticipation of a hearty breakfast on the remains of the royal banquet. Altho an adept hunter, with his poisoned arrows and his gift for disguising himself into the semblance of some object of nature, he never hunts the king of beasts, but maintains toward him—at a respectful distance—the pacific and admiring attitude of a grateful pensioner toward his powerful patron. That relationship seems to be thoroughly appreciated by the lion, which seldom makes a meal of a Bushman. The last white travelers to make minute observations of that fast-disappearing race of African aborigines were the three Americans of the Denver-African Expedition, accompanied by two Cape Town scientists. It is the leader of the expedition, Mr. C. Ernest Cadle, who now tells us, in *Asia* Magazine, of the lion-Bushman entente. In graphic terms he pictures the simple savage with an ear cocked for the voice of King Leo, "who always publishes his kill on the great sounding-board of the African night." The Bushman, he relates, then "turns over in his little screen, sits up, and, having ascertained the direction of the lion's voice, indicates it by the way he places an arrow. Then he lies down again. At dawn he watches for the vultures, a practise that through the long history of the race has become the daily round and common task. Usually they arrive before the Bushman, and he gets what these and other fellow scavengers have left. Both animals and Bushman are aware that, if undisturbed after he has eaten, the lion is harmless." No wonder the tribespeople the expedition met "were loath to participate in a lion hunt, even after we had proved better friends than the lion could ever be." Mr. Cadle begins his account with a striking quotation:

"Every man's hand was against them, and so they passed out of sight, but perished fighting stubbornly, disdaining compromise or quarter to the very last. There is no longer room on the earth for paleolithic man." Like the clear and unmistakable call of the bugle sounding taps over the remains of the once myriad race of South African Bushmen, comes this statement from the pen of George McCall Theal, historian of South Africa.

Once the Bushmen overran a large part of the African continent. Indeed some anthropologists have advanced the theory that a branch of this race, or other races related to the same stock, wandered into Europe and Southeastern Asia as well. However that may be, theirs was a losing fight. The present time finds but a handful of miserable creatures huddled in the shelter of rude wind-screens in and near the Kalahari Desert, in Southwest Africa, whence they have retreated from their human foes, white and black.

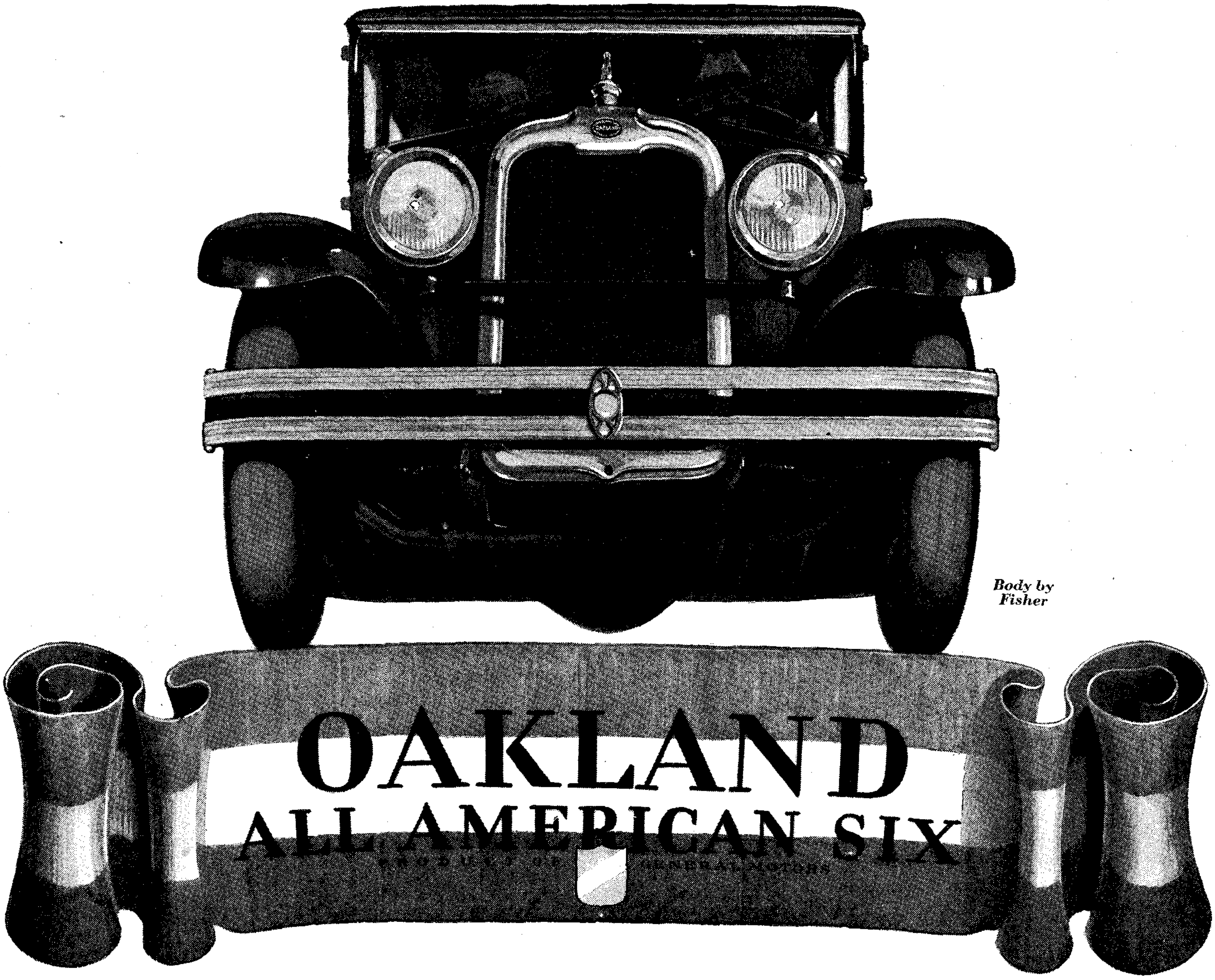
It was in early July that we set out in our big truck from Cape Town for regions west and northwest of Kalahari. Our party of three Americans, who composed the Denver-African Expedition, was augmented by Prof. A. J. Goodwin, from the University of Cape Town, and Mr. Donald Bain, from the Museum of Natural History in Cape Town. We had also three gallant dogs, but of the trio only one, Bobby, the most courageous fighter that ever worried a lion, came back with us. On the edge of the Etosha Pan the other two died in combat with the king of beasts.

The first objective of our trek through the wilderness to Southwest Africa was to meet Kanna, of whom Bain had heard on a former trip into the Karroo. Kanna was reputed to be more than a hundred years old, perhaps the last member of the race of pure-breed Cape Bushmen. And find him we did one morning, huddled over a small fire near the abode of some Hottentots, with whom he lived. We were playing in great luck; for we were then still on the south bank of the Orange River, over which one must pass before Bushman country can be entered. We spent three days in feeding and questioning Kanna and listening to his chatter. Here again fortune favored us. I happen to have been brought up in the mountains of Uniondale, a district of Cape Province, among the old haunts of the almost vanished Bushmen. My nursemaid had boasted that Bushman blood flowed in her veins; and the nursery tales she had told me were old Bushman legends of jackals and hyenas. So, having learned Nama and several other native dialects when a boy, I was able to talk with Kanna in a tongue that he, too, had partly learned in his far-away youth. The events of his life indicated that he must indeed have been close to a hundred years old. The most vivid experiences of this four-feet-six-inches of humanity had to do with hunger and its appeasing. Nothing, apparently, had any meaning for him except as he saw it, felt it or tasted it.



FIRST CALL FOR DINNER ON THE BOUNDING VELD

After the thrust of the Bushman's poisoned arrow, the doomed zebra may have gone on for an hour or so, it is explained, but the hunters have trailed him until he dropt, and have now cut away the fatal arrow and the surrounding flesh.



American Standards of Performance and Style — At All-American Prices!

You've probably heard how this big new Six was created by American engineers to meet modern American motoring needs—how it introduced a big new engine, a new and longer chassis and many original features of design.

★ ★ ★

You've probably watched it on the street and admired the American beauty revealed in its masterly lines and new bodies by Fisher.

★ ★ ★

But why not consider just for a minute, the really *impressive fact?* The fact that the Oakland All-American Six is offered at All-American prices—which make its luxury no luxury at all.

★ ★ ★

Value, they say, is what you get for what you pay. And here is the most in a motor car that an equal amount of money ever bought.

★ ★ ★

Size, speed, smoothness—staunchness that welcomes the roughest roads. Comfort, luxury, distinction—advanced features through and through. Just the kind of a car you wanted at a price you've wanted to pay! Ask your local dealer for a demonstration! Learn why the All-American Six is winning all America in such a spectacular way.

2-DOOR SEDAN $1045

Landau Coupe	$1045	Sport Roadster	$1075
4-Door Sedan	$1145	Cabriolet	$1145
Landau Sedan	$1265		

The New and Finer Pontiac Six, $745 to $925. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

As we journeyed northward, the Dutch farmers continually warned us of the darker side of the Bushman's nature. Beyond the Orange River the tales became increasingly gruesome. The most bloody of them was the story of the murder of Van Rynevelt.

Against advice, this Van Rynevelt, a local magistrate, had insisted on giving chase to a number of Bushmen who had come out of the desert, killed several cattle on border farms, eaten their stomachs full, and then vanished into the night. After being pursued for several days by Van Rynevelt and his native police, they had wearied of the chase and led their foes into ambush. Burying themselves in the sand, with tufts of grass to hide their heads, they had waited until their victims' horses were snorting in alarm. Then the sand spewed up the little demons. Before the rifles could prevent, came the sharp twang of the sinew bow-string and the swish of the poisoned arrow. Van Rynevelt clutched his side and toppled from his mount, the virulent poison on the ivory arrow-head making sure his death. To add weight to the tale, the very bow and arrow with which he had been killed were thrust into our hands for examination; the blood had not been removed from the shaft.

But Africa is a land of contrasts. Within two weeks after leaving Cape Town we drove into thriving little Windhoek, the capital of what was formerly German Southwest Africa. Everywhere evidences of European civilization greeted us as we passed down the wide main street to the government buildings. We could make but a brief stop, for time was pressing. So, tho loath to leave the delightful atmosphere of Windhoek, where we had received invaluable cooperation from the Governor and his staff, we set out, over poor roads, toward Otyo. At that point we should once more replenish our supplies before proceeding into the Kaoko Veld, the land inhabited by the wild Ova-Chimba, great hunters in a land where game is always plentiful.

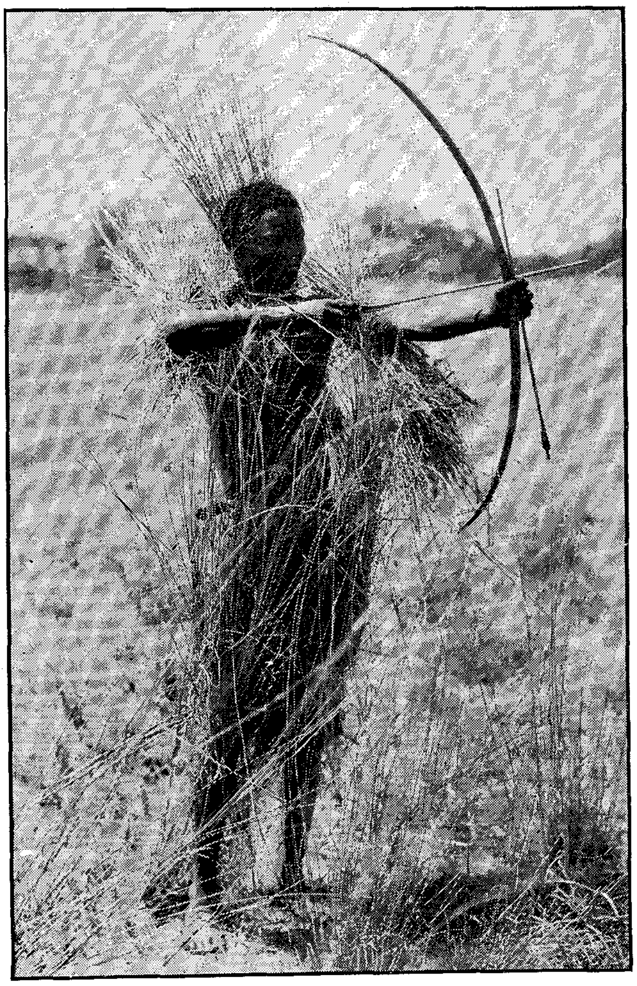
A ROYAL COMEDIAN

Jolly Hiambilli, prince consort of Queen Kalinasha, monarch of the Ovambos, struck the white travelers as a regular village cut-up, "bent on making life merry with his pranks."

Otyo is connected with the outside world by a little narrow-gage railroad. When once you find yourself in what the African people call "the blue"—anywhere beyond the farthest outposts is "the blue"—an awful sense of isolation settles down upon you. A bit of information we picked up at Otyo did its part toward creating this sense of ever-impending danger. We learned that, less than a year before, the very Bushmen we hoped to meet and live with had brutally slain and eaten a number of Ba-Rotse Kaffirs who had come from the region of Zambezi to work in the mines at Tsumeb.

Before setting out from Otyo for the Etosha Pan, we loaded the truck with three tons of food, thinking, however, that, if we saw more than a score of Bushmen whom we might invite to eat with us, we should be exceedingly lucky.

For two days they ran through herds of zebras, kudus, wildebeests, giant elands, and many other species of big game. There were "literally thousands of animals running and frisking along the Pan, an ocean of glass, in which the mirrored images assumed the giant proportions of the vanished creatures of prehistoric ages"; and we read on:



A PAST-MASTER OF CAMOUFLAGE

The art developed for sharpshooting in the World War is second nature to the Bushman, who thus disguises himself with tufts of grass to stalk his quarry in the open.

> This was Etosha. Prior to 1914 the region and its environs were known as the Kaiser's own game preserve.
>
> As the mirage-like scene gave up its details, what we had at first taken to be a vision of a great medieval stone castle, proved to be a castle in fact. But it was modern. It had been built as a lookout on the border of Ovamboland, where the Ovambos, a very powerful Bantu tribe, had frequently attacked the Kaiser's soldiers. Sparkling in the sunlight was a masonry swimming-pool, fed by a clear, cool brook. A substantial neat cottage belonged to Captain Nelson, game-warden and unofficial guardian of the last of the living members of the once numerous Heikum Bushman tribe. Only a man living as he does, at an outpost of civilization, could feel the desire to extend to his own kind such a welcome as we received.
>
> That very night, however, we repacked, and next morning, accompanied by Captain Nelson, we drove into the heart of the Heikum Bushman country. There, beneath a giant camel's-thorn tree, we pitched our tents, and then with Captain Nelson and our mixed-breed Bushman guides we strolled out to meet our first Bushmen of this section. Suddenly Captain Nelson halted and pointed. In the lee of some shadows we saw three hunters barely discernible. They were watching us and had come out so that we could see them; for they knew Captain Nelson and understood that his attitude was friendly. In their hands they carried long bows. Their quivers were full of arrows iron-pointed and poison-tipped. Within speaking distance they halted. Nelson spoke to his boys, who in turn spread the good news: into the bush had come a company of white men, friends, who wanted to learn about the life there. All the Bushmen would get food and presents from the visitors if they would only come forth and eat and dance and talk.
>
> Highly elated at their responsiveness, we hastened back to camp with the good news and spent the evening in listening to our host relate some of his experiences with these savages. It was so quiet at intervals that we could hear the scorpions come crawling over the leaves toward the fire. As each insect approached, one of us would take a stick and dispatch it with a toss into the flames. Suddenly Bain turned to fill his pipe from the tobacco lying behind him with his other belongings. With an oath he jumped to his feet and reached for his gun. Nelson jumped up and restrained him. By that time we were all on our feet, uncertain of the next move to

"NERVOUS, MISERABLE . . . *I had to give up every outdoor sport*"

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Riding, swimming, tennis—I was forced to give up each of my beloved sports. And my dancing, too . . .

"The doctor's words sounded hopeless! 'Auto-intoxication' had become chronic! I feared I would be afflicted my whole life long.

"I led a miserable existence. Something had to be done. I tried medicines. To no avail. I was terribly weak—oppressed by an overwhelming desire to sleep continuously.

"Then one day my mother handed me several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast, saying, 'You have tried everything else.' It was with a mere flickering ray of hope that I began eating it—three cakes a day.

"Today I can snap my fingers at the word 'chronic.' For in 5 months my auto-intoxication had *disappeared.* I've never felt better in my life. I'm riding again, and fit for any strenuous sport. And I am thinking of starting my dancing again, too." —*Mrs. Cyril E. Allen.*

WHEN the body is depressed by intestinal poisons, Fleischmann's Yeast gets surely at the source of the trouble.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food as fresh as any vegetable from the garden. It cleanses the digestive tract of accumulated wastes, strengthens the intestinal muscles. With elimination regular, the assimilation of food becomes normal, the blood is purified—the tone of the whole system is raised. Indigestion, skin disorders yield to the action of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Start today on this easy, natural road to health. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. A104, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

This modern, natural way to health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to eat one cake with a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

ABOVE, MRS. CYRIL E. ALLEN, *of Philadelphia*

RIGHT

"THREE YEARS AGO I was told that, to avoid a nervous breakdown, I vitally needed a rest. My whole system was run down from overwork. On returning from my vacation boils started to break out upon my face and neck—the result of the condition of my blood. Ointments and poultices seemed only to alleviate—not overcome—the disorder.

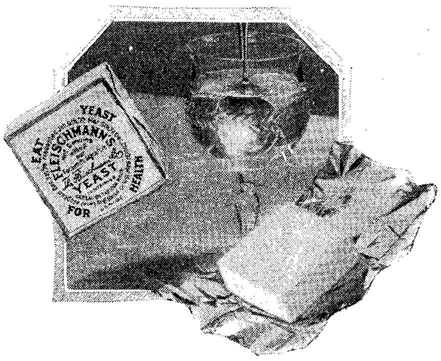
"Numerous friends advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating it regularly at meal times. Soon the boils simply faded away and I have had none since. I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily to keep 'fit'."

LEIGHTON M. REID, Detroit, Mich.

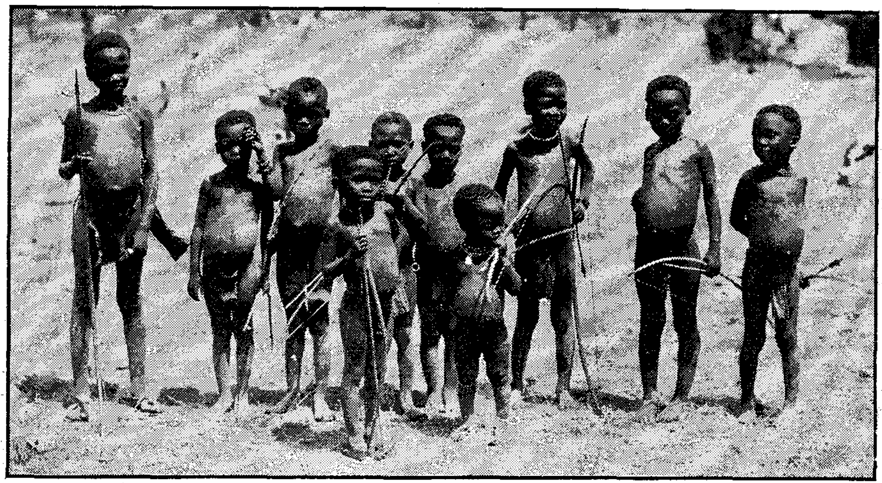
LEFT

"I WAS under the anxious responsibility of starting my own business and nursing it along the road to success. Of course my hours were long, and I overworked. Soon my system was run down. At the same time I began to suffer from constipation. My digestion, too, was impaired. One day someone recommended that I try Yeast. . . . I did try it. Today, after taking Fleischmann's Yeast regularly for two months, I find myself, to be brief, 'enjoying the best of health'."

LEO S. KILLEEN, St. Paul, Minn.



make. Seated in the circle about us, so close that we were beginning to smell them, now that we knew they were there, were six Bushmen. Three of them were our guides, who had gone into the bush at dusk and had now returned with the three hunters we had interviewed that afternoon. Unseen, unheard, silent as the shadows of the night, they had come and joined us. The sight of them, each with his full quiver and efficient bow, made us nervous—foolishly so, perhaps.


EVEN BUSHMAN BABIES ARE EVER READY FOR WAR OR THE CHASE

Their bows and arrows are small but deadly, and youngsters like those pictured here may be seen on serious hunting expeditions of their own.

The next day brought new problems, which were not without humor. We were all out at dawn, eager to see what would be the outcome of the promises of the day before. About a score of the Bushmen—men, women, and children—were standing uncertainly near the camp, ready for hasty retreat at the first sign of hostility. Our doubts were banished, and our hopes justified. But at Captain Nelson's suggestion we paid no attention to the Bushmen, accepting them as part of the scenery and beginning to prepare our breakfast. The odors of boiling coffee and fried bacon were wafted to our visitors. Chatter and eager gestures began. One of the camp-boys at this juncture nearly broke up the party. He climbed into the truck after some trivial thing and happened to touch the horn. Instantly the Bushmen to an individual were gone. For nearly an hour we did not see them again.

At last they reappeared, their numbers augmented by several families. We immediately set about feeding them. But to our despair we beheld our flock grow as by magic under our eyes, until it numbered one hundred and seventeen men, women, and children. After a hasty conference we decided to give each one of them three days' rations. A Bushman's only storehouse, however, is his stomach, and, when he gets food, he eats until it is gone. Thus our group immediately proceeded to act, making such rapid progress that by evening not a morsel was left.

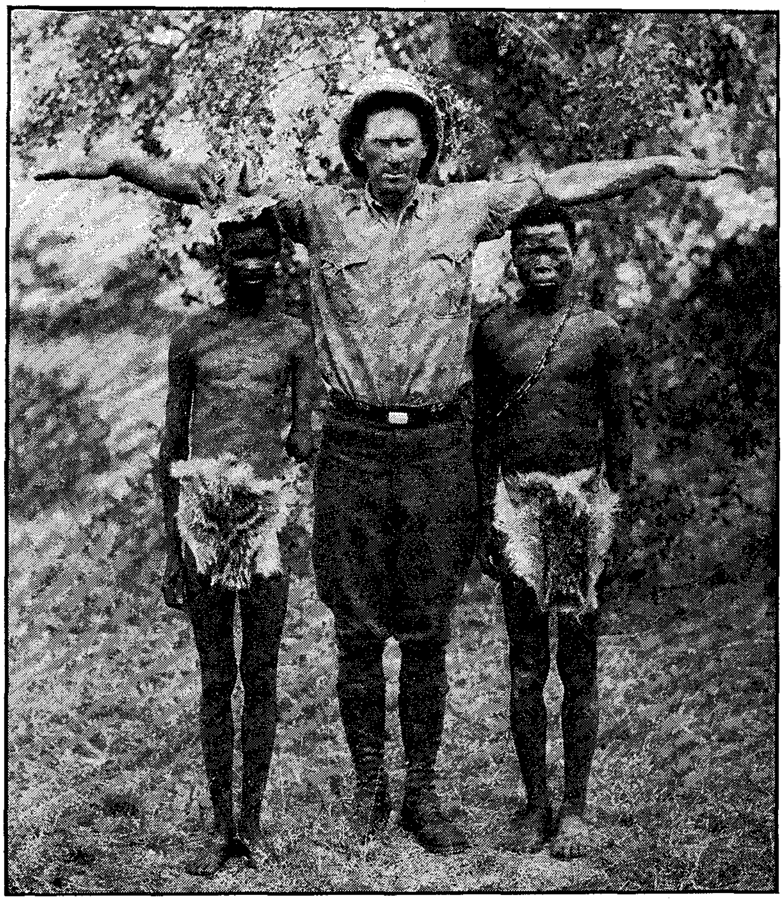
We realized that we should be out of supplies in a week. Hence we should have to make a flying trip for more food; for we intended to stay at least a month. We had done our best, but there were several things that even Captain Nelson had not foreseen. He came to our rescue by turning over his private store of provisions. This, together with two wildebeests or two zebras, which we shot for the Bushmen every day, filled our savage friends with contentment until our truck came back, reloaded, from Tsumeb.

Never again did they give the Bushmen any rations in advance, tho by doing so they "could have saved many hours of labor, since the doling out of the food took more than an hour each morning." However:

Our effort repaid us well; for our pensioners soon took us into the most intimate association that we could stand. We saw to it that their camp was made a hundred and fifty yards from ours, since the Bushman has not even the most elementary knowledge of sanitation. The first ablution of a Bushman baby consists of a rub-down with a tuft of grass, and, except when a Bushman is rained on, water never touches him. Of course, it would take more than a rain-storm to wash away from his body the dirt of a lifetime. This dirt has its uses; for, mingled with the ointment that he smears on, it helps to protect him from insects. His ordinary wardrobe is a strip of buckskin—antelope hide—about six inches wide and twelve inches long. But scantness of clothing seemed to us a special advantage to a people who did not bathe.

These Hekium Bushmen use iron arrowheads and knives as well as crude clay pots, all of which they obtain from the Ovambos to the north of them in exchange for animal sinew for sewing leather aprons and stringing beads. They live in the rudest wind-screens, which take only about ten minutes to build. All that is required to form a screen is to break down the lower branches of a tree. In the rainy season some loose, long grass is added. There is no method involved. The people merely wait until thunder announces the approach of summer showers; then they scurry around for a little extra grass and throw it haphazard on the screen. The improvised thatch does not even shut out the wind or shed the water.

As a rule, about three or four families live together in the *werf*, the term applied to a collection of screens. Aside from this slight social gesture, they live in a highly individualistic manner, acknowledging no law or leader, every man being a law unto himself. Occasionally we found a man and a woman who refused to come and join our camp when food was offered them. They dwelt in absolute isolation, spurning the gregariousness of the *werf*. They even lacked the companionship of a wild hunting dog. As a rule, however, the Bushman is fond of this, his comrade of the veld, the only domestic animal he has, and treats him better than do most African peoples. True, the dog has suffered and become stunted in the *werf*, but his deterioration is due to the scarcity of food When his master eats, he eats also, and, when his master


THE NOBLE SAVAGE AT A SLIGHT DISADVANTAGE

But altho his size is diminutive—as seen here in contrast with the stalwart C. Ernest Cadle, leader of the Denver-African Expedition—the Bushman's craft has made him "a terror to Europeans."

Suburban Model—$530
This famous Gulbransen Registering Piano—The Suburban Model—with new refinement and beauty

Minuet Model—$295
Admirably suits the small home—this charming little piano only 3 feet 8½ inches high

In 5 short months it has won nation-wide APPROVAL

IN May Gulbransen announced this amazing Small Grand Piano. An outstanding value at $650, it met with immediate approval. The growth of its popularity has since been nothing short of sensational.

It has won nation-wide acceptance in but 5 short months!

The Gulbransen Small Grand has genuine golden grand tones in a compact, graceful cabinet only 4 feet 6 inches long. Wonderfully responsive action. Exquisite finish in walnut or mahogany Du Pont Duco.

This beautiful instrument is an achievement of A. G. Gulbransen's 50 years of personal experience—a value made possible by the world's largest production of pianos.

A near-by Gulbransen dealer is ready to show you the Gulbransen Small Grand now. Other Gulbransen Grands $675, $850 and $1175. Visit him soon.

* * *

You are sure to find a Gulbransen Piano that will suit your home. For example the Gulbransen Minuet Model has been designed specifically for the small home, the apartment or the studio.

The Minuet Model is only 3 feet 8½ inches high. A compact little upright piano of rare grace and beauty. And its tonal quality is really surprising. Costs only $295.

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The famous Gulbransen Registering Piano, played by roll-and-pedals, now comes in a wide variety of attractive styles. Exclusive features make it possible for you to play with all the naturalness and beauty of hand playing.

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Reproducing pianos, playable electrically and by hand, $765 to $2,100.

All walnut finishes are slightly higher in price.

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Gulbransen Pianos represent the utmost value in tone quality, responsive action and beautiful appearance. National Price stamped on each instrument at the factory. Gulbransen dealers are merchants who want you to have this protection and service.

The National Association of Piano Tuners recommends that all pianos be tuned from two to four times a year. Your Gulbransen deserves this care.

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☐ Upright ☐ Grand ☐ Roll-played Pianos

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GULBRANSEN *Pianos*

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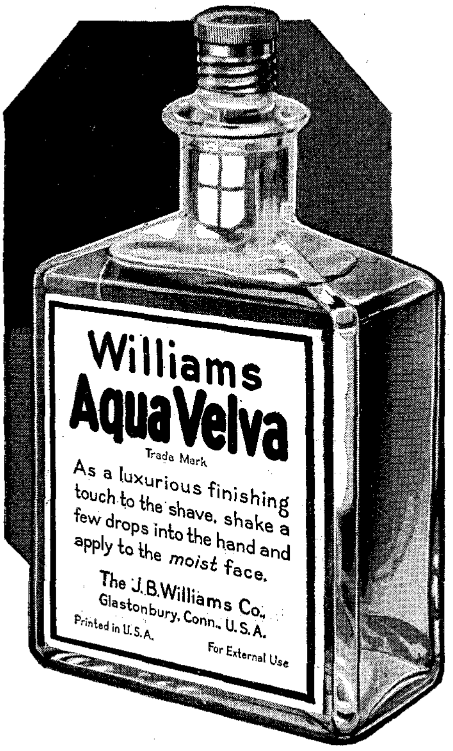
Williams
Aqua Velva
Trade Mark
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake a few drops into the hand and apply to the *moist* face.
The J. B. Williams Co.
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Printed in U.S.A.
For External Use

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Aqua Velva is for the *newly shaven skin*. The unprotected skin tends to get stiff and dry as the day goes on. Aqua Velva protects it, keeps away stiffness and dryness by helping to conserve its natural moisture, keeps it flexible, well conditioned,—*keeps* it as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Then, too, Aqua Velva helps to heal those tiny nicks and cuts, seen and unseen, that your razor leaves.

Try Aqua Velva. Eighty-seven years of specialized study of what is best for beards and skin went into its making. You will like its buoyant, stimulating thrill. It wakes the skin. It livens it. And as an aid to good face grooming a week will show you how worth while the Aqua Velva habit is.

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Williams
Aqua Velva
For use after shaving

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

feels the pangs of hunger, he too must go unfed.

Because of this scarcity of food, life is held very cheap by the Bushmen. The stronger prey upon the weaker; the young kill the old; the healthy destroy the sick. The old and feeble are carried to the water-hole, there to be left to the lion and the leopard, the hyena, the vulture, and the jackal, which narrow their circles as death creeps on. For an old Bushman there is very little help, unless the super-Bushman ancestor of the race be placated on his behalf.

Children are born as fast as nature will allow, but very few survive. Girl babies are more to be desired than boys; for the boy seeks a mate and vanishes, perhaps to some neighboring *werf*, but the girl usually stays with or near her mother. When she marries, the hunter marrying her must pay dowry of meat to her parents whenever he makes a kill.

Marriage is not a very elaborate ceremony. The boy goes to the wind-screen of the parents of his chosen girl and bargains with the father and mother about the size of the dowry. When this is agreed upon, he returns to his own quarters, eats his fill, an enormous amount, and goes to sleep. The next morning he arises at the call of the bird, takes the first trail of gazelle or duiker that he finds and follows it until he is able to catch his game alive, and alive present it to the girl's parents as a proof of his ability to hunt and provide food. Then he takes the girl to his screen and the ceremony is over. The Bushman may marry as many wives as he can support, but, according to our findings, he can seldom take care of more than one. The marriage customs of the different tribes vary, but are in the main much alike, except for the animal caught as a feat of prowess.

The lot of the women is much the same as in all primitive races. In the morning they go out with their sticks to dig their daily roots, which in some seasons are not larger than a peanut. If the season is right, they may glean a few berries and wild plums and, perchance, a few uncultivated figs. But these are luxuries and last but a short while. In some parts of the Kalahari the wild melon becomes the staple diet and also the only water-supply. Uneventful, in the main, and full of drudgery is the woman's day.

But the man's life, because it is that of the hunter, is crammed with thrilling adventure. Being so weak that his strength can not be matched against that of his foes, whether man or beast, the man has developed animal-like stealth and cunning to a remarkable degree. He will stalk his quarry in the open with just a tuft of grass here and there behind which to hide until he is within range. The most popular disguise is the ostrich stalk. From the inside of a skin, one man manipulates a wing and the neck, which is stuffed full of grass and stiffened by a smooth stick. A second man walks under the other wing, with bow held close to his body, ready to release the poisoned arrow. The improvised ostrich is cumbersome, of course, and sometimes the animals seem to detect something wrong about it. When they prick up their ears and give signs of alarm, the ostrich begins to feed and even to walk in the opposite direction if the alarm seems serious enough. Or the hunter may wait at the water, where all the animals come to drink, hiding in a little shooting-pit disguised with grass around the edges. When the animals have learned to go to the water against the wind, they have no difficulty in scenting the man in ambush. If, however, they can be taken unaware, this is the easiest way to make a kill; for the poisoned arrows carry certain death. Some of the poisoned arrows we brought home with us. In the laboratories of the University of Colorado School of Medicine, Dr. Ivan Hall, bacteriologist, and Dr. Richard Whitehead, pharmacologist, found the poison on them to be so powerful that one ounce of pure crystal properly distributed is sufficient to kill more than twelve hundred men in from thirty minutes to an hour and a half. It is a death-sting in which are to be found some of the most deadly bacteria known to science.

In the dance that follows feasting, the Bushman with amazing skill dramatizes the hunt or the life of bird or beast. First, perhaps, the great bull seeks a mate. Then, as the young bulls seek theirs, the women are snatched into the writhing, sweating, gyrating mass. The dance becomes maddening, the passion of the dancers furious. They cease for the time to be themselves and are identified in imagination with the animals of the herd.

The expedition's stay in the Heikum Bushman country came to an abrupt end. "One day a swarm of flies descended unannounced out of the skies; the next day no less than a score of the people were bitten and terribly swollen." Consequently, we learn:

On the advice of Captain Nelson we broke camp. The guides and interpreters told us the old men of the *werf* were saying that we were responsible for the plague and that the disease would not leave until the white men had been killed. Whether these tales were invented by the guides, I can not say.

Our next objective lay some two hundred and fifty miles to the northeast of Grootfontein, where we found the last living members of the pure-breed Kung Bushmen. For several weeks in the desert proper we played hide-and-seek with them, placing food, candy, and trinkets at the water-hole. Through the interpreter, a half-breed Hottentot who could speak broken German and Dutch as well as Nama and Kung, we finally succeeded in making friends in this new region. One evening the interpreter returned to camp with three men, the tallest standing about four feet six. We were disappointed at seeing no women and children, but, after an hour of tactical conversation, one of the men turned and shouted in his rasping voice. Almost at once seven women and five children came timidly toward us. We offered food, which was promptly devoured. It was by chance, however, that we made real friends of them. Before we had breakfasted the next morning, there came a scream from the camp. Our guide brought the news that a woman had been bitten by a horned adder. Our physician, Dr. Grant H. John, was able to administer treatment immediately and so save the woman's life. This incident helped to give us a strong hold on our new Bushman associates.

The hunt of that day furnished a dramatic incident. We were looking for herds of eland and gemsbok. For some reason our hosts seemed not to want to take us to the game we sought. As we

Protect your home with Johns-Manville Asbestos

IT doesn't make any difference what kind of a home you have or may be planning, you can't give it less than the essentials of the perfect roof. There are five important points about a roof which you should check over in your mind or, better still, with your builder or architect.

1. It must be absolutely fireproof

Hundreds of homes are burned up every year because of sparks on the roof. Over two hundred cities have already prohibited inflammable roofings. Your fire-chief will tell you that to roof your home with a menace, in place of absolute protection, is now unthinkable.

2. It must be absolutely permanent

You should put an absolutely permanent material upon that part of your house which is subject to the greatest wear and tear from the elements—your roof. You should free yourself from future expense for maintenance and replacement by the use of a permanent roofing.

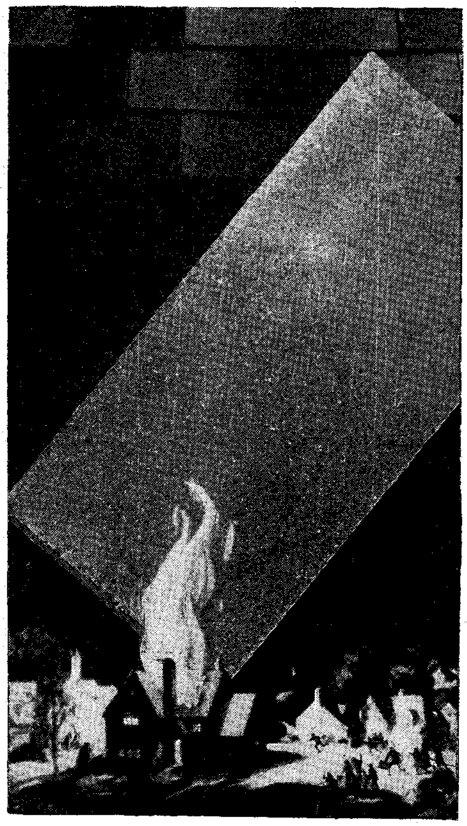
L. Porter Moore, President of the Home Owners' Institute, recently said: "The general use of permanent materials would save the nation millions of dollars in roof replacement every year."

3. It should be beautiful

And these new rigid asbestos shingles are truly beautiful. There are many different sizes, shapes, colors, and styles to choose from to suit your particular environment and style of architecture. E. D. Pakenham, of New Rochelle, New York, writes: "Artists, architects, builders, all my friends, have declared that my new Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Roof is the most beautiful they have ever seen."

They won't burn!

Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles are absolutely fireproof . . . They entitle you to base rates of insurance and protect you from roof-communicated fire.



Millions of dollars' worth of homes are burned every year because of in,'ammable roofing. Let Johns-Manville Asbestos protect yours.

4. It should be economical

A roof that is fireproof, permanent, beautiful, should, nevertheless, cost no more than temporary, inflammable materials.

Robert E. Denike, Summit, N. J., recently said: "It is certainly a satisfaction to have your permanent, fireproof asbestos shingles on my house, at no more cost then temporary, inflammable materials."

5. It should be easy to apply

Any good carpenter, slater, or approved roofer should be able to apply the perfect roof in the shortest possible time and at the least expense.

Arthur W. Von Der Linn, Mgr., Frank Kiebitz & Son, Inc., roofers, Flushing, L. I., says: "Any intelligent fellow that knows how to drive a nail can learn how to apply your asbestos shingles in half an hour."

Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles completely meet every one of the above requirements. They are fireproof, everlasting, beautiful, economical, and easy to apply. More than 200,000 home-owners have embellished and protected their homes with Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingles, during the last twenty years.

Johns-Manville has prepared two illustrated booklets that will interest and help you. One, if you are interested in a roof for a new home; one, if you are faced with the problem of re-roofing. Fill out the coupon below and mail to us at once.

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IN size, shape, and bristles, this *modern* tooth brush is like *no other*. It *actually polishes* teeth to *new* whiteness.

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Use it two minutes each morning, two each evening. Brush always away from the gums. Employ any good dentifrice—the *brush* polishes.

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Find out how white your teeth *can* be. Get a Dr. West's brush at any drug store. Watch results.

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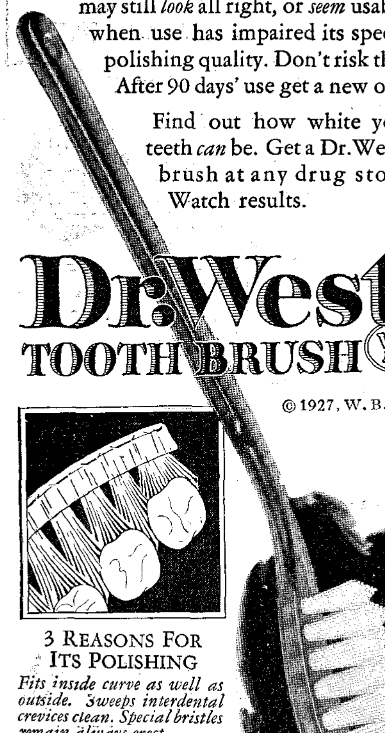

3 REASONS FOR ITS POLISHING

Fits inside curve as well as outside. Sweeps interdental crevices clean. Special bristles remain always erect.

CAUTION! *Each Dr. West's Tooth Brush is sterilized and sealed for your protection. Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.*

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

halted for luncheon, we learned from the interpreter that they were planning to take us to a herd of buffaloes. We accepted the statement dubiously. An hour later we came to a permanent water-hole. At a near-by oasis of green grass we saw a small herd of buffaloes. It was useless to explain that the Government did not permit the killing of these animals except in self-defense. We wished very much, however, to get good photographic studies of them; so we maneuvered around below the wind. But, what with our carriers and cameras, we made them aware of us, and they cleared. In a vain hope we followed.

Now was to come the thrill of risking a heavy fine to save a Bushman. Two cows and a little day-old calf had been left behind the herd. They were lying in some short brush, and we came along very innocently, not knowing what was in store. Suddenly the two cows jumped out, not farther than about twenty-five yards away, and came directly for the two white men at the head of the company. Forbidden by law to shoot, we naturally ran just as fast as our legs could carry us. The cow to which the calf did not belong made only a superficial charge and went off to the left, but the other was bent on mischief. When she had charged only a short distance, she winded one of the Bushmen and swerved toward him. He was naked, barefoot, and, like all Bushmen, a good runner. He made several sharp turns. Our guide was nearest to the scene. By unhappy experience he had learned to observe the laws concerning buffaloes, and, holding Bushman life worthless, he calmly watched sure death driving down on the little savage. In agony we waited. The cow was only a few feet away from the little fellow and was gaining rapidly. Then a shot rang out. The buffalo cow dropt in her tracks. The Bushman kept on running for a considerable distance before he looked around. He, perhaps, was less surprized at the shot than was our guide, who had aided in many a Bushman hunt and, according to his own word, had killed many a Bushman himself.

Who fired that illegal but merciful shot? We do not learn, but read on:

The incident brought home to us the tremendous odds against which the Bushman must fight. Oppress until the last few years almost to the point of extermination, driven to seek safety in the cruel reaches of the desert, always hungry—what a pitiful little waif he is! He has so long suffered from an unfavorable environment that he seems incapable now of altering his ways. When forced to live a less wild, nomadic life, he pines away like a caged gorilla. Almost invariably, too, when he has come into contact with any other member of the human family, a bloody feud has resulted. He, being the weaker, has naturally gone to the wall. In the early part of the nineteenth century the British Government and the London Missionary Society made attempts at civilizing and Christianizing the Bushman but failed in every case. There is not, to my knowledge, one instance on record of a pure-breed Bushman who has permanently accepted European habits of life or shown capacity for cultural evolution. His type seems fixt and his doom sealed.

SMUGGLING ALIENS OVER THE LINE: SOME TRICKS OF THE TRADE

"CRASHING America's back gate," large numbers of unwanted aliens seek to enter the United States illegally every year, we read, and it is the business of the Border Patrol, "a small group of trained men, semi-military in organization, functioning under the direction of the Immigration Service," to oppose them. An adventurous life these officers lead. "Along river banks, in arid deserts, on wind-swept hills," writes Stewart Robertson, "they maintain their vigil, to halt and arrest men who may submit tamely to capture or fight desperately for freedom. The Patrol never knows which." As he tells us, "the most active area covered by the officers is undoubtedly District 11, embracing Detroit and its vicinity," and in the New York *Herald Tribune* he substantiates the assertion by reporting an interview with the Patrol's national supervisor, whose "territory runs from Blaine, Washington, to Eastport, Maine, with parts of the Atlantic coast, particularly Florida, thrown in." The Major, "a brisk military figure even in civilian clothes," called Detroit "the hot-spot of the entire stretch," and continued:

"The reasons are that the adjacent Canadian area is easily reached by numerous railroads, and the terrain is flat, thereby presenting no geographical hazards.

"Concealment prior to the attempted entry is a minor problem, due to the many little foreign quarters, and if a man does slip through, he is quickly swallowed up in our still larger settlements. You must remember that most of these men are not native-born Canadians, but Europeans who have come to Canada to use it as a springboard for their dive into the land of plenty.

"Now, take a look at the wide-open spaces on a map. An alien trying to get across from Alberta to Montana stands a fine chance of being lost or frozen. Furthermore, strangers are soon spotted in the sparsely populated provinces and States. The same holds good for the New Brunswick-Maine line, and where Manitoba and Minnesota come together.

"The Windsor-Detroit district offers no such handicaps. Here we have a situation that is unparalleled anywhere—a twenty-mile strip with Grosse Pointe, Detroit, River Rouge, Ecorse, and Wyandotte, separated by a narrow stream, the center of which is the international boundary, from Sandwich, Riverside, Ford City, Walkerville, Windsor, Ojibway, La Salle, and Amherstburg. The country is as flat as your hand, and as nature doesn't offer any help, we are dependent entirely on the human element for defense.

"We have to fight human nature as well. An alien may be caught and deported and, when he returns home, tell the story of his failure. But for each one who listens to him, a dozen will pay more heed to the rosy promises of the smuggler round-up."

According to the Major, "the most favored form of smuggling is to load the aliens in a boat and row them across." This method is preferred because it "enables the real smuggler to stay on land and hire some river-front tramp to handle the oars." Some especially prosperous

At the first crack of the World's Series bat....

"--You're there with a Crosley!"

The Crosley Radio Corporation:
Can you explain "balancing," so folks can understand it? We technical people know that Hazeltine's neutrodyne principle is a wonderful thing. If you can make it understandable to laymen you're good.
Yours truly,
Oklahoma Standard Radio Co.,
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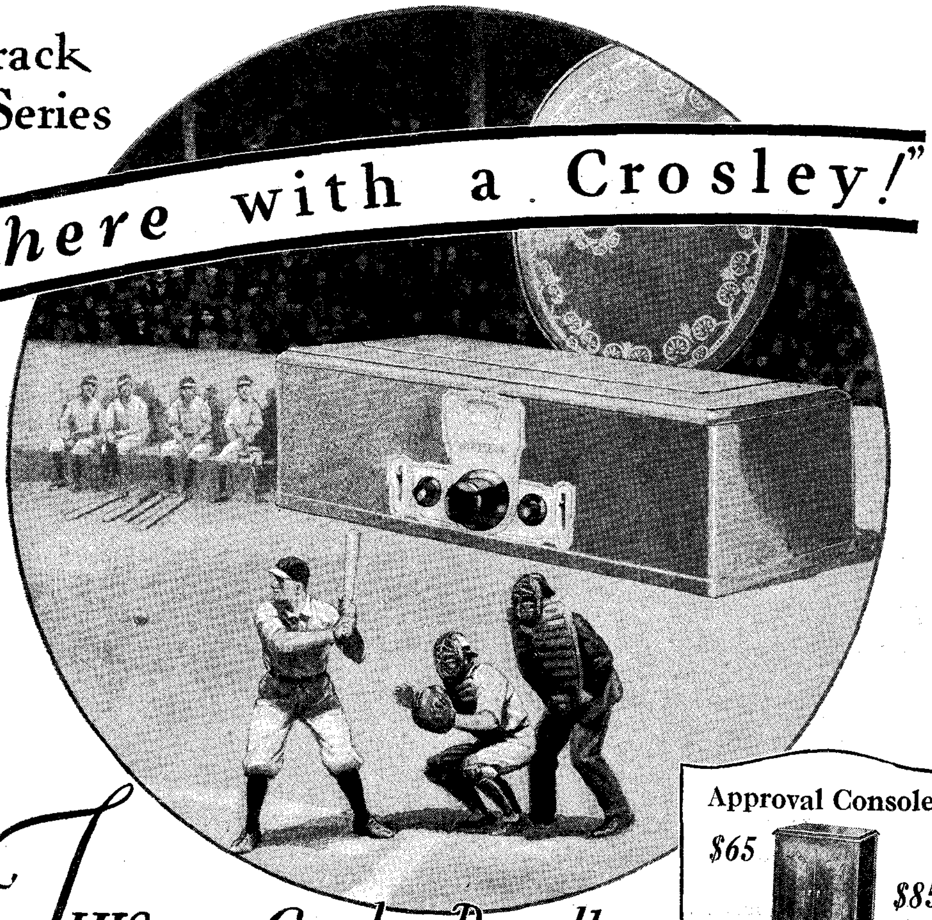
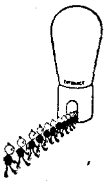
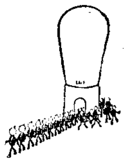


Nature always puts obstacles in our way. When men begin to study a new invention or discovery they find that there are many problems to solve before a successful device can be built. This was the case with the steam engine, the printing press, the automobile, the aeroplane, and every other major invention that you can think of. The vacuum tube is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable inventions ever made. We found that we could use it to amplify the radio signals. But when we tried to tune these amplifiers, so that they would help us select the desired signal, we found that the vacuum had a tendency to misbehave.

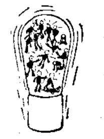


SIGNAL VOLTAGES GOING INTO AMPLIFYING TUBE

When a tube is used to amplify, the output voltage is much stronger than the input voltage. This is the natural result of the amplification. But there is a path back through the tube through which some of the strong output voltage can get back to the input side of the tube. This voltage is then again amplified and again returns, getting stronger each time, the result being that the tube goes wild. It becomes a miniature broadcasting station on its own hook.

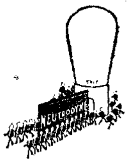


SIGNAL VOLTAGES LEAVING TUBE GREATLY AMPLIFIED BUT SOME RUN AROUND TO ENTRANCE AND CROWD IN WITH THE LITTLE INCOMING SIGNALS



AMPLIFIED SIGNALS RETURNING TO TUBE MIXING IT UP WITH INCOMING SIGNALS

If we can provide a second path from the output circuit to the input circuit, so arranged that the voltage which comes back through this second path is opposed to the voltage that comes back through the tube itself we can prevent the trouble. This is called "balancing" because the second path is adjusted so that it exactly balances the path through the tube. The Hazeltine method of balancing (or neutralizing) this path through the tube has several unique advantages over all the other methods that have been proposed. This is why Crosley radios use the Hazeltine "neutrodyne" method.



HAZELTINE DIVIDES BOLSHEVIK VOLTAGES BALANCING EACH OTHER BY OPPOSING EACH OTHER THEY CAUSE NO RUMPUS IN THE TUBE AND PROGRAM SIGNALS GO THRU AMPLIFIER WITHOUT INTERFERENCE

THIS new Crosley Bandbox

6 TUBE RECEIVER *de luxe*

is the national radio hit at $55.

Its amazing performance is the result of its remarkable construction—the introduction of features found in the most expensive of radios and possible at $55 only thru mass production methods, plus the licensing of Crosley for use of the patents, research resources and discoveries of The Radio Corporation of America, The General Electric Co., The Westinghouse Co., The American Telephone & Telegraph Co., and The Hazeltine and Latour Corporations.

Check any radio at any price against these Crosley features—standards of comparison that indicate the Bandbox's superiority.

1—Completely shielded coils, condensers and wiring.
2—Acuminators for sharpest tuning.
3—Completely balanced genuine Neutrodyne.
4—Volume Control.
5—Single tuning knob.
6—Illuminated dial.
7—Single cable to outside connections.
8—Designed for easy installation in consoles.
9—Beautiful frosted brown crystalline finish.

AC model using new R.C.A. AC tubes and working directly from electric light socket through Crosley Power Converter $65. Power Converter $60.

The value of this Bandbox receiver and the excellence of its performance can best be judged by seeing it and hearing it at the nearest Crosley dealers. If you cannot locate one of the 16,000 dealers, write Dept. 34 for his name and address and Crosley literature.

Approval Consoles

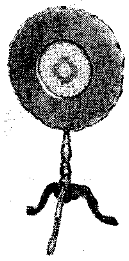
$35

Selected by Powel Crosley, Jr., as ideal, acoustically and mechanically for the installation of the Crosley "Bandbox." Genuine Musicone built in. Crosley dealers secure them from their jobbers through

H. T. ROBERTS CO.
1340 S. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Sales Agents for Approved Console Factories
Showers Brothers Company
The Wolf Mfg. Industries

IMPROVED MUSICONES



Musicones improve the reception of any radio set. They are perfect affinities in beauty and reproductive effectiveness for Crosley Radios. A tilt-table model with brown mahogany finish stands 36 inches high $27.50—16-inch Super-Musicone as pictured above with "Bandbox," $12.75—12-inch Ultra-Musicone, $9.75

CROSLEY RADIO

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres. Cincinnati, Ohio
Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mts.

Crosley is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception.

THE MODERN PIPE
DRY

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

Unconditionally Guaranteed

Never before a pipe to give you the perfect smoke that Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipe *guarantees* you today!

All that modern research has learned about the selection and treatment of the briar root is built into the Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipe. And it banishes *for all time* the ancient wet-pipe nuisance! It's the wonderful Drinkless Attachment that keeps your pipe *dry forever.*

Over 100 models, in plain and relief grain.

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

$3.50 UP

At all pipe dealers, clubs, hotels and better cigar stores

MEN: Write for free booklet "Drinkless Kaywoodie" including advice on pipe hygiene. And information on Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipes.

HERE'S the famous Drinkless Attachment built permanently into the stem. To clean, wipe dry . . . . Look for inlay on the stem. Your guarantee of a dry pipe.

DEALERS: Ask your jobber about the Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipe or write us direct. Also ask about famous Drinkless Kaywoodie cigarette and cigar holders.

Rough finish Drinkless Kaywoodie Relief $7.00
Rough finish Drinkless Kaywoodie Thorn $4.00

K B & B

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.
BOX L.D. 120 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

smugglers "drive their own motor-boats, towing a boatful of the hopeful. In the event of a chase, the connecting rope is quickly cut and the speedboat heads for home, leaving the hapless foreigners adrift." The Major's account of the smuggling business runs on:

"There doesn't seem to be any fixt fee, as the aliens are sized up and charged accordingly. If some of them are foolish enough to show a considerable amount of money when paying for the trip, that's their hard luck.

"The smuggler, who isn't much of a sportsman, adopts one of two procedures: He either robs them at the point of a gun before midstream is reached, or he lands at one of the numerous little islands that dot the river, goes through his quarry there, and then tells them that they are in the United States, anyway, and should be thankful. Needless to say, the forlorn passengers are spotted and arrested the following morning.

"Another popular method is concealment in freight-cars which pass through the Windsor-Detroit railroad tunnel.

"I remember half a dozen men who had been put in an empty refrigerator car in the Windsor yards. The smuggler had closed the doors and twisted a used car-seal through the hasps to make it look official. On arrival in Detroit one of our men went down the line pounding on the cars, and when he reached this particular one, he was answered with imploring yells. Opening the doors, he discovered some extremely frost-bitten specimens, as, altho the car contained no freight, the iceboxes at either end were filled to the brim.

"I've known aliens to come through the Detroit tunnel, the Ste. Claire tunnel at Port Huron, and even on the car ferries disguised as workmen, wearing overalls and carrying dinner-buckets.

"Airplanes are used, but not to any extent. Only a couple of passengers can be carried, and planes are not yet common enough to pass unnoticed.

"Taxi smuggling is often tried up around the Quebec-Vermont line. The driver, possessor of a bona-fide identification card which gives him permission to travel between the United States and Canada, will load up with some customers at Montreal. Shortly before reaching the boundary line, his passengers are told to get out, make a detour through some woods, and rejoin him at a point on the highway over in Vermont. Usually the aliens are discovered wandering dejectedly about, as the driver, receiving fares in advance, cares little about completing the bargain.

"I've seen Chinese mired in the middle of the Rio Grande waiting patiently for relief or capture," said Major Davenport, reflectively. "And I remember a Spaniard running aliens from South America to Marco, Florida, whose cargo wanted to cut him to pieces, and very nearly did. He had robbed them before landing, and then he was unfortunate enough to steer straight into our net."

Some Greeks, working sponge fisheries in the Gulf of Mexico, perfected what the Major calls "one of the neatest schemes we uncovered." He said:

"It appeared that the fishing fleet ranged all over the Gulf, and at certain points Natives of Yucatan and Central America would come out in fruit boats to be taken aboard. In turn they were transferred to the supply boat or to small sloops which landed them in the vicinity of the Grand Pass, in Louisiana. From there they would make their way on foot through the rice-fields of Plaquemines Parish to New Orleans.

"So you see," concluded the Major, "that it is a matter of unceasing vigilance with us. Yet we meet opposition from within. Some manufacturers want hordes of cheap labor; mushroom towns, through their chambers of commerce, cry for more population, and, strangest of all, many of our educators, paid from the public purse, champion the cause of all and sundry who knock at or crash our gates. A study of a half dozen of our deportees might open their eyes more than a little. We have no time to engage in utopian theory when we are dealing with actualities."

The Major was entirely right, thinks Mr. Robertson, who tells us:

The average catch stacks up as pretty poor stuff. The offscourings of a dozen nations, the worst types from Southeastern Europe and Western Asia, many infected with foul disease, are returned to their land of origin during the course of a year. And the criminal element comes ready-made, for certain countries in the south of Europe give lawbreakers the option of imprisonment or leaving the country, and there isn't any doubt which they will choose or where they will go.

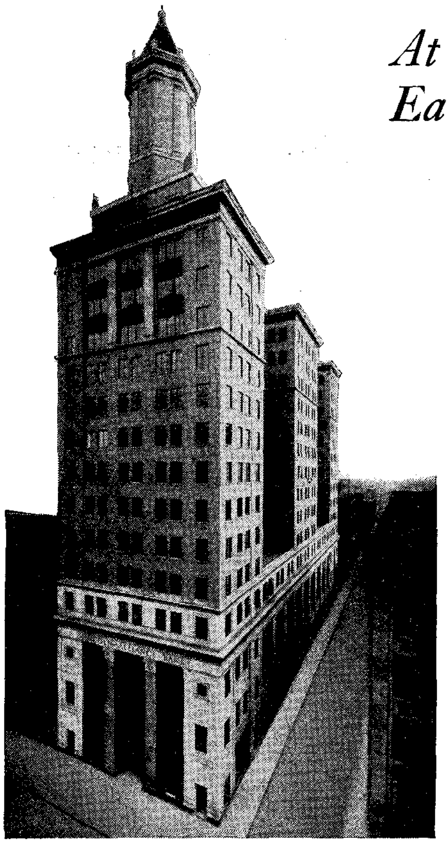
Steamship companies have been suspected of aiding these thugs to get away, and many a foreign liner in an American port is sure to have a cluster of rowboats hovering around it. It would be difficult to estimate how many criminals have squirmed through portholes and slid down ropes in order to be rowed to safety.

The most colorful smuggling episode was that engineered by Tong Nan, steerage steward of the *President Lincoln*. Ten Chinese came aboard at Hongkong, but no one knew it. The Orientals were concealed in coffins and drest in their best robes of flowered silk. Once afloat, the supposed corpses took turns at getting a little exercise, but one of them was a bit slow in hurrying back to his wooden kimono when Tong Nan sounded the alarm at Honolulu. Consequently, the ten voyagers spent a year in an Hawaiian prison and were then sent back to China. Tong Nan is still a guest of the Government."

After his talk with the Major, Mr. Robertson interviewed George T. Montague, assistant superintendent of the Border Patrol for the Detroit district, who had this to say:

"Charlie McCarthy was one of our most important prisoners. He had his hangout over in Windsor, and naturally had come to the attention of our undercover men there; in fact, he was a public character. Nothing covert about McCarthy. He swaggered around town drumming up business, but nobody could get anything on him. One day the Windsor Chief of Police had him in his office for questioning, and I happened to drop in. As soon as he spotted me, McCarthy, who was over six feet and a 200-pounder, began to brag about his success at running aliens.

"'I've been dodging you guys for a long time,' he said, 'and last year alone I made



The Lincoln Alliance Bank of Rochester, N. Y.

ONE of the many large banking institutions using the Todd Super-Speed Protectograph to save time and labor in preparing checks, and to protect the funds of their customers, is the Lincoln Alliance Bank of Rochester, New York.

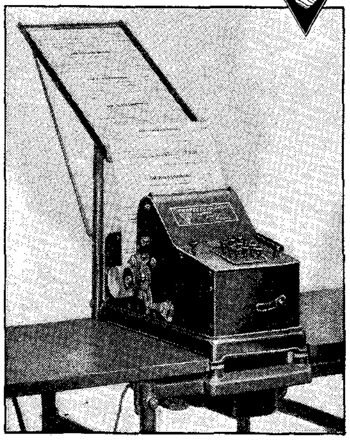
Recently this bank had, as a routine business duty, 28,000 dividend checks to prepare for its client, the Eastman Kodak Company. It was a necessary precaution that they be provided with the utmost protection and that as a matter of business economy the time in preparing them be kept to a minimum.

A minimum of 100 hours by previous methods had been found necessary for this operation. But by using the Todd Super-Speed Protectograph this bank was able to reduce the time required for writing the amount lines to *thirty* hours—less than a third of the shortest previous record.

The Super-Speed shreds the amount line into the very fiber of the paper in two colors of indelible ink. The imprint is easily and quickly read and provides protection by defying the operations of the check tamperer. The Super-Speed will write amounts on checks at the phenomenal rate of 1200 an hour, speeding business routine and providing checks with a dignified means of protection.

At this great bank 28,000 Eastman Kodak dividend checks were amount written by the Super-Speed Protectograph in 30 hours—70 per cent less time than the fastest previous method

Trade-mark Todd



Super-Speed Protectograph

Banks, business houses and industries everywhere endorse the Super-Speed Protectograph as a most essential accessory to modern business practice. It will introduce economy, speed and protection in the important routine of preparing your business checks.

Have a Todd representative demonstrate the simplicity, speed and the economical use of the Super-Speed Protectograph. Or mail the coupon for complete information on the Todd System. The Todd Company, *Protectograph Division*. (Est. 1899.) *Sole makers of the Protectograph, Super-Safety Checks and Todd Greenbac Checks.*

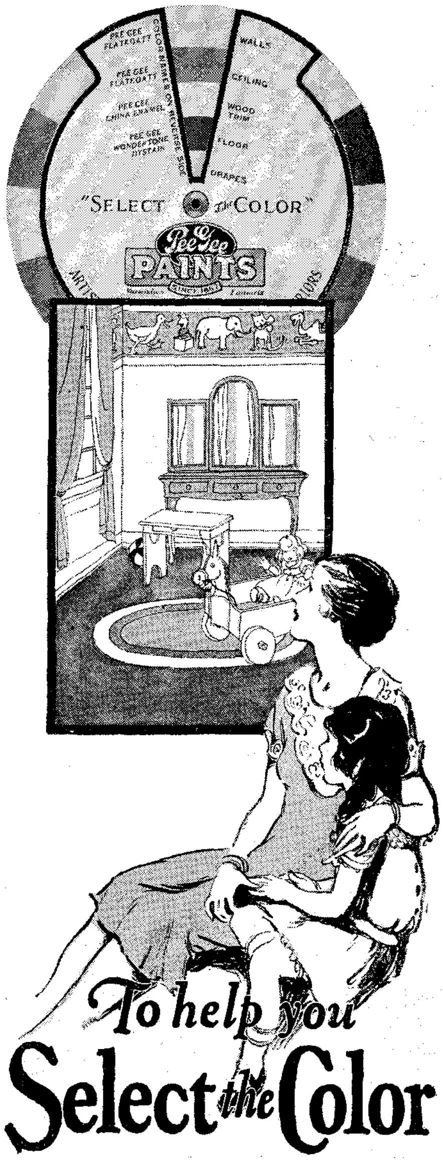
TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION

THE TODD COMPANY 10-1-27
Protectograph Division
1143 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Send me complete information on the Super-Speed Protectograph and the Todd System.

Name________________________

Business________________________

Address________________________



IMPRESSIONS gained during childhood have a tendency toward shaping later physical and mental development.

Bright, airy, cheerful rooms for children are a necessity. To be made attractive and for healthful cleanliness—use paint.

The Pee Gee Color Selector for interiors shows many pleasing color combinations, ideal for children's rooms—send for it.

There is a Pee Gee Paint for every purpose—no better quality has been made since 1867—ask your dealer.

Pee Gee PAINTS SINCE 1867 VARNISHES STAINS ENAMELS

Pee Gee Color Selectors

One for exteriors, the other for interiors—each showing 15 complete color schemes—send for the one you want.

Peaslee-Gaulbert Co.
Incorporated
LOUISVILLE • ATLANTA • DALLAS • HOUSTON

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

$18,000. If you crowd me, I'll shoot my way out, and you'll never take me alive.'

"Well, I let him talk, but one of our men trailed him all that day and sent over word that two aliens, just off the Toronto train, were hiding in McCarthy's shack on the waterfront. He had also discovered the address of the house where they were to be delivered on West End Avenue in Detroit. I had the place shadowed, and received a call when the party arrived, so I went down there and found a taxi with the motor idling out in front. That looked like a quick getaway was on the cards, so I sneaked through the alley and came in at the back door. I heard a voice or two, and I tried not to make any noise, but the door hinges were loose, and all of a sudden it swung open. Four men were sitting at a table, and one of them was Mac. He jumped all of a sudden and grabbed his gun, but I flashed mine first.

"I threw him a pair of bracelets and told him to put them on while I covered the others. Then he started to crawfish. 'Don't make me do that,' he begged. 'Be a good fellow and give me a chance. Let me run and then shoot at me.' There was nothing doing on that, and I handcuffed myself to him. You see, I figured he might start something yet, and if so, he'd have to settle with me first or drag me along with him. Sure, we got the aliens easy enough. They weren't armed and just stood there looking on. They're mostly like that, once they're caught—kind of dumb and sheeplike. Charlie's down in Leavenworth now, doing two years."

Another case—that of the aviator, Virgil Simmons:

"Simmons made quite a splash for a while, being free from suspicion, as he was manager of Packard Field, an aviation depot about five miles inland from Grosse Pointe.

"However, our Inspector Adams began to work on the theory that he was transporting aliens from some point in Canada, far away from the river. When the trail got hot we were tipped off, and Packard Field was put under surveillance. Adams finally located the starting-point in Ontario, and after hiding in a water-filled ditch for most of the night, he sent word that a blue plane was coming across.

"We were waiting for it. When it landed, out jumped Simmons, followed by a white man and a Chink. These two beat it for a car that was waiting and driven by a fellow named Lewis Stewart, but our boys climbed on the running-board and grabbed the three of them. I chased Simmons, who ran into one of the hangars. When I caught him, he flashed a deputy sheriff's gold badge. It was his own and perfectly good, but it didn't get him anything."

Mr. Robertson wanted to learn the Patrol's numerical strength, but got no information on that point, and concluded that a larger force was needed. As he puts it:

"The quotas may be full, but a whisper spreads through the underworld like widening ripples. Led by the smuggling rings, a new army of undesirables is quickly formed and advances to the attack."

HOLLYWOOD AS A CITY OF WORK

TWO hundred thousand miles of film are made in Hollywood each year, we read. Measured in feet, the last four years' production reaches the astonishing figure of 150,000,000,000. A single studio "has a thousand acres with 1,500,000 square feet of floor space," while "another company requires twenty-three buildings with several hundred thousand square feet of stage space" and "miles of paved streets." Obviously, then, "it's a big business in which Hollywood is engaged," and Mr. Will H. Hays describes the place as "primarily a business center." Even keeping track of the 18,000 listed actors is an enormous job. Last year, as we are told, the Central Casting Bureau made 259,259 placements of extras, the year's work requiring 8,000,000 telephone calls. And the costuming! According to Mr. Hays, "One company has a stock of costumes valued well up in the millions, which it has taken them twelve years to collect. They occupy a modern sky-scraper, from basement to roof, and have over 200,000 square feet of space crammed with every conceivable variety of clothing from the days of our antediluvian ancestors right down to the latest Parisian stuff." Meanwhile, Hollywood has its collection of animals on call. In an article copyrighted by the North American Newspaper Alliance, Mr. Hays tells us:

There are at least two large zoos in southern California, no small share of whose income is derived from the motion-picture companies. One zoo, founded nearly twenty years ago, when Colonel Selig moved his collection of animals from Chicago so that they could be used in his film productions, is one of the largest in the world.

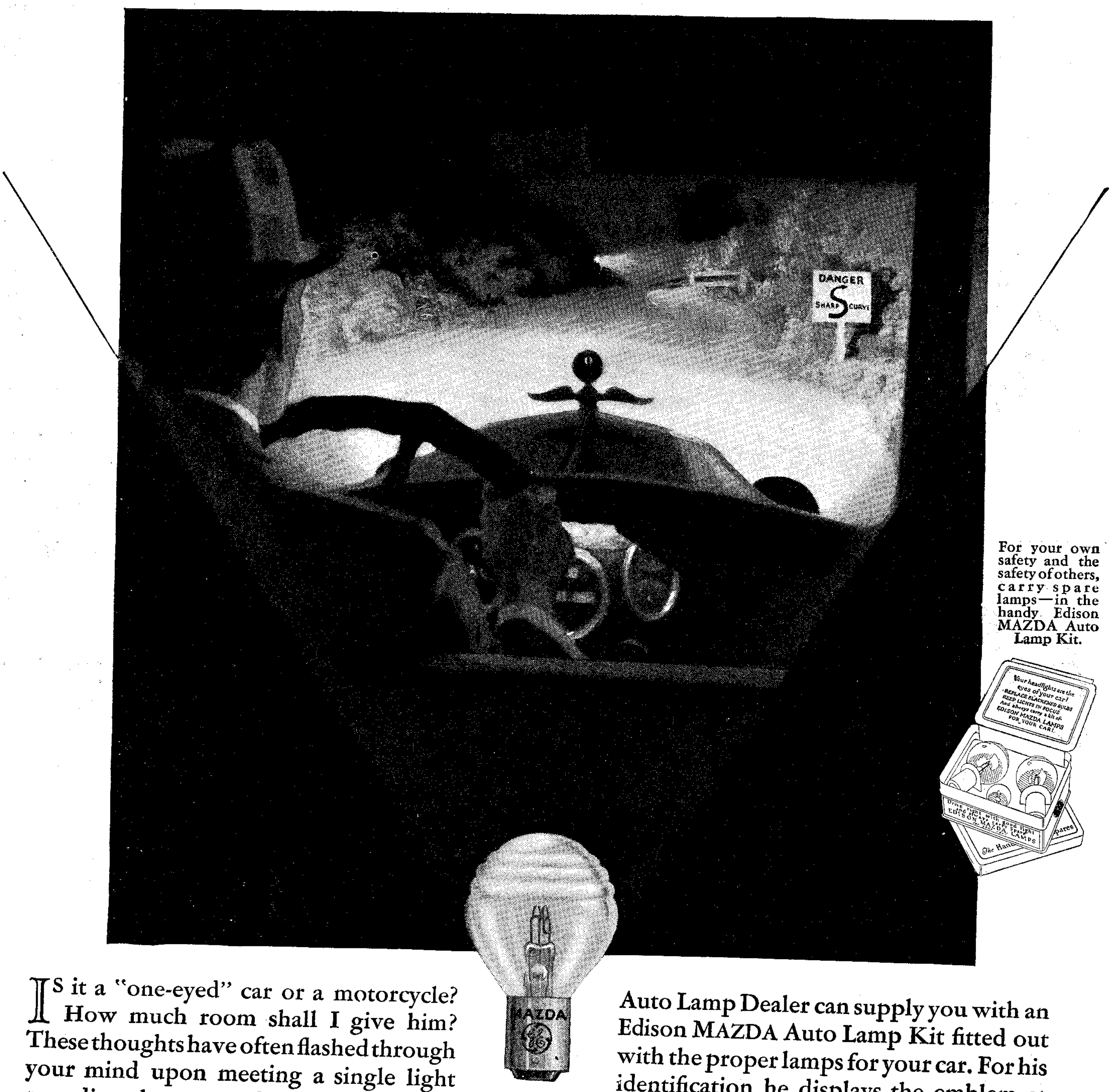
This particular zoo has more than a score of lions, a similar number of tigers, and samples of pretty nearly every known type of wild animals. It covers a total area of twenty-five acres and has in addition to an army of keepers two skilled animal trainers who put all their time in training the various beasts. These animals are in constant use in pictures.

In addition to this one big collection, there is the winter quarters of the Al G. Barnes circus, where a similar collection of trained animals is available. Then there are a lion farm, an alligator farm, an ostrich farm, and various other collections of animals, all of which are ready to perform.

Besides these organizations, California has a very large number of individuals who have single animals, or small collections. There are numerous dog kennels with every variety of canine histrionic talent. These animals, always easily trained, can accomplish marvels in the way of stunts of one kind and another, and are genuinely camera-broke, with the ability to perform before audiences.

As with personnel, costumes, and animals, so with properties. Hollywood has its agents in the principal cities of Europe, South America, and the Orient "picking up 'props' which will come in handy in the making of pictures." Meanwhile, continues Mr. Hays:

Light up....for safety



For your own safety and the safety of others, carry spare lamps—in the handy Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit.

IS it a "one-eyed" car or a motorcycle? How much room shall I give him? These thoughts have often flashed through your mind upon meeting a single light rounding the curve of the road. Are you the kind of motorist who rides in a "one-eyed" car? Do you realize the danger of your carelessness to the other fellow—to yourself?

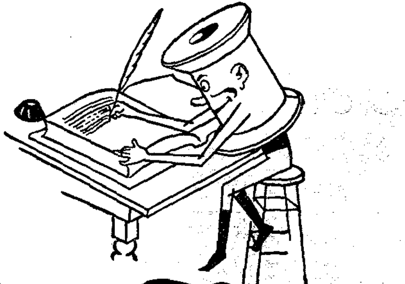
For safety—carry a kit. There is no longer any excuse for running at night with only one light. Any Edison MAZDA* Auto Lamp Dealer can supply you with an Edison MAZDA Auto Lamp Kit fitted out with the proper lamps for your car. For his identification he displays the emblem at the left.

The improved Edison MAZDA Lamps are the product of MAZDA Service. The benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to those lamp manufacturers who are entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC



The 'ought-to-buy'-ography of a spool of thread

FROM the very beginning I have lived a clean life. Clean hands and clean machines carded and twisted and rolled me. The floors were so clean I could have been dropped on them without being soiled.

"That's why you 'ought to buy' me. I am clean enough for the daintiest dress or the finest linens."

If you could know the history of the things you buy—clothing, food, toys, everything! It is so important to know they have a clean past. And cleanliness begins with CLEAN FLOORS. Clean workers and clean work are impossible without clean floors. Modern floor cleaning methods mean an up-to-date management, scrupulous in every detail of service and comfort.

Make your floors pay dividends

Executives! Increased patronage, greater public good will, improved employe morale, are dividends you receive from FINNELL cleaned floors in your office, store, factory, etc. The FINNELL Electric Floor Machine scrubs, waxes and polishes floors of all kinds—incomparably cleaner than hand methods and in a fraction of the time. Ten thousand satisfied users.

Write for Free Booklet describing the FINNELL Electric Floor Machine. Address FINNELL SYSTEM, Inc., 210 East St., Elkhart, Ind. Also Standard Bank Bldg., Ottawa, Ontario, Can.; 33 Moorfields, Liverpool, England; Kungsgatan 65, Stockholm, Sweden. Factories Elkhart, Ind., and Ottawa, Ont., Can.

FINNELL
ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE
It waxes · It polishes · It scrubs

HOUSEHOLD FINNELL. If interested in smaller FINNELL for home use, ask for "*Beautiful Floors.*"

> There are a number of agencies in Hollywood whose business is research and technical direction. If you want a London embassy ball, they can not only give you all the information regarding procedure, but can supply you with an Englishman who will supervise the scene for you, and see to it that it is letter-perfect down to the smallest detail. Experts are available in Hollywood for almost every conceivable type of event, no matter how unfamiliar it may be to the ordinary individual. When complete it will pass muster with the most exacting expert.
>
> Period furniture is available in vast quantities, so that on short notice it is possible to assemble a "set" with chairs, tables, and other furnishings exactly in character with the scene represented. Hollywood has vast storehouses of such material instantly available, and in addition it has organizations capable of turning out freak stuff, not immediately available, in the shortest possible space of time.

It is true that nature has done much to make Hollywood the capital of the motion-picture industry. As Mr. Hays reminds us,

> Sunshine and light, mountain ranges and the sea, city streets and arid wastelands are the natural properties which Hollywood offers to the maker of moving-pictures, and they are properties as essential to moving-pictures as iron-ore and coke are to the maker of steel.
>
> Within one day's journey may be found the background for almost any country under the sun, and from the windows of Hollywood one may look with equal ease upon the snow-capped corderillas or upon the blue waters of the Pacific. Old Mexico is not so much as a night's excursion, and if the script calls for Bedouins in a desert, suitable scenes may be found within a few hours' travel eastward.
>
> However, the advantages of environment alone do not hold the motion-picture industry in southern California. In its fifteen years of growth in and around Hollywood, from what many thought was a crazy idea to the world-wide industry with a total capital investment of $150,000,000, the motion-picture business has built up in California an organization of indispensable individuals and allied arts that could not be duplicated elsewhere.
>
> That is why about 85 per cent. of the world's film productions are made in Hollywood. That is why a picture of London life can be made better and cheaper in Hollywood than it can in London.
>
> When you have a story, a director, a cast of principals and a studio, you have just begun to get ready to produce a motion-picture. There is a background of trained extra people, skilled mechanics, wardrobe and furniture houses, and similar individuals and organizations vitally necessary to economical production.

A city of work, then, is Hollywood, and Mr. Hays observes:

> Like one big family the workers in Hollywood go seriously about the business of making pictures for the world. Outside the studios they are simple home-loving people like the rest of us, keen, of course, eager, ambitious to a degree beyond the

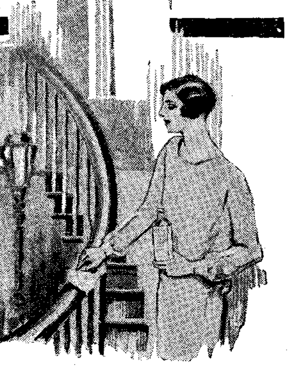
O-Cedar Polish

makes pretty furniture prettier

and old furniture to look new-like

Use O-Cedar Polish

30c to $3 sizes
There is *extra* economy in the larger sizes



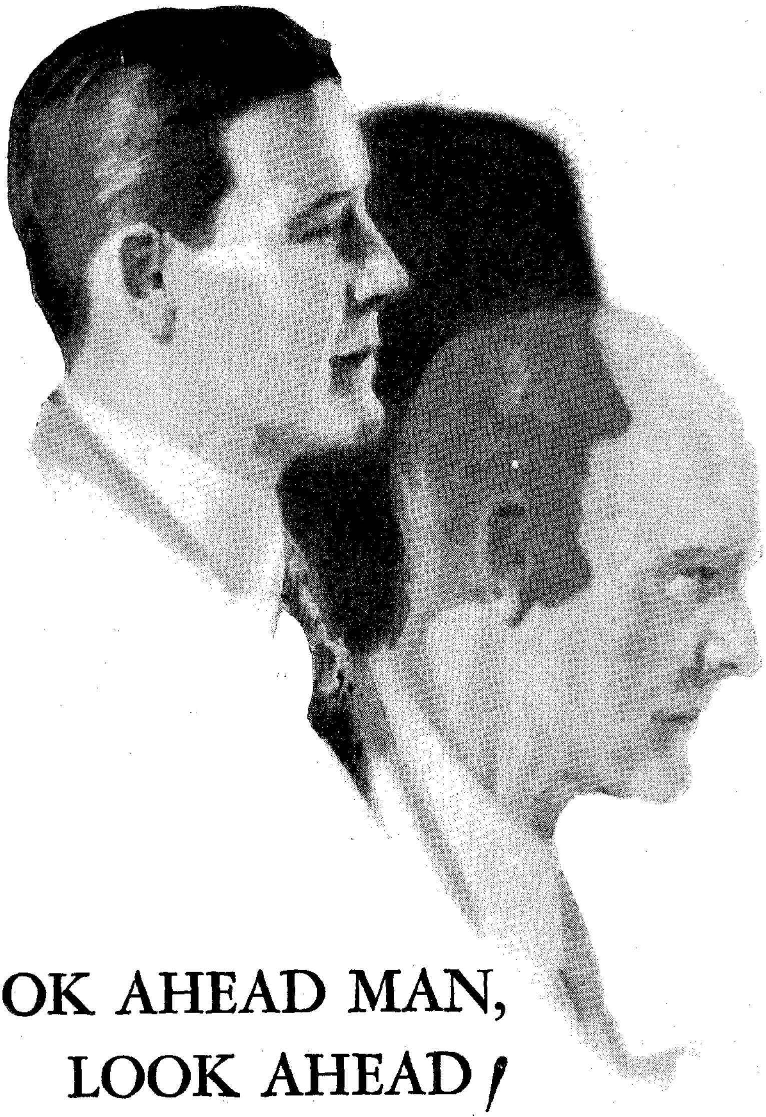
ordinary, because they are all artists, but there is little difference between the homes of Beverly Hills and those of Sullivan, Indiana, once you have crossed the welcome mat before the doors.

There are gardens, swimming-pools, gymnasiums, beautiful paved roads for motoring—all marks of beauty, and all fitted to keep the actors in the best of health. Nowhere else in the world, I dare say, do a group of people work so hard and conscientiously at keeping in physical shape for work. Motion-picture actors are like football players who keep in trim the year around.

HOW CHINA WILL MAKE US RICH

FOUR hundred million Chinese "are beginning to wonder why they can't have what other people have," we are told, and when one asks how they know what other people have, the answer given is, "Moving pictures." They prefer American films. What seems to fascinate them is the lavishness—"the comforts of life which they see shown: fine furniture, warmth and cleanliness, shower-baths, attractive clothing, comfortable schoolrooms, books, newspapers, signs of plentiful food, electrical home appliances, automobiles, industrial wonders, modern devices." In China our movies are creating wants, and William G. Shepherd declares, confidently, "As customers the Chinese promise to be a gold-mine. They are trying, through the Nationalist movement, and otherwise, to reach a higher standard of living. Every move they make in this direction presents a future rosier, in the long run, for the manufacturers and merchants of the world." Already "they are good buyers, who have been doing the best they can, under the circumstances." The other day Mr. Shepherd visited the Standard Oil Building in New York, and there found a concrete illustration of the possibilities of Chinese purchasing power. Writing in *Collier's*, he tells us:

> I saw a little red tin lamp that would hold a few tablespoonfuls of kerosene. The glass chimney was only six inches or so high, and you could barely have squeezed a silver quarter through its top. The wick was as wide, perhaps, as the diameter of a dime. It was a toy of a lamp, but strong and well made. If some one had not picked it out as a sample from millions of its brothers, it would have been lighting up some Chinese peasant's home instead of reclining here in this palace of business—the great Standard Oil Building in New York City.
>
> "Do you remember when talking-machines were new?" asked an old "China hand," now with the United States Department of Commerce. "Do you remember how the family that got the first talking-machine in the neighborhood invited everybody in to hear it? Well, it was just like that when these little American kerosene lamps first turned up in China about twenty years ago.
>
> "Chinese families didn't sit up much of evenings; didn't have any useful light. Of course they had their ancient lanterns, and their vegetable-oil illuminants, but as encouragements to night life these couldn't be called a success. A Chinese university figured out that there were 600,000,000



LOOK AHEAD MAN,
LOOK AHEAD!

YOU are up and doing. Business is fine. Lots of health. Lots of enthusiasm. Full of the love of living. Not much time to be full of the fear of *not* living. But, Look Ahead Man, Look Ahead!

You don't have to be "preached" into the idea that you're now riding on the crest of a wave. *But* you *do* need a hint, such as this, to put some of today's funds into life insurance that will provide for you in the tomorrows that lie ahead. Look Ahead Man, Look Ahead!

Send for free booklet, "Seven Keys to Contentment." It will help you plan your insurance program. Just send the coupon. Look Ahead Man, Look Ahead!

"Provide through Provident"

Provident Mutual
Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, Penna.
Founded 1865

PROVIDENT MUTUAL LIFE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
Send me booklet, "Seven Keys to Contentment," free of charge
(*To insure correct mailing, please print name and address*)

Name______________________________
Address______________________________
Date of Birth *Month*__________ *Day*__________ *Year*__________
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Abroad
Carry
American Express Travelers Cheques

- - - - because Cheques are safer than cash. Lost or stolen Cheques, unless they bear your second identifying signature or have been exchanged for value, are made good by the American Express Company.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

chickens in China. Well, the 400,000,000 Chinese generally used to go to bed with the 600,000,000 chickens."

After these preliminary explanations, the "old China hand" went on to say:

"All of a sudden along came an American business firm that gave away free, here and there, these little red lamps, providing the recipient would buy a certain quantity of the new strange oil to burn in them. The livest families in a neighborhood made the bargain. And for weeks and months the neighbors ran over to see the Mei-foo Lamp—that's what they call them—light up the dark corners of their friends' homes.

"The lamps were also manufactured in yellow and in blue. Thus the Chinese national colors were represented—sound sales attractiveness.

"After that China began to sit up o' nights. That little seven-and-one-half-cent apparatus was just as wonderful to them as the automobile or the radio ever was to us; it added billions of hours to their lives.

"Nor was its blessing wholly social. Silk-factory illumination was by means of cups, or other small receptacles, containing oil into which a strip of rag was thrust. The result, of course, was a glimmer—not a light. And the smoke from scores of these smoldering oily rags left its taint on the silks. Factory owners took up the new smokeless and bright lights with celerity, adding to working hours without spoiling silks.

"I always said," continued the old-timer—he is Charles K. Moser, who has charge of the Far Eastern Division for the Department of Commerce and has spent most of his official life in the Far East—"that this little kerosene lamp carried the first real light into what people call Dark China. You couldn't have much reading and writing in China, unless folks had time to read outside of working hours after nightfall."

To-day "there are tens of millions of these little red or blue or yellow lamps in China," and Mr. Shepherd tells us:

"There isn't a town in China where wicks and chimneys for them are not sold. And to carry to Chinese homes the hundreds of millions of tablespoonfuls of kerosene which keeps these lamps shining, a great armada of oil-tankers must keep plowing through the world's greatest ocean, back and forth from the shores of the United States, to help China get the 200,000,000 gallons of kerosene which it now uses yearly.

"A toe-hold on commerce—that's what that lamp was," continued Mr. Moser. "It wasn't just an American form of something that everybody else was selling to the Chinese, like cloth or shoes. That little lamp did something new for China. And what the people want in China, after 4,000 years of what they've been having, is something new that will change their lives—and they are friends of anybody who can give it to them."

Accordingly, they are great friends of the American tobacco men. They had "had tobacco of their own since the year 1660, but such tobacco!" In order to smoke it at all, it is explained, they used

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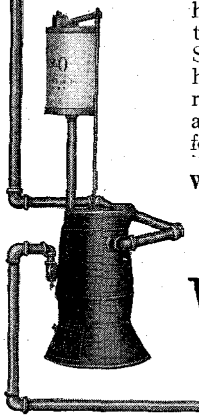

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"tiny pipes—the smaller the pipe the better." Hence:

American tobacco, mild and sweet, in cigaret form, caught the Chinese fancy. Back in 1890 cartons of cigarets were sent from America to a few Chinese firms to distribute. Customers took to them immediately.

Then the American tobacco men got an idea—"cigaret pictures," a picture to a package.

China took the idea without a halt. Pictures of Chinese statesmen, going back to heroes of over 2,000 years ago, led in popularity. Next came a series of pictures showing the birds of China. These pictures were drawn by the best Chinese artists, and it became a vogue to attempt to secure the entire series.

To-day the Chinese smoke 40,000,000,000 cigarets a year, as against America's 90,000,000,000, and American tobacco advertisements appear constantly in all the Chinese magazines and newspapers.

In view of such facts as these, Mr. Moser declares, "if you can ever get the Chinese to wanting things the way Americans want things, they'll make the whole world richer than it is to-day. The industrial West won't be able to keep up with their demands." Evidently Mr. Shepherd is of the same opinion, for we read on:

China buys one billion dollars' worth of outside goods every year. But that's only a drop in the bucket compared with what this customer may buy some day. "When the per capita foreign trade of China," runs one government report, "is equal to that of Australia, the total will be sixty-five billion dollars a year which China will pay to the outside world for her imports."

"You can't help seeing American business grow in China," a business man from China told me. "Why, it has multiplied itself by four within the past dozen years. It's eight times bigger than it was thirty years ago.

"Twenty years ago a Chinese who possest $3,000 was considered rich. To-day a Chinese merchant must have $50,000 before he's considered well-fixt."

One trouble with John Chinaman was that he was satisfied with so little: he didn't know other folks had more than he had.

The country is crowded in places, unspeakably so. But over 300,000,000 Chinese live on less than one-third of their land; the remaining two-thirds of China is practically uninhabited and undeveloped. But within this century the "covered-wagon days" have come to China. There are a dozen Iowas, a dozen fertile Kansases, with a Texas or two thrown in, that are ready for the farmer or the cattle raiser.

"Manchuria, especially northern Manchuria," Mr. Moser told me, "has been almost wholly settled since 1902 by Chinese farmers from the overcrowded Central Provinces, especially from Shantung Province. Every train is crowded with them."

To many an outsider, Mr. Shepherd concluded, "the wonder of China is what it achieves with what it does possess," and he explains, in part—thus:

The 600,000,000 chickens already mentioned bring in over $23,000,000 a year of foreign money. Immense cargoes of albumen, taken from eggs, are shipped to the United States and Great Britain. This albumen is used in tanning leather, in

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

thickening inks, in glossing paper, in preparing camera plates and films and in printing certain sorts of calico. Yolks and whites of eggs, dried or frozen, are sent to other countries for the use of pie and cake makers and confectioners.

The egg business of China is fairly new; so is the human-hair business, which furnishes the material for hair-nets. The silk and tea trades have been established in a big way for decades; they go back to the old clipper-ship days.

The Chinese is the best business man in the East. He knows how to sell.

The Chinese invented the "fur cross." The Chinese merchants matched skins and sewed eight of them together, in the form of a Greek cross, so that the buyer couldn't make a mistake. Their business in skins increased tremendously with this improvement in merchandising. They're always hunting up new ways to sell things.

American business men who deal in China tell you that the Chinese are going to have their own way in their country in the immediate future.

"To-day," one expert told me, "these people are on their way toward getting national as well as local control of their country into their own hands. You can't whip 400,000,000 people. Better let 'em go ahead." Then he added: "I'd like to see any one stop 'em!

"It wouldn't pay in a business way to stop them, but it will pay to let them fight their way upward, as a people, into a place in the world where every last one of the 400,000,000 will dare to want the comforts of modern life."

The point to consider just now is that America looks on China from a different view-point than the other nations do; and China looks upon us differently. By America I mean not only official and diplomatic America, but also business America, that portion of America which earns money and makes profits out of international commerce. American business leaders do not wish America to treat China as European nations have done; they are glad she has not done so.

As Mr. Shepherd reminds us, the Chinese statesman, Wellington Koo, said in an address before the New York Republican Club some years ago, "Gentlemen, I come here this evening to thank the United States for what it has not done in China." The point was well taken, thinks Mr. Shepherd, for—

America has played square in China, and will have an inside track in China against the commerce of other nations.

I found buried away in the records of the Department of Commerce in Washington a seven-year-old report from an American attaché in China.

"The Chinese character," he wrote, "resembles the American character in certain essential aspects. There is no caste in China. The people are democratic, peaceful and industrious and possess a sense of humor and a strong sense of justice. They are reasonable and are intent on culture."

He concluded: "The United States ranks second among the nations of the world in supplying the wants of China." Japan, incidentally, leads.

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DOCTORING INDISPOSED FISHES

"FISH psychology is very simple," says Miss Ida Mellen of the New York Aquarium, but doctoring fish is a bit difficult, it would seem, and doctoring fish is her profession. In saving dying goldfish, for example, she operated on one for pop-eye, we are told, and gave another a teaspoonful of castor oil. Besides, she declares that "an aquarist" can "mean anything from 'fish doctor' to 'bureau of miscellaneous information.'" However, she would seem to have had abundant preparation for her work, as she "has studied at the Marine University at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, the Mekka of the biologist, and later at Cold Spring Harbor, New York," and "for two years she has kept the valuable Aquarium exhibits healthy not only by administering all the known medicines but by originating many successful cures herself." Esther Melbourne Knox, who writes of Miss Mellen in *The Woman Citizen*, "found her in her big, light workshop at the top of the New York Aquarium" where "she was surrounded by numerous jars and globes, containing languid fishes, ailing turtles, and kindred invalids, all basking in the warmth of her capable nursing." The writer continues:

> There are more women than men who study biology, but few who specialize, as Miss Mellen does, in ichthyology and the diseases of water animals. Perhaps her philosophy in dealing with her charges—"Put yourself in his place"—has something to do with the magic of her treatments. There is nothing very startling, surely, in the medicines she uses; it is her medicamentary methods that are so original. Iodin, boric acid, kerosene oil, mercurochrome, ammonia, argyrol, silvol, turpentine, peroxide of hydrogen, and good, old-fashioned castor-oil are familiar to even the least scientifically inclined of us. But when one thinks of Miss Mellen curing turtles' tumors with iodin application, of restoring sight with boric acid solution, of immersing several hundreds dollars' worth of sick goldfish in a bucket of common kerosene and curing them absolutely of a disease that was slowly killing them, of exterminating with silvol a deadly, unknown parasite that was killing valuable salt-water fish by the hundreds all over the country, one marvels at her skill, her patience and—most of all—her pioneer spirit.
>
> When Dr. George A. MacCallum, former pathologist of the New York Zoological Society, found that this terrible salt water parasite was not named, he offered to describe it and name it after Miss Mellen. "Is it not some reward," she asked, "to have something named after one—even tho it be but a loathsome worm?"

Regarding castor-oil and its administration to an indisposed fish, we are told:

> The unfortunate creature is held upright with a wet rag wound around his gills to prevent contact with the air and also to prevent his ejecting the dose through them. The oil is then dropt into the gaping mouth. Miss Mellen admits, however, that this requires patience. She says the fish is likely to hold the oil in his mouth for as long as five minutes, hoping to get back into the water and spit it out. But by waiting until he gives up all hope and is

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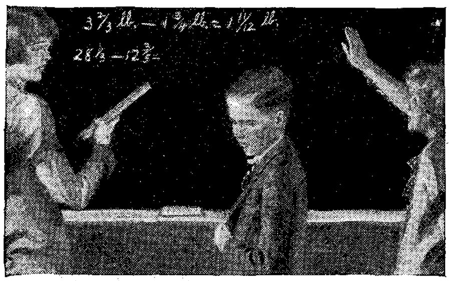

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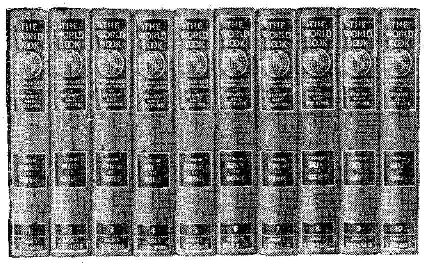

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
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obliged to swallow it, your efforts are rewarded by a well fish in a few days.

Among the Aquarium's inhabitants there were two Galapagos penguins, and Miss Mellen says:

"Some months ago one of the birds died from bronchitis and the survivor was alone in his pool. A few days later he was observed pacing the platform, obviously begging to be let out. He peered all about the floor as if seeking his missing mate there, and when he was turned loose in my office he searched every corner of it, restlessly. A large mirror was placed against the radiator, and the bird took his place before it as if satisfied. He touched the beak of the reflected bird, closed his eyes and seemed to rest. Then he tried to get closer to his supposed companion and finally, baffled, he went behind the radiator, uttering several soft, throaty 'whoos.' When he caught sight of his reflection in the glass doors of the bookcase, he did his very best to get behind them, in among the books. So between the mirror and the glass doors he seemed almost contented again. We are afraid he might have died of a broken heart if we hadn't thought of this substitution of images."

Captive penguins invariably suffer from bronchitis, and it is usually fatal, we are told. One named Charlie Chaplin came under Miss Mellen's care last winter. By treating him with cough medicine and benzoin fumes, she pulled him through. But the healing art claims only a portion of Miss Mellen's activities, and to a remarkable extent she serves as "a bureau for queer information and a willing consultant for an amazing range of projects." Reading on—

It is easy to picture her stopping in the middle of an interview with an earnest youth on whom she is trying to impress the extreme inadvisability of going into whale-raising as a money-making scheme, to give her attention to a society woman who telephones to know "where she can buy some blue fish to match her new blue room."

One day an embarrassed gentleman telephoned her with this question: "Do scallops swim?" "Why certainly they swim," gasped Miss Mellen, promptly. "Are you absolutely sure about that?" he insisted. When she said she was perfectly sure, and had, moreover, seen scallops swimming in the eel-grass in Martha's Vineyard Sound, the voice at the other end of the wire took on a tone of deep relief. "You see, it's this way: up at the club I happened to mention to the boys that I had once seen a scallop swim. They said I was dreaming; that it must have been before Prohibition. But if you say so, they'll have to swallow it. Say, will you do something for me? Write a letter about those scallops swimming and I'll send a messenger right down to pick it up."

One boy who came to consult Miss Mellen had the astonishing scheme of collecting all the jellyfish in Long Island Sound and going into the gelatin business. "He was terribly crestfallen when I told him that if he tried boiling his jellyfish to extract the 'gelatin,' he would find they were 99 per cent. water."

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Continued

NOT MUCH INFECTION FROM CANDY

APPARENTLY candy is not one of the food-products that may be considered a menace from the standpoint of disease-transmission. However, Dr. John Weinzirl, professor of bacteriology in the University of Washington, Seattle, who has been making some tests recently of commercial candies, finds them not altogether free from bacterial contamination, and recommends care in handling, during manufacture and sale. Interesting facts that he discovers are that nut candies and the sticky varieties are most apt to harbor germs, which are rarely found on the mints and other highly flavored kinds, possibly because the flavoring essences are antiseptic. Writes Dr. Weinzirl in *The American Journal of Public Health* (New York):

> In recent years the consumption of candy has increased to such huge proportions that it now averages about 5 pounds per capita per year. The manufacture and sale of 500,000,000 pounds of candy involves its being handled by approximately 100,000 persons of whom some are slovenly in their habits, some are disease carriers, and some are actually diseased. It would be helpful if we knew the extent of the danger involved in the consumption of candies. Very few researches have been made that aid in evaluating this danger.
>
> It would seem that the investigations made thus far still leave us with only a vague idea as to the probable contamination and the relative amount of danger involved. The present investigation was undertaken with the purpose of increasing the data and of obtaining more definite information as to the occurrence of the colon group [of bacteria] on candy.
>
> Samples of candy of different varieties were obtained from a large number of shops in order to secure a wide range of conditions in manufacturing and handling. The candy was analyzed as soon as possible after purchasing, usually within a few hours. The following items were noted: (1) kind, (2) color, (3) flavor, (4) source, and (5) manner of handling, i.e., whether with scoop or with fingers.
>
> Of the eight varieties of candy tested, the caramels showed the highest percentage of positives. This result was a surprize, because this type of candy is usually wrapt in waxed paper and should therefore be protected from subsequent contamination. Apparently the contamination occurred at the time of wrapping, or earlier.
>
> The second highest contamination was shown by the jelly beans. It would appear that this contamination occurred during dispensing. Apparently the same explanation also holds for the other types showing contamination. This explanation seems highly plausible in the case of the satin-finish pillows, which are slightly sticky and hence would readily pick up bacteria and hold them.
>
> Assuming that all the apparent contamination was due to handling of the candy, it would seem that the percentage is too high, since there is no valid excuse for such contamination. Either the contamination is excessive or it is

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Many childhood ills as well as troubles that ravage health in the years of maturity can be traced to infection of first teeth. So, to protect health, to insure sound second teeth, begin taking your children to the dentist at an early age. This precautionary measure pays rich dividends.

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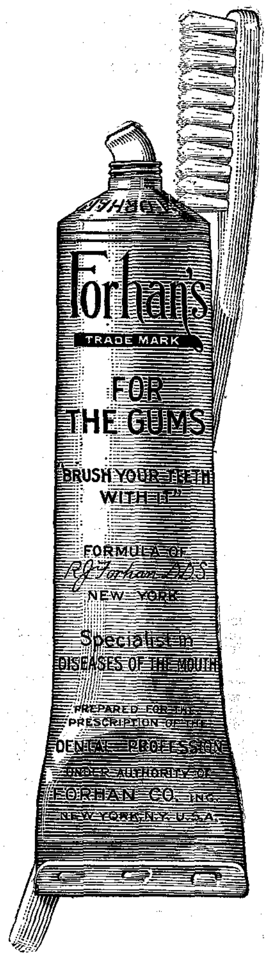
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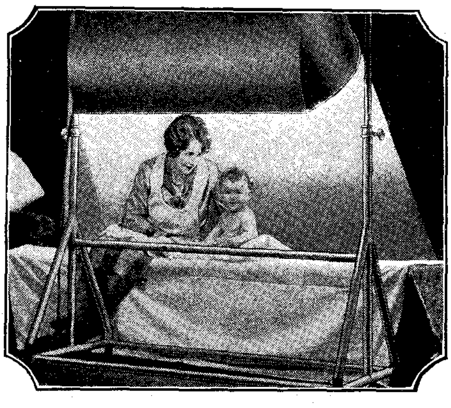

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

not due to handling during the dispensing process.

In further experiments it was found that the percentage of contaminated samples was highest for the nut pillows and nut caramels, 10 per cent. and 8 per cent. respectively. The two nut candies furnished 50 per cent. of all the apparent contamination. It appears highly probable, Dr. Weinzirl thinks, that the contamination was carried by the nuts. He goes on:

> The other types of candy showing colon group present were: hard mints, taffy, and chocolate creams with 4 per cent. each; satin pillows with 1.3 per cent. With the exception of the hard mints this group includes candies which may be described as more or less sticky to the touch. This result agrees with that for the first series. Apparently sticky candies are more liable to pick up contamination than are the hard varieties.
>
> The data sheets also showed that in several instances the control cultures failed to show either gas or growth. Such failure occurred with the cinnamon drops and some peppermints. This would indicate that the essence used in flavoring the candy either inhibited or actually killed the bacteria, assuming that no other disinfectant was present.

The danger of candy carrying disease bacteria can readily be eliminated, Dr. Weinzirl concludes, by sterilizing the product from which the candy is made, and by using well-known sanitary devices in handling and dispensing it.

THE HOSPITAL HUMANIZED

FEAR of any kind of hospital was a prevalent emotion among patients within the memory of many now living. The effort then was to keep out of a hospital until bitter necessity and the near approach of death forced such an unwelcome recourse. Things have changed so much that to pass a few weeks in a hospital is now regarded by many as a kind of restful recreation; it is difficult to keep some people out of these institutions! What is the reason for this change? Simply that the hospital has been humanized, answers Dr. B. A. Wilkes, superintendent of the Missouri Baptist Sanitarium, St. Louis, writing on "Creating Contact Points with the Community," in *The Modern Hospital* (Chicago). Says Dr. Wilkes:

> One of the outstanding advances that have taken place in my time is the humanizing of the hospital. All who have been connected with hospitals in recent years must have observed the rather rapid progress of this process. In years by no means forgotten by any of us of the older school, the general public was mortally afraid of hospitals. People had such a horror of the old-time hospital that thousands of them stayed at home and died miserably when their lives could have been saved and the blessed boon of re-

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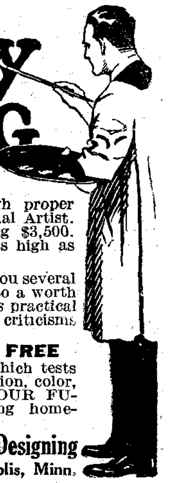

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stored health granted them by submitting to hospital treatment.

It must be admitted that in some instances there was solid basis for such 'ear. There may be old men who remember personally the battle-fields of the ivil War, when a puncturing wound in he abdomen meant almost certain death, nd when gangrene frequently followed the mputation of a limb. Hospitalization as we know it now has grown up since that war, and in its larger and better aspects it has developed within the memories of men now hardly of middle age. It required years and years of patient and devoted labor upon the part of our profession before the hospitals adopted and followed ith any degree of efficiency the discoveries of Louis Pasteur and Joseph Lister. By slow degrees the hospitals learned, many of them through bitter lessons, the necessity of rigid adherence to antiseptic measures. In days remembered by the older men the lay public had a right to feel considerable timidity with regard to the average hospital. Nowadays such an attitude, as we know, is based altogether upon two things—a sort of superstitious awe of a huge house where sick people lie abed in wards and chambers, and a lack of knowledge concerning the true inwardness of the average hospital.

We who are in hospital administrative posts are well aware that a person in urgent need of surgical attention or medical treatment is far safer inside than outside a hospital. But it can not be denied that a certain element of the outside public still arbors the ancient horror, and it behooves who know the truth to proclaim it to ose who need to know it—the truth hat will make them free of disease if hey learn it in time and act upon it. So, here again, we arrive at the proposition f "selling" the hospital to the public—of e inside coming into proper contact with e outside.

This is to be done largely from the inside—by carrying on the work of saving life and restoring health in a manner so highly efficient that the outgoing patient will become our best salesman. In my own time I have observed much humanization, and I have done what I could to accelerate the process. It is gratifying to be able to state that in the many hospitals I have visited since 1896 I have observed splendid progress in kindliness, in courtesy, in the sympathetic attitude, upon the part of hospital people, from the assistant janitor to the chief surgeon—and even the superintendent.

Why, people nowadays are becoming really fond of hospitals. In the old days we were born at home and we died at home, if we were so fortunate as to possess a home wherein to die. In these modern times we are born in hospitals, we retire to homes and live there until we are more or less ready to die, then we return to hospitals and die there where we began to live.

I have read recently that in Iowa City, Iowa, about ninety out of each one hundred babies are born in hospitals. Surely those Iowa City mothers are efficient saleswomen. They go out, having been safeguarded by scientific care against disaster, proudly displaying their healthy infants and proclaiming to other expectant mothers the virtues of hospital beginnings—whatever they may think of hospital endings.

In my city, and in yours, no doubt, hospital beginnings are increasingly numerous. Why so? Because the hospital has been humanized. The hospital has been "sold" to the mothers.

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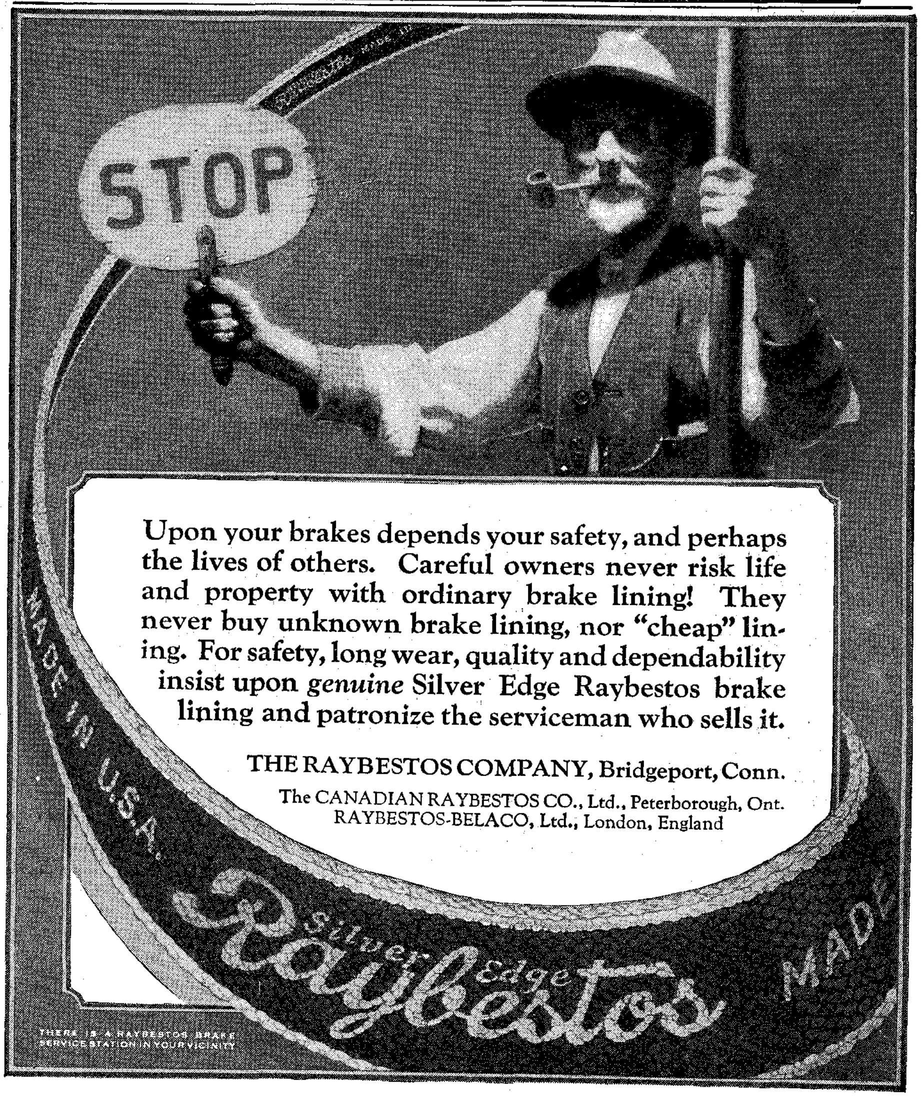
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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

PUTTING OUR SHIPPING PROBLEM UP TO THE RAILROADS

ONE OF THE PERENNIAL PROBLEMS that will confront Congress, and is now worrying President Coolidge, is that of keeping our merchant marine afloat without either government ownership or large subsidies. The interesting suggestion has just been made by so notable an authority as Edward N. Hurley, Chairman of the Shipping Board during the war, that our railroads be urged to help settle the problem by adding transatlantic fleets to their transportation lines. He thinks that some of our great railroads could handle a land-and-water transportation business as well as the Canadian Pacific is doing it. President Coolidge, according to the Washington correspondents, is deeply imprest by the Hurley suggestion. A New York *Times* correspondent understands that the President feels "there might be a disadvantage in allowing railroads to own shipyards, as such ownership might militate against railroads not owning ships, and also to the disadvantage of shippers on railroads which have no ships." Writing in the Washington *Post*, Carlisle Bargeron says that no legislation will be necessary to carry out the Hurley suggestion: "The Panama Canal act provides that no railroad may operate a steamship company which might stifle competition, but so far as is known there is nothing to prevent the railroads from operating transatlantic lines or vessels to South and Central America or any other part of the globe." The whole question, in this writer's opinion, would "turn upon whether the railroads would submit satisfactory bids for Shipping Board vessels." It is further recalled that:

> The contention of American shipping and importing interests has been that American-owned vessels can not operate as cheaply as foreign-owned bottoms. As a consequence their rates are higher. In so far as passenger liners are concerned, Prohibition militated against a larger use of government-operated vessels. This is something that would not be corrected by turning them over to the railroads.
>
> Nor is it seen that the railroads can effect much reduction in the operating costs of freight vessels, unless it be through the advantage of through rates.
>
> But there is no doubt that, regardless of cheaper operating costs, should the railroads take the vessels over, all American shipments originating away from a seaport would certainly be routed away from this country in an American bottom.
>
> This is believed to have been the advantage which at first glance appealed to the President.

Two great obstacles in the way of upbuilding an American merchant marine, of which the President is thought to be aware, are, according to Ashmun Brown of the Providence *Journal*, "one, the indifference of the railroads of the country, and the other, the indifference of American shippers and American exporters as to the nationality of ships carrying their goods." Mr. Brown further explains that the Shipping Board has publicly complained that "American railroads have contracts with foreign-owned steamship lines for the exclusive interchange of land-and-water traffic, which contracts discriminate against American ships." For example:

> Western transcontinental railroads have contracts with Japanese steamship lines at Pacific coast terminals for the exchange of land-and-water business. The Japanese company routes all the business it secures in the Orient over its American railroad ally and, in return, the American railroad routes all of its business for the Orient on the Japanese line's ships. The railroads have defended these contracts on the ground that no American steamship company has the facilities to perform even a tithe of the services which the railroad receives from the steamship lines. The Shipping Board sought several years ago to compel the abrogation of these contracts, but the Interstate Commerce Commission's sympathies plainly are with the railroads, on the theory of preserving the railroads' earning powers.

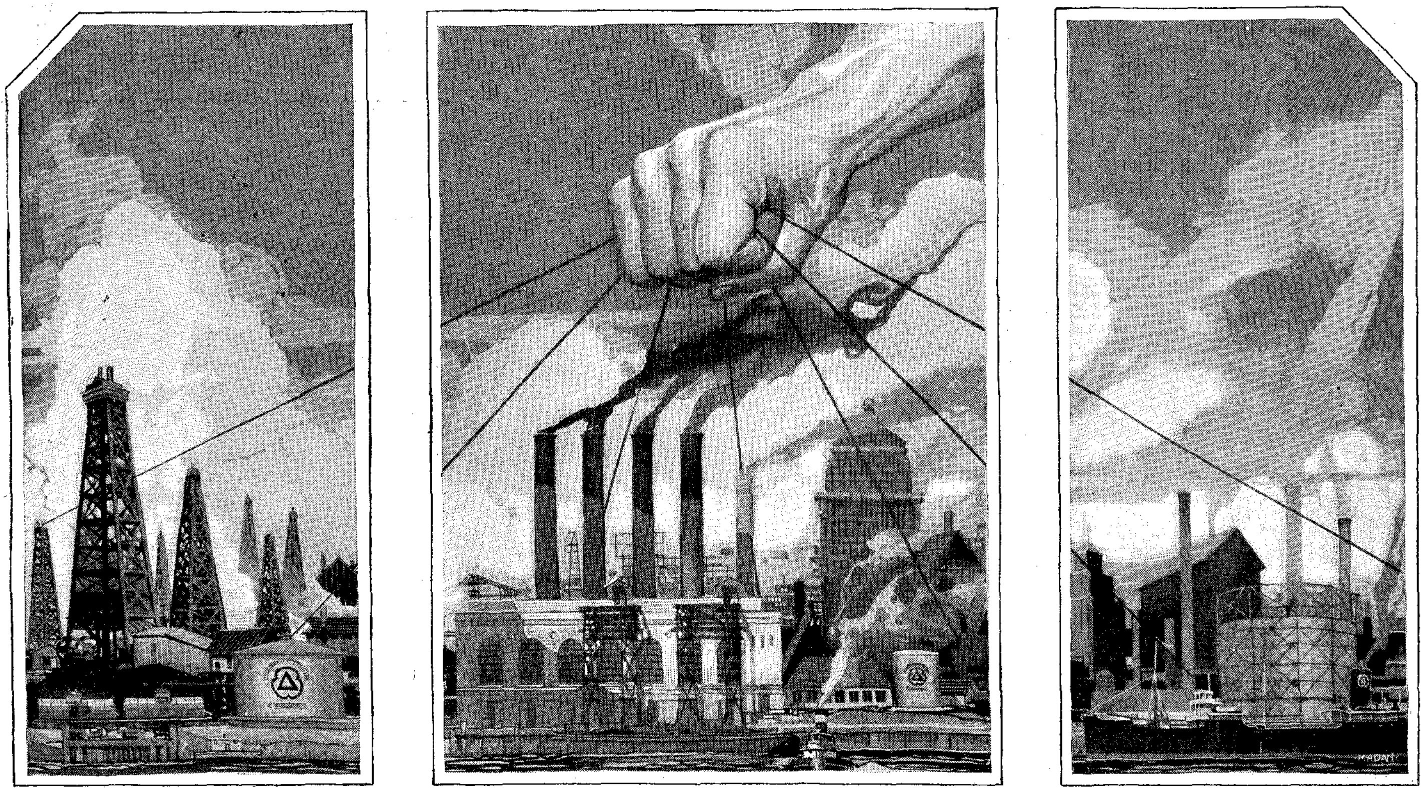
No existing statute bars the railroads from engaging in overseas steamship traffic, but no American railroads in recent years have seemed disposed to engage in it. The late James J. Hill, builder of the Great Northern Railroad, many years ago established a transpacific line, but disputes with the Interstate Commerce Commission over the division of freight rates between his rail lines and his water lines caused him to abandon the enterprise. The suggestion advanced by Mr. Hurley in essence is a revival of Mr. Hill's plan that failed.

Mr. Hurley's suggestion is made in a Chicago *Tribune* interview reprinted in the New York *Times*. Speaking of the extremely difficult problem of keeping the American flag on the high seas, he remarks:

> It occurs to me as an ideal proposal to urge upon our railroads the solution of this problem. The railroads have all the machinery necessary to put such a plan into execution. They are engaged in the business of transporting passengers and freight. All they need do is extend their field of operation by adding a bit perhaps to their vision.
>
> As an example, take the trunk lines which reach our salt-water ports. If these large railroads and others now planning to consolidate would join, with the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the United States Shipping Board, along the lines suggested, with our shipping companies engaged in the overseas trade, we would be making rapid progress.
>
> The transportation of freight and passengers is the logical business of the railroads. That is their purpose. That is why they exist. And the longer the haul, the greater the profit. At present there is too much duplication in time, energy, and organization to accomplish what a coordination of these factors would achieve much more efficiently.
>
> If our great railroads, that are now so well managed but confined to the transportation of foreign and domestic freight between the various seaboards of this country, were to become interested in extending themselves by operating a fleet of ships, our freight could move into the markets of the world under a single bill of lading, and the success of our merchant fleet would be assured.
>
> In this respect I would like to call attention to what the Soo Line Railroad, controlled by the Canadian Pacific, is doing in Chicago to-day. This railroad will accept freight for any port in the world and move it by its own carriers to the final destination, regardless of what country it may be. It is able to do this through its own passenger and freight shipping company—one of the largest afloat. And the through bill of lading which it gives the shipper may be presented at the bank and receive credit the same day.
>
> Many of our railroads have agents in foreign countries. These agents secure freight to be shipped over their lines in America. But in this way they get only part of the haul. They get the land part only because that is all they are equipped to handle. I can not consider this good business.
>
> The operation of a merchant fleet by a railroad would materially reduce the cost of operation. Likewise, the expense incident to procuring freight and passengers for the ships would be cut to the minimum, compared with present methods, which duplicate one another.
>
> Under a unified system of international transportation, managed by the railroads, it would be possible for the station agent at Galesburg, Illinois, to quote passenger and freight rates to any country to customers and prospective customers in the community. He would know the sailings of all freight and passenger vessels; and this information would in a few years stimulate such interest in overseas travel and foreign trade that it would prove of lasting benefit.
>
> More could be accomplished in five years by the venture of leading railroads into the shipping business than in twenty years of independent shipping.

At present, says the Baltimore *American*, which is in thorough agreement with Mr. Hurley, our railroads have no interest in directing American export traffic to American lines—

> They would have the strongest kind of interest in doing so if



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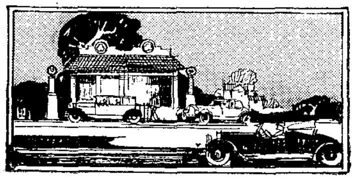

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

they participated in the ownership of steamship lines. They would not simply earn money on goods carried to the seaboard. They would earn freight money on the goods clear through to foreign destination if carried in their own steamship lines.

Mr. Hurley is commended for his originality by the New York *World*, which admits that a few of our railway executives have attained some degree of ship-mindedness, as is shown by the fact that the Southern Pacific "maintains a freight and passenger service between New York and New Orleans, and a freight line between New York and Galveston," while "the Illinois Central through a subsidiary operates such a service out of Savannah to New York and Boston." And yet *The World* is not overly optimistic, adding:

> It is a far call from operating merchant vessels in the coastwise trade, where Americans have a monopoly, to operating in the transoceanic service, where competition is intense and foreign competitors often heavily subsidized. Altho railway and steamship lines are both engaged in transporting passengers and goods, their problems are by no means similar.
>
> Our railway executives are a highly specialized group. Most of them entered the service young and have risen from the ranks. They will probably be the last persons in the world to welcome the proposal that they should add the development of ocean shipping to their other duties. They have troubles enough already.

INCORPORATED FARMS

INCORPORATED farming seems to be entering upon a new stage of its development, according to a Kansas City dispatch to the New York *Evening Post.* Three Kansas wheat farmers, it seems, have formed a $150,000 corporation, with the intention of cutting expenses all along the line, harvesting their crops more expeditiously, and selling cooperatively through a sales agent. According to the Kansas City dispatch:

> The three farmers have put in their farms, and they propose that the management be under a skilled head; that farming operations shall be conducted as a unit, with equipment thus minimized and the cost of overhead reduced. More than 5,000 acres of wheat will be sowed this fall, but it will be done by a few tractors and carried on as one field. Instead of a dozen complete farm equipments in machinery and motor-trucks, there will be only the number required to handle the acreage, and the production will be marketed cooperatively through a sales agent.
>
> This season has seen great loss to farms of the Wheat Belt because of delay in harvesting and threshing, grain having been ruined by long-continued rains while the producer waited for the coming of a threshing crew to care for his crop. With combined forces each group could have its own equipment and the entire acreage could be cared for promptly. Likewise

the preparation of ground for next year's crop is delayed when, by combined management, all could be done in proper time.

This, remarks the Mobile *Register*, may be the beginning of a more extensive movement, with all kinds of farmers incorporating. Moreover—

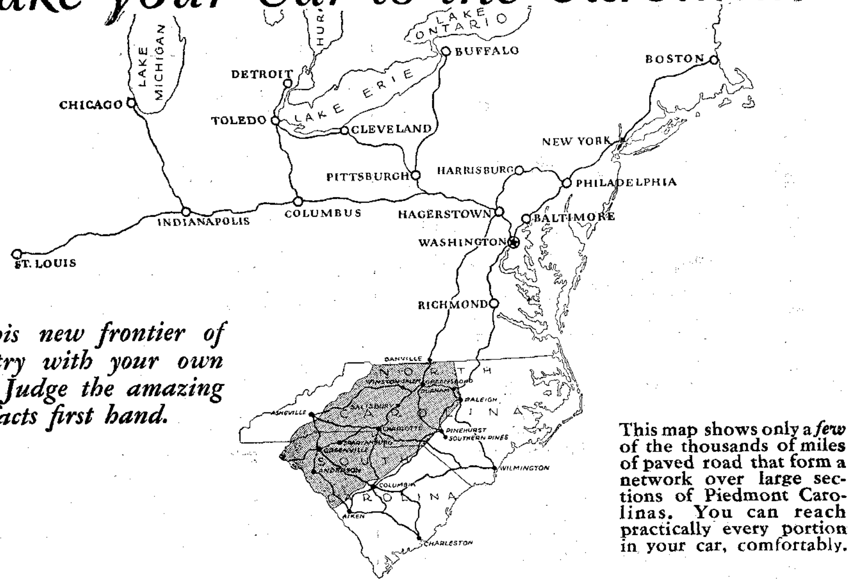
> Such a movement brings us face to face with a new kind of trust in America, and a trust, too, of rather dangerous significance. But the farmers of this country have as much right to form these corporations as any other class of citizens, and the fact that they have failed to do it extensively up to this time has too often left them to the mercies of men not much interested in farming except for the unearned profits they could get out of it.
>
> True, some of the big stock farms of the country have been incorporated. Orchardists, too, are incorporated. These corporations have made huge successes, too, and are outstanding among great American enterprises. Some of the cotton plantations also have been owned and operated by corporations; but, as a rule, the incorporators were not "dirt farmers." In this Kansas case, the incorporators are wheat farmers, men on the ground, men familiar with the needs and problems of the wheat farmers of the country. It will be interesting to see how it works out.
>
> If these Kansas wheat farmers can thus successfully pool their issues, there does not seem to be any good reason why farmers of other kinds in other sections of the country may not do likewise. Soon we may have all the farms of the country operated by corporations, and this may bring us face to face with a new economic order of large meaning in our national life.

WHAT THE WORLD WANTS TO BUY FROM US

ROMANCE is found by a Western editor in one of the "dollars and cents service" bulletins of the Department of Commerce noting actual inquiries received by the Department from thirty-two foreign countries regarding specific American products they desire to purchase. It seems that "what the world wants includes such diversified things as automobiles, dish-washing machines, gumdrops, canned foods, rebuilt typewriters, sporting goods, shoe-shining equipment, lubricating oils, drug supplies, office equipment, leathers, and cardboard boxes." The Spokane *Spokesman Review*, which thus calls attention to the Commerce Department's bulletin, goes on to summarize further the information given about what the world wants to buy from us:

> American silk hose are wanted by residents of Colombia, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, the Dominican Republic, Egypt, and South Africa. American underwear is sought by both men and women in the Dominican Republic and Denmark.
>
> Egypt wants American felt hats in all colors for men and women, while Austria and Denmark ask about bathing-suits, caps, and rubber shoes. Colombia wants American canvas shoes with rubber soles.
>
> Costa Rica has a sweet tooth and wants our gumdrops and chocolate bars. The Dutch East Indies want neckties, while

Take your Car to the Carolinas



See this new frontier of industry with your own eyes. Judge the amazing facts first hand.

This map shows only a *few* of the thousands of miles of paved road that form a network over large sections of Piedmont Carolinas. You can reach practically every portion in your car, comfortably.

WHO can describe the opportunities that await you in Piedmont Carolinas *as vividly as you can see them for yourself?*

Who can tell, so well as you, what the market opportunities are, the raw material sources, the labor supply, the power and transportation facilities?

The man who heads a successful business is usually the one man in that organization most capable of managing its affairs. In such an undertaking as re-location of your plant, *you* are best able to weigh the facts and to draw conclusions.

That is why you are ideally fitted to drive down to the Piedmont Carolinas this fall and personally check up on all the facts that vitally affect your business and its future.

For the future of your business is tied up in these unusual conditions. It lies in your hands whether you will enlist these advantages on your side or whether you will sooner or later be forced to compete against them.

Competition That Is Inevitable.

Are you able to meet competitors who can produce equal quality at costs that average from 14 to 26% less than yours? Are you willing to let them "get the jump"—or do you prefer to be first to offer your trade the savings that you can obtain here; the first to win big markets by virtue of a powerful monopoly of advantage for your goods?

Engineering reports and lengthy analytical studies of locations are valuable and should be obtained, but business leadership is built on vision and imagination and those qualities are not something to be caught second-hand.

Seeing this Piedmont Carolinas country, travelling over it intimately in your car, getting into close personal contact with men of your own type who already are established here—all these will enable you to grasp the meaning of the cold facts that your engineers and expert statisticians can lay before you.

You doubtless know the Carolinas from travelling through them or from holiday visits to their world-famous resorts, for golf or recreation. You may be familiar with conditions as they were 20 or 25 years ago. Such impressions ought to be supplemented by a first-hand *working* knowledge of *today's* business and industrial facts about the section.

So that your time may be conserved and devoted to those sections that are of most interest to you, our Industrial Department is prepared to supply road routes, mileage tables and hotel recommendations that will make your trip interesting and profitable.

Make This Memo for Your Secretary.

A note, giving the approximate date of your coming and a word or two as to the things you want to see, will be enough. *Make a memo for your secretary on the margin of this page and have her write at once to Industrial Department, Room 307, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.*

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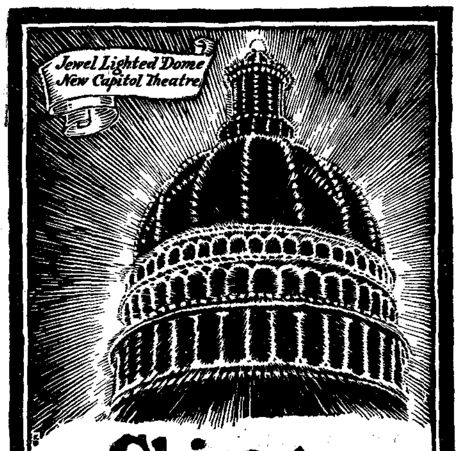

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

Germany asks for shoe-shining machines and horn and hoof scrap. Switzerland, the home of the elusive chamois, wants our chamois leather.

Austria wants toy balloons and Denmark garden hose. Italy asks about toys. India wants sporting goods, especially tennis, and Egypt wants canned asparagus.

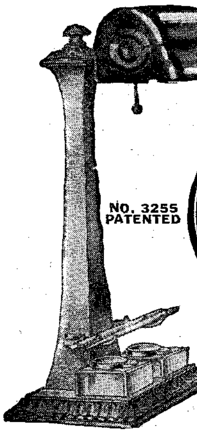
Obviously, the list is only partial. Virtually every American commodity is wanted somewhere in the world. It is to put the American manufacturer with a surplus in touch with these prospective buyers that the department is launching this "dollars and cents" service.

UTILITY COMPANIES AS APPLIANCE RETAILERS

DEPARTMENT stores and chain stores have been showing considerable opposition to the new competition which has arisen from the policy of public utility companies of operating appliance stores in order to spread the gospel of the maximum use of electrical appliances in the household. The stores, in fact, have been making serious objections to this competition on a basis of fairness and economy, notes the New York *Journal of Commerce.* The metropolitan daily goes on to explain why the utility companies have felt compelled to go into the retail business, and why the competition seems so objectionable to spokesmen for the regular retailing establishments. It reaches the conclusion that "when the present pioneering stage in the electrification of the household is past, the utilities may rely upon the department stores and other retailers to sell these appliances." But until then, we read, "the latter must be content to stand this at times unfair competition which is playing its part in the evolution of a great industry." To quote further:

> When an electric-light and power company or a gas company opens an appliance store, it does not make profit the first consideration. The sale of a washing-machine or electric heater will give it a steady source of revenue over several years. Furthermore, the refrigerator, the washing-machine, and many other appliances consume current during the day, when the utilities generally find the greatest difficulty in keeping their plants profitably employed. Hence, the sale of appliances at cost is good business for them.
>
> The retailing establishments, however, must rely upon the profit from the sale of the appliances. Hence they look upon the steady growth of utility-merchandising departments with anything but satisfaction. The president of "The Fair" store in Chicago and several other spokesmen of retailers have quite frankly told the utility executives on several recent occasions that they thought the whole proceeding unfair.
>
> Now department-store and chain-store spokesmen are putting their pleas on the basis of economy. They see a great waste in special appliance stores maintained by utilities in places where department stores and other retail establishments are quite

VERDELITE



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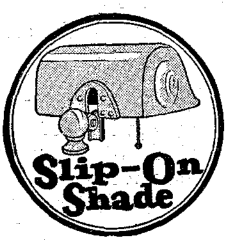

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Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, Columbia University, says: "It is a book that was much needed. I shall commend it to my classes."

Cincinnati Commercial Tribune: "Quite a readable book. Very well worth perusal."

Hartford Courant: "The name of Prof. Jett Lauck on any volume guarantees interest of its contents. The present work is one of his most important."

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willing to push the sale of these goods as rapidly as is needed.

In the matter of credit terms, the controversy has been particularly bitter. The utilities, to push appliance sales, have often asked for very small cash payments, or sometimes no cash payments at all. Here the department store has become a critic of present methods of instalment selling, and has criticized the practise as unsound. The utilities are in fact running the risk of substantial losses by engaging freely in this method of selling.

Looking at the matter squarely, it is difficult to see how the utilities can be induced to abdicate from the merchandising field. They apparently find it profitable, for reports reach us continually of new stores being opened for the sale of appliances, and in some cities these stores have taken on so wide a variety of products as to begin to resemble the department stores themselves in size and variety. Some of them make money, others show a loss—the great bulk probably break about even. But there is no doubt that these stores have played a big part in increasing consumption of electricity. In Boston, for example, the Edison Electric Illuminating Company has been able to show a marked increase in sales of current, despite a slow growth in population, by energetic appliance-selling methods.

ANOTHER RUSH FOR TREASURY OFFERINGS

THE oversubscription of the twin Treasury offers for September seems significant to the press as another evidence of the plentifulness of investment funds and of the success of the Government in putting its indebtedness on a lower interest basis with consequent ultimate saving to the taxpayer. Two offerings were made, it will be remembered, both dating from September 15, one of $250,000,000, in 3 per cent. certificates due in six months, and the other an offering of $250,000,000 of three to five-year 3½ per cent. notes for cash, plus enough to cover any second Liberty 4¼s offered for exchange. Incidentally, all the Second Liberty Bonds are called for redemption on November 15. The oversubscription of the 3 per cent. certificates, of which the Government could have disposed of twice as many as it did, does not seem so surprizing to the New York *Times*. True, this was the lowest rate on any government loan since June, 1925. But money rates are now very low, and there is a great demand for these certificates for the temporary employment of surplus funds:

> The near maturity of the certificates insures a virtually unchanged value in the market; money can be recalled from them at any moment, and the rate is better than can be obtained from deposit in a bank. When the large surplus profits reported by industrial corporations in the past two or three years are considered, the oversubscription of the 3 per cents. is not remarkable.

More surprize will be caused, perhaps, by the still larger oversubscription of that part of the new five-year 3½ per cent. loan which the Treasury offered for cash. The 3½s were mainly designed to induce conversion of the $1,198,000,000 Second

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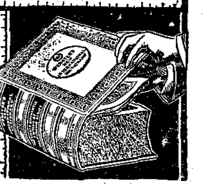
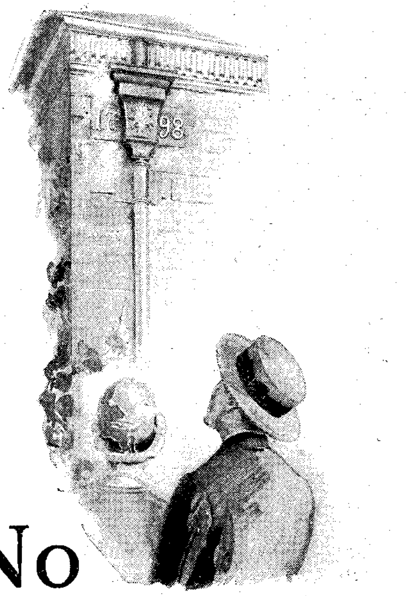


These people are admiring the original copper installation on an old Pennsylvania house built in 1798.



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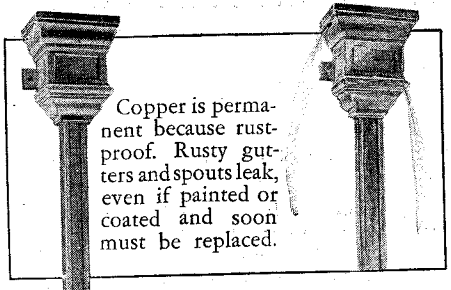

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

Liberty 4½ per cents. still outstanding, and which had been called for next November, but $250,000,000 of them "or thereabouts" were offered to cash subscribers. The interest in the result of that subscription was due to prevalent uncertainty whether all the remaining "Second Libertys" would accept the conversion offer. The announcement by the Treasury showed that the $250,000,000 had been three times oversubscribed, the tenders aggregating $1,093,697,000.

The result has important bearing also on the problems of future government financing, which will require offers of new government securities next year, for subscription or conversion, approaching $2,000,000,000. Its reflection of the underlying condition of the American money and investment market is obvious.

The cash application for the new 3½ per cents. represents, with one exception, the largest oversubscription to any government obligation floated during or since the war. The exception was the $200,000,000 of thirty-year 4 per cents. offered for cash in December, 1924, when $1,460,530,000 was tendered. In the case of that subscription, open-market money-rates were lower than they are to-day and the interest rate of the loan itself higher than now by one-half of 1 per cent. In the record of United States obligations offered before the Great War, only two resulted in a parallel oversubscription—the 3 per cent. Spanish War loan of 1898, in which $200,000,000 was asked and more than $1,500,000,000 applied for, and the 4 per cent. loan of January, 1896, of which $100,000,000 was offered for the purpose of building up the Treasury's gold reserve and of which subscribers asked for $568,000,000.

HOW THE COTTON STATES PROFIT FROM HIGHER COTTON

ON the basis of the recent high price of cotton, it is estimated by the Alexander Hamilton Institute's *Business Conditions Weekly*, "the reduced crop of 1927 will be worth $692,000,000 more than the record crop of 1926, an increase of 35.5 per cent." It is pointed out that "Mississippi will not benefit from the increased price, taking the State as a whole, because flood losses will offset the benefit of high prices in the other areas not damaged by the flood." In Texas, however, "there will be a tremendous increase in buying power amounting to $372,000,000 or 61.3 per cent." A table is presented showing that in other cotton States there will be increases in the value of the crop running anywhere from 20 per cent. to 39.3 per cent.:

Value of the Cotton Crop

State	*Value 1927 (Est'd)*	*Value 1926*	*Per Cent. Change*
Texas	$978,000,000	$606,000,000	+61.3%
Mississippi	224,000,000	218,000,000	+ 2.8
Georgia	215,000,000	166,000,000	+29.5
Oklahoma	213,000,000	171,000,000	+24.5
Arkansas	204,000,000	170,000,000	+20.0
Alabama	198,000,000	160,000,000	+23.7
North Carolina	189,000,000	139,000,000	+36.0
South Carolina	163,000,000	117,000,000	+39.3
Louisiana	101,000,000	91,000,000	+11.0
Tennessee	70,000,000	45,000,000	+55.5
Missouri	22,000,000	22,000,000	+ 0.0
Others	65,000,000	45,000,000	+44.2
Total	$2,642,000,000	$1,950,000,000	+35.5%

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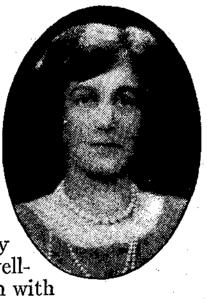

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Introduction by EMILY POST
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Soups. Both kinds: Those made with meat stock and cream soups (purées) made from milk. *Photo:* Vegetables cut for Consommé à la Jardinière.

Fish. How to be sure fish is fresh. How to cook. *Photo:* Fried Smelts with Tartar Sauce in Lemon Shells.

Entrées. Hot and cold. *Photos:* Crab Meat in Aspic. Lentil Rolls.

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Poultry. Schedule of time for cooking. How to prepare. Delicious dainty dishes of chicken, duck, turkey, pigeon, guinea hen. Also game. *Photo:* Proper Way to Hold Knife and Fork in Carving.

Vegetables. Schedule of time for boiling. How to keep tender in cooking. What not to do. Recipes. *Photos:* Stuffed Baked Potato. Potato Rosettes. String Beans on Toast with Hollandaise Sauce. Purée of Spinach Garnished with Egg and Toast.

Desserts. Cold, hot, and frozen. *Photos:* Vanilla Ice Cream with Fruit Sauce. Newport Pudding. Mocha Cake. Corn Flake Kisses.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

September 14.—Edward F. Schlee and Walter S. Brock, who were attempting a flight around the world in the American monoplane *Pride of Detroit*, decide not to try to cross the Pacific from Japan.

Isadora Duncan, American dancer, is killed in an automobile accident in Nice, France. She was forty-nine.

September 15.—Belgium fails by three votes to be declared reeligible for a seat in the League of Nations Council, and Canada, Cuba, and Finland are elected to non-permanent membership.

The French Government rejects the American proposal for the negotiation of a commercial treaty on the model of the German-American treaty, including the most-favored-nation clause, and proposes a commercial treaty on the basis of mutual concessions.

September 16.—General Pershing and the first of America's second expeditionary forces arrive in Paris to attend the American Legion Convention, and are welcomed by Minister of War Painlevé and other officials.

Capt. R. H. MacIntosh, of the British Army, and Commandant J. C. Fitzmaurice, of the Irish Free State Air Force, are forced back by unfavorable weather after they had flown 300 miles over the Atlantic in a projected flight from Ireland to America.

September 20.—The general election in the Irish Free State held on September 15 results in the Government party and its allies winning 79 places and the Fianna Fail and its allies winning 73 places.

DOMESTIC

September 14.—The American polo team defeats the visiting British-Indian team by the score of 8 goals to 5, the second victory, and retains possession of the International Polo Cup.

September 15.—D. R. Crissinger, of Ohio, retires from the office of Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, his resignation already having been accepted by President Coolidge.

September 16.—Secretary of Agriculture Jardine announces he has issued instructions to discontinue cotton statements indicating price trends, following the protest that the statement recently issued had caused a sharp drop in prices.

September 17.—William Gibbs McAdoo, in a letter to George Fort Milton, Chattanooga newspaper publisher, announces he is not a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President in 1928, but declares he will fight "to defeat nullification."

Seven people are killed and five are severely injured in the crash of a passenger airplane at Newmarket, New Jersey.

September 20.—Pilot Richard E. Hudson and his mechanic, Jay Radike, are killed when their airplane, the first of fifteen to start from Roosevelt Field, Long Island, in the class A division of the New York-to-Spokane Derby, crashes at Long Valley, New Jersey.

President Coolidge appoints Dwight W. Morrow of New Jersey Ambassador to Mexico, to succeed James R. Sheffield, resigned.

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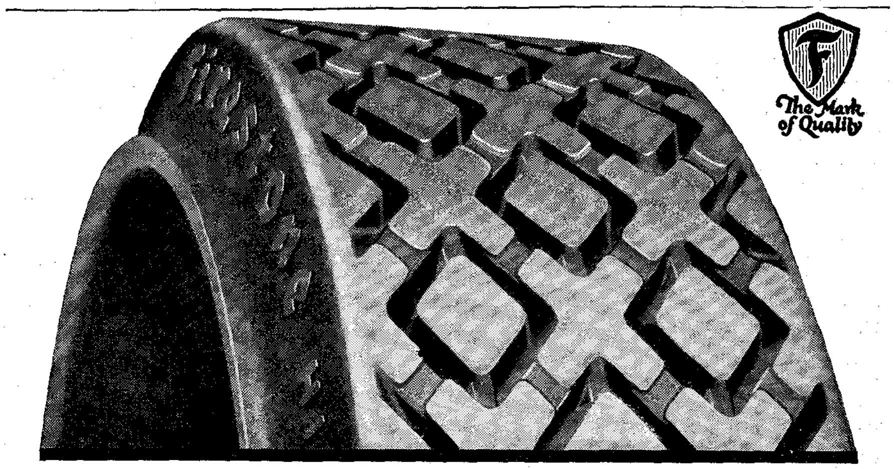
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
THE FLAVOR LASTS
H61

Get a Kick
from its cool fresh
flavor of mint leaves.
Cleansing and soothing to mouth and throat.
After Every Meal



The Mark of Quality

Non-Skid Hi-Type
The All-Service Truck Tire

Here is a truck tire with cushion, traction and long mileage equal to practically any hauling work your trucks will be called on to do. It is a high profile tire, with extra rubber to protect trucks and loads—even of fragile nature. The powerful non-skid tread is effective on wet, oily pavements or in soft going. Long wear is insured by the great depth of the tread, the tough rubber compound and the scientific method of stabilizing the tread units with connecting bars of rubber. Trucks and trailers of all sizes can use this tire for single or dual equipment, as it is built in all S. A. E. sizes from 4" to 14". Ask the Firestone Service Dealer in your locality about this tire, and the complete service he is equipped to give.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR
Firestone
AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . Harvey S. Firestone

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Believe It or Not.—The biggest men this world ever knew were born barefooted.—*Religious paper.*

Rah Rah Analysis.—"I wish some college clothes."

"Athletic, humorous, or studious?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Fisherman's Luck.—"I think the man you married is a fine-looking fellow."

"Ah, but you should have seen the one that got away."—*Everybody's Weekly.*

It Often Happens.—About fifteen years ago he married Mrs. Stocking, who now is considerably younger.—*Hartford paper.*

Health Note.—
Chicago Murders
Good for Drys,
Pastor Declares
—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Taking No Chances.—Sonny—"Must I sleep in the dark?"

Mother—"Yes."

Sonny—"Oh, then, let me say my prayers over again—more carefully."—*Detroit News.*

Palpable Affinity.—
Grimm-Deth

Mr. and Mrs. John Deth of Kerns Avenue announce the engagement of their daughter, Mildred E., to Walter A. Grimm.—*Buffalo paper.*

Take to the Timber.—We are told that "this year's world output of motor-cars will run into millions." We are glad of this hint, and will try our best not to be one of those millions.—*Liverpool Weekly Post.*

Father's Inning.—"I think there is company down-stairs."

"Why?"

"I just heard mama laugh at one of papa's jokes."—*Hardware Age.*

No Sales Resistance.—Jack—"How did you come to marry a girl you didn't particularly care for?"

Tom (gloomily)—"I attribute it to the fact that she wanted me worse than I didn't want her."—*Boston Transcript.*

Judges of What?—Another raid Monday night by the same officers, at the home of Henry Kischenmocker on the river bank, resulted in his arrest. Judges, bottles and a small quantity of likuor were found.—*Burlington (Iowa) paper.*

Business First.—"Are you engaged to him?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"Yes," answered the prudent girl. "But I have requested time to verify reports on his title and fortune."

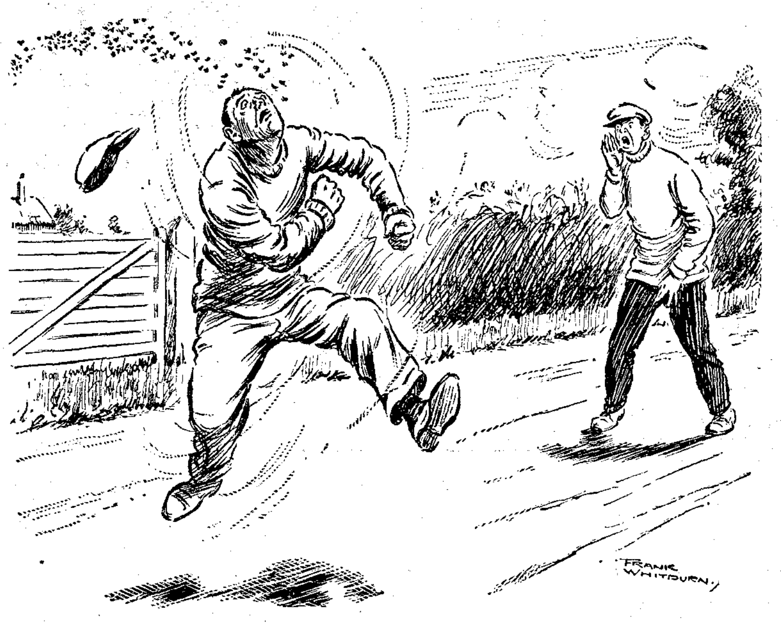
"That is not an engagement. That is an option."—*Washington Star.*

Squash Him Gently.—"So you are using balloon tires now."

"Yes, they are easier on the pedestrian."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Tom Tiddler's Ground.—Our next Market Bulletin will show 5 listed New York stocks which are in good physical position, now selling 100 per cent. under price of 1926.—*Ad in an Omaha paper.*

Total Disappearance.—Another way to keep cookies and doughnuts safe from juvenile hands is to lock them in the pantry and hide the key under the soap on the washstand.—*Chicago News.*



Trainer (to pugilist, attacked by bees): "Keep it up, Nobby! Another five minutes'll do yer more good than a month's shadder-boxin'!"
—*London Humorist.*

Chloroform Would Suffice.—John H. Dakin, from New York, is now in town. Factory experience enables him to do all kinds of repairing to both pianos and players.—*Oneonta (N. Y.) paper.*

Popular Tyrants.—Teacher (during history lesson)—"What are the races that have dominated England since the invasion of the Romans?"

Small Boy—"The Derby and the Grand National, miss."—*Kentish Observer.*

Calling Out the Reserves.—Small Boy—"Quick, policeman. A man's been beating my father for more than an hour."

Policeman—"Why didn't you call me sooner?"

Small Boy—"Father was getting the best of it until a few minutes ago."—*Kansas City Star.*

Perzackly, Hic!—"Prohibition, to my mind, has served its purrpose, ro at least achieved all that can be expected of itfi by elim nating the corner saloon. But I amb thoroughly convinced that it can never be enforcer with any degree of success o as a measure to prohibit drinking or as a means of reformlng the habits, mirals, ataste and viewpolnt of a nation."—*Providence Journal.*

When the Ghost Walked.—The dead man left St. Louis Tuesday to walk to Dayton, it was said.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Emotion on Ice.—A sign noticed over a movie-theater door in New York City:

"Emil Jannings in 'Passion.'—Cooled by Refrigeration."—*Outlook.*

The Hollywood Trail.—So the best I can say is that *The Times* and Mary Pickford have made me very sappy.—*Special article in the Seattle Times.*

Non-resistance.—Ham Bone says: "'Tain't no use bettin' wid dem gamblers. You jes' well give 'em yo' money en go home en git yo' sleep."—*Christian Advocate.*

Inches, Feet or Yards?—Two young men, 18 x 24, to travel with manager by machine for national concern.—*Ad in the Dallas News.*

She Needed It.—Miss Heine wore a bluey-green jumper, with bandeau to match, and Mrs. Peacock wore a very determined expression on her face.—*London Morning Post.*

Painful Suspense.—"I have just heard that my sister has a baby. They don't say what sex and so I don't know whether I am an uncle or aunt."—*Pages Gaies (Yverdon, France).*

Turn on the Heat.—The guests will enter the main door into the lobby of the Consistory, where after checking their garments, they will pass in double line to the beautiful drawing-room.—*Buffalo paper.*

Frustrated Life.—Lady—"How come you are a tramp?"

Tramp—"Crowded out of my profession. I'm a sky writer from Pittsburgh."—*Allston (Mass.) Recorder.*

Youngest Generation.—Lonely Hearts: I am a young widow, age 2, of a very tiny build. I would like to hear from a gentleman of fine character between the ages of 40 and 45. He may be either a bachelor or a widower.—Mildred.—*New York Tabloid.*

Glorious Moment.—I am twenty-five cents.

I am not on speaking terms with the butcher.

I am too small to buy a quart of ice-cream.

I am not large enough to purchase a box of candy.

I am too small to buy a ticket to a movie.

I am hardly fit for a tip, but—believe me, when I go to church on Sunday I am considered some money!—*Christian Evangelist.*